

THE



# QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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2. *Life and Letters of Gilbert Elliot, First Earl of Minto, from 1807 to 1814.* Edited by his Great-Niece, the Countess of Minto. London, 1880. 1 vol.\*

THERE has always existed in England a class of statesmen who, after playing a considerable part on the stage of public affairs, disappear from the memory of their countrymen with a rapidity altogether out of proportion to their achievements. They have been Secretaries of State; they have represented their native land on important missions abroad; they have been the authors of useful reforms; their voices were once familiar in Parliament; but having neither had the eloquence which confers immortality on its possessor, nor having filled, for however brief a period, the highest political situation of all, their names sink into oblivion and are forgotten. The Duke of Portland is probably a better known name than Lord Carteret, because he twice presided over Administrations, although in reality perhaps their most insignificant member, while the trade-winds which blow despotically over the sea of politics, twice swept Lord Carteret from the wished-for haven, just as his vessel seemed to be borne into it by a favouring breeze. George Grenville is for similar reasons not lost to history, while his colleague, the once famous John, Duke of Bedford, is denied even a passing mention by the versatile writer, who has recently celebrated the glories of those who sleep in the family vault of the Russells, beneath the little church of Cheney's, in Bedfordshire. These reflections have been not unnaturally suggested by the name which stands at the head of this article. How many persons, it may be asked, are familiar with the undoubted

\* This book, being in fact the conclusion of the three volumes mentioned previously, is hereinafter referred to as vol. iv.

claims of the first Earl of Minto on the gratitude of posterity? And yet the first Earl of Minto was for many years a very conspicuous person in the eyes of the public. He was a leading figure in the House of Commons and afterwards in the House of Lords; his eloquence obtained the admiration, not only of Burke, but also of Fox; he was selected to be one of the managers of the impeachment of Warren Hastings; he was a sure member of any Whig administration that could have been composed from 1784 to 1794; he was twice the party-candidate for the office of Speaker; he was sent on most important diplomatic missions in Europe; he governed India, first as President of the Board of Control, afterwards as Governor-General; and in all these undertakings he gained the respect and admiration of friend and foe alike. And yet for the reasons indicated above, time has dealt hardly with the memory of the first Earl of Minto. Time indeed resembles Mr. Carlyle in its treatment of the past. It only exalts a very few figures, and those the figures of the first magnitude. It may intensify their wickedness, or it may over-estimate their virtues; but in either case it makes them stand out, often gigantic and exaggerated, from the canvas of history, while it spreads a veil over the doings of the secondary characters, till they shrink, uncertain and undefined, into a background of mist and shadow. Everybody knows about Pitt and Fox, about Napoleon and Marlborough, or at least thinks he knows about them. A Parliamentary speaker may venture on alluding to them—whether by way of approval or of warning matters little—but if he were to begin alluding to Lord Carteret or to the Duke of Bedford, the audience would probably either resent such language as an unwarrantable assumption of superiority, or would go home with ideas resembling in clearness those of the ancient lady who insisted on the identity of the Shah of Persia with Shaw the Life Guardsman.

It may be said that these remarks do not apply in this particular instance, because one position which Lord Minto occupied is alone and by itself sufficient to rescue his name from the common lot. He was Governor-General of India. But is not ignorance of India, and of everything connected with India, the standing reproach even of English politicians, not to speak of the general public? We live in an age in which Lord Beaconsfield is reported to have said that there were only four persons in the House of Commons who could write down correctly the names of the Prime Ministers since the days of Sir Robert Walpole, nor is there any reason for supposing that the rulers of India would fare better than the rulers of England.

Lady Minto has therefore done well to give these Memoirs to the

the world. 'Letters,' said the first Lady Malmesbury—we are quoting from the volumes before us—'are' more the account of prejudices and parties than the truth, but it is that very circumstance that makes them so amusing, as they give the history of the passions instead of passing judgment upon them.\* From the letters at her command the selection made by Lady Minto is marked by a true discrimination, originating in an accurate acquaintance with the history of the period; and, although Sir Gilbert Elliot is in a great measure his own biographer, the connecting narrative is none the less a tribute to the knowledge of the Editor, we may not unjustly say, of the Authoress.

The Elliots of Minto are an offshoot of the powerful border clan, with the name of which the readers of Sir Walter Scott's novels are familiar. Sir Walter had 'a rich store of horrid murders, robberies, and other bloody exploits, committed by and on the Elliots,' which he not only introduced into his works, but took a pleasure in retailing to the children in the long evenings at Minto. It would, however, be unfair to judge the character of the family by the behaviour of Hobbie Elliot in the opening chapters of the 'Black Dwarf,' where that hero is described as preparing, with his hair standing on end, to fire a shot 'in the name of God,' at an imaginary apparition on Mucklestane Muir. On the contrary, courage and caution seem to have been their distinguishing features from a very early period. In the sixteenth century they were Parliamentary till, the Independents getting the upper hand, they became Presbyterian Royalists, and fought in the campaigns which ended fatally at Dunbar and Worcester. When, under the régime which followed the Restoration in Scotland, the Royalists once more 'waxed fat and kicked,' the Elliots were again found in opposition. Gilbert Elliot, of Minto, 'the first of his name who betook himself to the law as a profession,' then makes his entry on the scene of history, as instrumental in rescuing William Veitch, a celebrated 'minister,' from the clutches of unjust authority; and, what was more important, in enabling the Earl of Argyle to escape from the prison and the scaffold—at least for a time. Finally, he became suspected himself, during the persecution which followed the discovery of the Rye House Plot, and fled to Holland. Thence he embarked in the expedition of Argyle, from the wreck of which he extricated himself with difficulty, while a sentence of death and forfeiture was pronounced against him. The Revolution was the natural opportunity for rewarding these services, which

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\* Vol. iv. p. 43.



were not considered to have been diminished by a pardon issued to him by James, when endeavouring in 1687 to conciliate the English Dissenters and Scotch Presbyterians. He was consequently created Clerk of the Scotch Privy Council. Afterwards by a succession of rapid promotions he became a baronet, judge in the Court of Session, and Lord Justiciary, sitting as Lord Minto. To some his promotion seemed over-rapid, and his services to Veitch did not prevent a minister telling his congregation that they might be 'thankful that they were no crown pieces,' 'for if ye had ye wad a' hae been tossed into Giffie Elliot's bonnet.'

The second Sir Gilbert Elliot followed in the footsteps of his father, and rose to be Lord Justice Clerk and Lord President of the Court of Session, where he sat by the same title as his father. The hereditary moderation of his family made him a natural supporter of the House of Hanover and of Whig principles. These seem to have caused him to have a narrow escape from some marauding followers of Prince Charlie, who in 1745 made a sudden raid on the house at Minto. His other principal belief seems to have been in the efficacy of eating boiled mutton. Whether eating boiled mutton was considered a sure recipe for producing Whig politicians, Lady Minto does not inform her readers; but we cannot help suspecting that the Judge of the Court of Session must have been influenced by some such idea, when, the youthful Mr. Andrew Elliot having refused to eat that useful article of diet, he exclaimed to the servants, 'Let Mr. Andrew have boiled mutton for breakfast, and boiled mutton for dinner, and boiled mutton for supper, till he has learnt to like it.'\* The wished-for result, however, did not accrue, for Mr. Andrew Elliot grew up the one Tory member of a Whig family, became Governor of New York, and was ever afterwards a staunch supporter of the American policy of George III. and Lord North.

Sir Gilbert Elliot, the eldest brother of this Mr. Andrew, was a noteworthy politician in the time of the Pelhams and of Bute. James Oswald, of Dunnikeir, and Gilbert Elliot are spoken of by Walpole with a touch of sarcasm in 1762 as 'Scots and Commissioners of the Treasury,'† but they were both men of undoubted ability. What, however, was of more importance to Sir Gilbert Elliot than being a placeman, was the friendship of David Hume, Adam Smith, and Adam Ferguson, with whom he was one of the original members of the Poker Club in Edinburgh. To the care of David Hume, when in Paris, Sir Gilbert

\* Vol. i. p. 22.

† Walpole's 'Memoirs of the Court of George III.,' vol. i. p. 155.

entrusted his two sons, the eldest of whom bore his name; the younger brother being Hugh Elliot, who became eminent in diplomacy, and famous as a sayer of sayings, redolent of that strange national quality described by Sydney Smith as not 'wut,' but 'wit,' and found by experience to be singularly irritating to the mind of Frederick the Great and other illustrious potentates. Gilbert and Hugh seem to have attended classes at the Pension Militaire, where an old Abbé, at the head apparently of the literary side of the establishment, carefully warned the French pupils to show no jealousy of their English *confrères*, telling them they were to recollect that the rivalry of France and England was like that of Rome and Carthage, eternal but honourable. The French pupils thereupon embraced the new comers '*avec effusion*.' 'We can easily imagine the scene,' says Lady Minto, 'and the *effusion*, but if at that moment the veil which hides futurity had been suddenly withdrawn, how would bright cheeks have blanched and gay hearts sickened with dread! "They are all of them," said Hume, "of the best families in France. Hugh says there is not one that is not a marquis, or count, or chevalier at least;"—and therefore those young heads were doomed. In the struggles of Rome and Carthage they were to bear small part. Scaffolds and exiles were before them; the bitter bread of the stranger for their portion, and for their life's companion the grief than which there is no greater, the memory in misery of happier days.'\*

From France Gilbert proceeded to Oxford, of which he said in after years that 'it had a most narcotic influence, and seemed to set young people to sleep at some of the most naturally wide-awake years of their life.'† Foreign travel succeeded Oxford studies, and then Gilbert Elliot, following the family tradition, went to the bar. In the Poole Election case, acting for Charles Fox, he at once sprang into notice. The speech made by his counsel on that occasion was, according to the illustrious client, 'the best legal argument he had ever heard,'‡ next to that of Wedderburn in the Douglas cause. In 1777 Sir Gilbert Elliot died, and his son succeeded, not only to the title and estates, but also to the seat he had occupied in Roxburghshire. A short time before he had married Miss Amyaud, sister of Lady Harris, the future Lady Malmesbury. About the same time his sister married Mr. Eden, the future Lord Auckland. Sir Gilbert entered Parliament on the whole unpledged and independent; but, following in his father's footsteps, and influ-

\* Vol. i. p. 34.

† Vol. i. p. 39.

‡ Lord Holland's 'Memoirs of the Whig Party,' vol. ii. p. 9.

enced perhaps to a certain extent by the example of Andrew Elliot his uncle, he at first supported the American policy of Lord North. There was another reason also. The conduct of the Opposition seemed to him unpatriotic, apart from any matters of opinion:—

‘The parricide joy of some in the losses of their country makes me mad,’ he writes to his brother Hugh at Berlin. ‘They don’t disguise it. A patriotic Duke told me some weeks ago that some ships had been lost off the coast of North America in a storm. He said that a thousand British sailors were drowned—not one escaped—with joy sparkling in his eyes all the time.’—Vol. i. p. 74.

The arguments, however, of the leaders of the Opposition led him before long to alter his opinion on the merits of the question at issue, and the great speech of Burke in 1780 on Economic Reform finally caused him to enrol himself in the ranks of the regular Opposition, and also laid the foundations of a friendship with that eminent orator, which death only severed. Sir Gilbert made his first speech on General Conway’s motion against an offensive war with America on February 22, 1782, which gave the Ministry of Lord North its deathblow.

‘The grand principle of distinction and separation between parties (the American dispute) is now removed,’ he writes to Sir James Harris. ‘There is at least an opportunity, therefore, for coalition, without the sacrifice of former principle on either side. That the opportunity may not be lost by the d—d intricacies of arrangements, private interests, and personal considerations, should be the prayer, morning and evening, of every true lover of his country.’—Vol. i. pp. 75, 76.

Such were the hopes of the youthful member. Very different were the realities which followed. How Lord Rockingham and Lord Shelburne formed a Ministry; how the former died, and the appointment of the latter to the Premiership caused the ‘Great Schism’ of the Whig party, from which it did not recover for fifty years; are amongst the best known events of English political history. In that schism, Elliot, under the influence of Burke, attached himself to Fox and the Duke of Portland. ‘I know little personally of Lord Shelburne,’ he wrote to Hugh Elliot, ‘or of his immediate retainers, Dunning, Barré, and Alderman Townshend; but the little I do know, added to the voice of the world, is decisive with me.’\*—The ‘voice of the world’ was apparently that of Burke, judging at least from the reference to the debate in Parliament which, Sir Gilbert says, had convinced him. In this Burke declared Lord Shelburne was worse than ‘Catiline or Borgia.’ Lord Shel-

\* Vol. i. p. 89.

burne himself was anxious to secure Sir Gilbert as a supporter. 'On my return home from the House last night,' says Sir Gilbert, 'I found a note from Lord Shelburne desiring to see me to-day. I went, and he bestowed, in the most profuse manner, on me flattery, promises, and entreaties for support.'\* 'You sent your letter to me,' writes Lord Shelburne to Sir J. Harris, 'by Sir Gilbert Elliot, whose good manners and good sense captivated me. I do not like to separate any person from his habits, but I was very sorry to find in him such as are likely to connect him with an Opposition which stands on no public ground whatever.'†

Shortly after the fall of Lord Shelburne's Government, it was succeeded by the Coalition of Fox and North. In no part of the United Kingdom was this ill-omened alliance more detested than in that which Sir Gilbert Elliot represented. Adam Smith declared himself to be the only man in Scotland who spoke out for the 'Rockinghams.' Sir Gilbert Elliot was also known to be one of the seven Parliamentary Commissioners who were to have been appointed under the provisions of Fox's East India Bill; and this made his rejection for the county of Roxburgh absolutely certain, when, on the throwing out of that measure by the House of Lords, the great election contest of 1784 began between 'Billy Lackbeard and Charles Blackbeard.' Constituencies were then asked to recollect 'that by supporting Mr. Pitt they would be giving every assistance in their power to the establishing of a Ministry, the members of which do not belong to the Club at Brooks's nor have rendered themselves notorious as a set of gamblers and swindlers;'‡ and this vigorous appeal was triumphantly vindicated by the answer.

To Sir Gilbert all these events appeared 'inexplicable.' The assumption by Pitt of office appeared a 'boyish freak,' which would soon meet with the condign punishment it deserved:—

'The only possible explanation,' he says, 'is that they mean to gain a few days' time, and to wear some sort of countenance in order to make a capitulation, if it can be obtained. They have taken a first step without at all knowing what the second was to be, the second without the third, and so on. They have lost all character, and are considered as a set of children playing at ministers, and must be sent back to school, and in a few days all will have returned to its former course.'—Vol. i. p. 91.

With a coarser hand Gillray represented Pitt as a boy recently returned to school, where he at once receives a severe flogging from Fox, who appears as the head-master; but the caricature

\* Vol. i. p. 82.

† Vol. i. p. 82.

‡ Old Handbill.

was in reality more suggestive of a well-known incident in Fox's own early career than prophetic of the future of Pitt, while the constituencies in 1784 found a summary 'explanation,' profoundly unsatisfactory, no doubt, to Sir Gilbert Elliot and his friends, but highly satisfactory to the nation at large.

It was not till September 1786 that Sir Gilbert Elliot re-entered Parliament, being then elected member for Berwick. Pitt was then at the height of his power and popularity. The regular Opposition, led by Fox and Burke, was broken and discontented, and profoundly disliked in the country. A small section in the House of Commons still regarded Shelburne, now become Lord Lansdowne, as their leader; but they were neither numerous nor likely to increase 'Lord Lansdowne's squadron,' as they are called by Sir Gilbert. Whatever influence they had was from their connection with the leaders of the Dissenters outside Parliament, who, according to Burke, habitually spoke of Fox as a 'highwayman,' while Burke himself raved of the 'wicked principles and black hearts'\* of Price, Priestley, and their patron. 'I saw the Robinsons driving by,' writes Sir Gilbert one day, 'and hoped to be taken on by them, but found they were going to Colonel Barré's, who might perhaps have poisoned me as a Burkeite, which is the bane of a Lansdownite.'†

It is the glimpses such as that afforded by these few words into the inner life of the Opposition which give to these volumes their peculiar interest. Sir Gilbert's habitual modesty prevented him taking the position in Parliament justified by his abilities, and constantly urged upon him by Burke. But *si non primus* he was ever *inter primos*, and his correspondence lets the world more fully into the every-day affairs of the political world of the time than any other book with which we are acquainted. The fact, also, that tact and judgment were his most conspicuous qualities, made Sir Gilbert the recipient of many confidences, and a very necessary man to a party which was led by the good-humoured indolence of Fox and the eloquent unreason of Burke.

Nothing perhaps is more striking in the mental attitude of the Opposition, than the unreserved manner in which Pitt and his colleagues are habitually alluded to, as if no more dishonest set of jobbers had ever presided over the Treasury. When Pitt had pronounced in favour of the impeachment of Hastings, giving his opinion on each separate count with the deliberation which the gravity of the subject required, the Opposition could

\* Burke's 'Letters,' vol. iii. pp. 140, 395.

† Vol. i. p. 151.

only imagine some dark intrigue or other sinister reason to be the explanation :

'You would think,' says Sir Gilbert, writing on March 3rd, 1787, and alluding to the charge relative to the revolution in Furruckabad, 'they were all bit with justice, humanity, good policy, and all the virtues belonging to their station. Whether there be any secret cause for this revolution in the principles of ministry on this subject, or whether it is only the operation of truth strongly stated, and long presented to minds even the least predisposed to admit it, I know not, but I am sincerely happy to see good principles beginning to accompany great power, which they certainly have, either for good or for evil. . . . Pitt sprang up and made the most eloquent, the soundest, the most just, and most virtuous speech, with all the animation that Burke or the oldest partisan of virtue could have shown in such a cause.'—Vol. i. pp. 132, 133.

When Pitt was defending the cause of Constitutional Government on the question of the Regency and 'unwhiggish' Fox, Sir Gilbert speaks of him as head of 'a faction.' Writing as if Fox and his friends were already in office, he talks of the Queen, under the guidance of the ex-Minister, as 'setting herself at the head of a strong separate faction or party against the government of the country,' and looks forward to the time when Pitt, 'continuing to couple the violent affection and compassion of the people for the King in his present affecting situation with his own fortune, will thereby make a very powerful opposition.'\* The almost ferocious outburst of joy which heralded the restoration of the King to health, must have made it tolerably clear to Sir Gilbert which of the two parties was, in the estimation of the nation, a 'faction,' and who—the Queen or the Prince—was most suspected of trafficking in the greatest of human visitations for the purpose of party and for the sake of office. In justice to Sir Gilbert it must be added, that he was one of the few who were unwilling to holloa before they were out of the wood, and suspected that the readiness of the party to climb into place through the windows of the royal madhouse was undignified, not to say brutal. 'I do not much relish this triumphant sort of conversation,' he says, in one of a series of letters, recounting how the Prince had summoned to his house all the old members of the Coalition, 'especially before the battle is won, or even fought; for I remember that just such triumphs preceded by a very few days our utter defeat four years ago.'† Prophetic words!

When the managers of the impeachment of Warren Hastings

\* Vol. i. pp. 239, 254, 267.

† Vol. i. p. 238.

were being selected, it was generally considered that Francis, being presumably under the influence of personal motives, was not a fit and proper person for the task. 'Nothing,' Sir Gilbert declares, 'can be more perfectly unjust than this prejudice;' and he is unable to understand why the House of Commons refused to allow that celebrated man to be one of the managers. A short time before he had confessed a degree of suspicion whether Wilberforce's virtues were not affectation and 'cant.'\* But the world has long since decided in favour of Wilberforce and against Francis; although Francis was a follower of Fox and Wilberforce a disciple of Pitt.

The salvation of the country, it would appear, was to depend upon Welbore Ellis, the 'Manikin' and the 'Grildrig' of Junius, with whose name we are familiar as that of a veteran official in the days of Lord North, and a warm advocate of the taxation of America; but who is revealed to us in these letters with his vices transfigured into virtues—by the divine grace it may be supposed of the Coalition—and made from a placeman into a patriot:—

'I went to Fox's,' writes Sir Gilbert on March 6th, 1787, 'to a little meeting of evil spirits, at the head of whom was Welbore Ellis, the Nestor of our army. He is a steady, honourable, old gentleman, but seems out of his place in a hopeless Opposition. . . . In the present inversion of *old* order, when our Cabinet Ministers are old statesmen of five-and-twenty, I don't see why our lads of seventy should not go into opposition.'—Vol. i. pp. 134, 135.

And yet Sir Gilbert, by his unsparing condemnation of Pitt, was doing that against which his own leader, Burke, had protested in eloquent language; he was making an indictment against a whole nation; for it was the people of the United Kingdom who had made Pitt minister, and were determined to keep him there, and not allow anybody, whether Fox, or Burke, or any one else, to replace him:—

'Pitt,' he acknowledges, 'is the only object the nation can perceive, and the only thing they think valuable in the world; and I rather think they would be content and pleased to set aside the whole Royal Family, with the Crown and both Houses of Parliament, if they could keep him by it.'—Vol. i. p. 248.

And he wrote to his wife, shortly before the close of the session of 1789, that 'such was the unpopularity of the Opposition and the power of the Prime Minister that at no time could a member of the Whig party have greater difficulty in finding a seat.'†

\* Vol. i. pp. 108, 139.

† Vol. i. p. 341.



The explanation of these strange aberrations, in one who afterwards throughout a long career abundantly proved his own possession of the very qualities which ought most easily to have guarded him against them, is to be found in the immense influence exercised by Burke over the mind of Sir Gilbert Elliot. These volumes abound with instances of the want of judgment, the absence of all moderation and sense of restraint, the constant exaggeration, and the extreme bad taste, which disfigured the splendid talents of that illustrious man. And yet so immense was his knowledge, so impetuous were his enthusiasms, so fierce were his resentments, that until the French Revolution, the siren of Beaconsfield had only to sing, and the Whig party had only to follow.

In the great parliamentary struggles, between his return to Parliament and the outbreak of the French Revolution, Sir Gilbert Elliot continued to gain ground in the good opinion of his party. He was made the leader in the proceedings against Impey in the House of Commons, and the speeches he pronounced in that character, and as one of the managers in the trial of Warren Hastings, raised him to a high place among the public speakers of the day. A panegyric of Burke on one of these occasions wrung tears from several of the audience, even from Dudley Long, a wit, and presumably a person who considered tears idle, and was ignorant of their meaning. There must either have been something very moving in the eloquence of those times or the present century is made of sterner stuff than its predecessor; else why is it that in the letters and journals of that bygone age we so often hear of men being moved to tears by some splendid outburst, and so seldom now?

On the death of Mr. Cornwall, and again on the promotion to high office of William Grenville, Sir Gilbert was the Whig candidate for the office of Speaker. He was of course unsuccessful.

The recovery of the King had left the Opposition more profoundly discredited than ever. They had no policy except to oppose. The original sin of the Coalition still hung like a millstone around their necks; their conduct as to the Regency was a second and even heavier millstone. They had successfully allied themselves with the most factious of Irish factions to thwart the enlightened propositions of Pitt relating to the trade with the sister island; they had unsuccessfully pursued a similar policy in regard to the commercial Treaty with France. The great body of the Nonconformists stood aloof from them. For Fox the Nonconformists had a rooted moral aversion;

Burke



Burke they knew to be among the determined opponents of their legitimate demands. Meanwhile the flame of faction burnt all the more fiercely, and personal and traditional hatreds seemed in an increasing degree to be obliterating the distinctions of principle and policy.

But while men in England were quarrelling over the reputation of Warren Hastings and the sanity of the King, events were taking place on the other side of the Channel, which poured the seething mass of the political world into new moulds, not in France merely, but in England and all over the world; which made friends into foes and foes into friends; which led to fresh combinations and new distinctions; and, amongst other consequences, led Sir Gilbert Elliot to alter his opinions very materially about Pitt and the Government.

The chief effect of the French Revolution on English politics was to break up the Whig connection. One part of it, led by Burke, viewed the new opinions with unconcealed terror, believing that they would destroy the ancient liberties of England, and lead to the establishment on the Continent either of anarchy or of some new and strange form of despotism. Another part, led by Fox, believed the French Revolution, notwithstanding all its excesses, to be the herald of a new and better order of things, and welcomed it accordingly. The result was that, after long negotiations, on the conduct of which many interesting details are to be found in these volumes, the first of these sections, with the titular leader of the party, the Duke of Portland, coalesced with Pitt; while the other, joining with the small section of the followers of Lord Lansdowne, retired into an apparently hopeless opposition.

On the 29th of October Sir Gilbert received the following brief letter from Burke :

MY DEAR FRIEND,

October 29, 1790.

‘I have ordered a book written with a good intention to be sent to you. If I could have had your assistance as I went on, it would have been more worthy of your acceptance, as well as more useful to those for whom it was intended.’—Vol. i. p. 364.

This pamphlet was the famous ‘Reflections on the French Revolution.’ ‘Its ultimate result,’ says Lady Minto, ‘was a revolution in the political party to which the writer belonged.’

In this political revolution Sir Gilbert, though not following Burke in the extreme violence of the expression of his views, nor agreeing with him in the warlike remedies he proposed, nevertheless in the main adhered to his old friend. He thus expressed himself on the subject in a letter to Mr. Elliot, of Wells, written on December 5, 1790 :

‘Burke

'Burke tells me that Fox disapproves in the most unqualified manner his work on the French Revolution, both as to matter and composition. As I differ so entirely with Fox on the subject, I cannot help apprehending that his opinion is influenced in some degree by a leaning towards Sheridan in his difference with Burke, and that his professing these opinions unreservedly is an indication of his intention to take part openly with Sheridan on this occasion. I need not say to you how miserable I should think such a choice between such men; but I regret the thing extremely also, because it threatens to embark Fox in a set of opinions and in a course of politics which will not do him credit, and in which it will be impossible for the truly respectable and weighty part of his support to follow him. I should regret it on account of its ill-consequence to the reputation and views of Fox himself, of whom I think most highly, and for whom I feel a sincere attachment, both on public grounds and in gratitude for many marks of kindness and partiality for me. I regret it also on account of its ill-effects on the public cause in which we are all embarked, and the disunion of the only body of men in the nation who ever profess any public good as the principle and basis of their association—I mean the Whigs, headed by the Duke of Portland. With the Duke of Portland in our Cabinet, and Fox in the field, and with the hearty union of these chiefs, and a little troop of faithful soldiers round the standard, I think our party will ever be serviceable to our country, even out of power; and I am sure, for one, I should always feel both proud and well satisfied while I fought in such an army, even without victory. But if that body is to break in pieces, I know of none other that I should choose to enlist with. Certainly not under Captain Sheridan, or Colonel Price, nor General Horne, nor yet Generalissimo Lansdowne; nor could I be reconciled to any corps emanating in any degree from them, even by seeing Fox at the head of it. I am really deeply affected with the general tone of dejection in which Burke writes, and at a time when he should be borne in triumph with these same captains, colonels, generals and generalissimo at his chariot wheels.'—Vol. i. pp. 369–371.

The hopes of Sir Gilbert that a rupture could be avoided proved vain. Gradually, notwithstanding the assiduous efforts of common friends to plaster over differences, the rent grew broader and broader. Associations began to be formed for Parliamentary Reform, and these received the countenance of Fox and Grey, while the horrors perpetrated in France were maddening men's minds in England. The Duke of Portland and Burke had always been opposed to Parliamentary Reform.

'The former,' says Mr. William Elliot to Sir Gilbert, in a letter of July 11, 1792, 'seems to consider the members of the Association as persons entirely separated from the party, and says, though he may not positively mean to shut the door against their return, yet that, even in that case, he should not receive them with the same cordiality

cordiality that some other persons might be supposed to do.'—Vol. ii. p. 56.

The politics of the peeresses of the old Whig party were more explicit. They did not mince matters, or talk about 'denying cordial receptions.' Theirs was a simpler and more drastic remedy, borrowed from Paris. 'As for Fox and Grey,' said Lady Malmesbury, writing to her sister, 'I wish they would utter treason at once, and be beheaded or hanged.'\*

The first idea of the moderate section of the Whig party was to support the Ministers in Parliament in their policy against the English reformers, but not to make a union of forces, still less a Coalition Ministry. The great difficulty was to obtain a parliamentary declaration from the Duke of Portland. Over and over again, to deputations of which Sir Gilbert was the principal spokesman, the Duke promised to make such a declaration, and then, under the influence of Fox, shrank back. His friends expostulated. He admitted the justice of their expostulations, and then sat silent, 'not uttering one word, admitting, however, all you say, and sobbing grievously.'† He went to the House of Lords under a solemn undertaking to speak, and then could not screw his courage up to the sticking-point; but 'sat through the debate as fixed as the lady in "Comus," enchanted, I do believe, like her, without uttering a syllable.'‡

'Our political situation is no better than it was,' writes Sir Gilbert in December, 1792, 'and the Duke of Portland will find it difficult to regain even *my* good opinion.' . . . And again, in January 1793: 'The existence of our party depends on his *firmness, decision, vigour, activity, consistency, uniformity of conduct, and honourable support of his friends*, as head of that party; and unfortunately the party is like *Snip*, and would look much better without its head. It is like the sign of the Good Woman. I fear the Duke has proved himself *entirely* unfit for his station both in character and talents.'—Vol. ii. pp. 95, 109.

The fact was that the Duke, as Lady Minto observes, was never intended for the part of a leader of men: 'he was in the most literal sense *un homme drapeau*, for when the storm raged round him he could only flutter in the breeze.'§

The course, however, which the timidity of the Duke of Portland for a time delayed, was soon forced on by the imperious hand of events. 'This question of the French Revolution,' wrote Sir Gilbert, 'has been gradually approaching more and more near to us, and it has at length grown into Aaron's rod, and swallowed up all the other business and concerns of the

\* Vol. ii. p. 71.

† Vol. ii. p. 84.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 95.

§ Vol. ii. p. 147.  
world.'

world.\* By the end of 1794 the rupture between Portland and Fox was consummated, and the design originally entertained by the friends of Burke, of giving an independent support to the Government, was converted into the more logical plan of an open coalition between those who in reality were separated by no very fundamental difference of opinion. The friends of Fox denounced the seceders as deserters from friends and principles, and it would appear that Fox himself entertained for long after a feeling of peculiar bitterness against Sir Gilbert Elliot for his share in these transactions.

It is not our intention to reopen the controversy as to the rights and wrongs of the conduct of the various parties in this memorable crisis, beyond noticing the view which Lady Minto in a few carefully-written sentences places before her readers :

‘Two propositions,’ says Lady Minto, ‘are incontrovertible. (1) That the French Revolution did not give liberty to the world. (2) That strongly repressive measures did not stifle liberty in England. If these points be admitted, it ensues that Burke had the clearest insight into the ultimate consequences of the French Revolution.’

In the new arrangements, the Duke of Portland became Home Secretary, Lord Fitzwilliam Lord President, Mr. Wyndham Secretary at War, and Lord Spencer Privy Seal. To Sir Gilbert was offered the Governorship of Madras, which he refused ; but other overtures from the Ministers soon followed. War had been declared, and the allied army was in Flanders. The fall of Dunkirk was expected from day to day. It was unanimously decided to send Sir Gilbert Elliot as Chief Commissioner to that place. Unfortunately Dunkirk had the bad taste not to fall. A similar opening was, however, immediately after found at Toulon, which place had surrendered ; and thither accordingly Sir Gilbert proceeded, setting out on December 19, 1793. Exactly a year after its surrender, Toulon had to be evacuated. Sir Gilbert, from his first arrival, foresaw the difficulty of holding it, or of using it as a base from which to make an attack upon the armed forces of France. He would have felt still less doubt on the subject had he known, that amongst the assailants of the place was the lieutenant of artillery who in a few years was to render his name so terribly familiar to the ears of the potentates of Europe.

It is worth observing that on no side has the frontier of France been proved to be so little open to successful assault as on the south ; and it would be difficult to instance a single

\* Vol. ii. p. 103.

occasion on which, in modern times, any real impression has been made upon the country in that direction. The expedition to Toulon, however, was only one of the many meaningless adventures in which the forces of England were frittered away. As Lady Elliot said, there were innumerable expeditions which 'sailed about and did nothing.' Pitt had not inherited the genius of his illustrious father for war. Neither he nor any other member of his Government knew how to wage it. That is the simple explanation of what was now occurring. It has been argued that he did not understand the nature of the struggle in which he was engaged. Revolutionary France, it has been contended, had to be met with revolutionary weapons; gigantic efforts by exertions still more gigantic. The argument is attractive. But were not gigantic exertions necessary in the old struggles against Royalist France; and what weapon, it may fairly be asked, was not used which ought to have been employed? Burke would have replied, the appeal to the monarchical sentiment in France and in Europe:—

'If I understand at all the true spirit of the present contest,' he wrote to Sir Gilbert, 'we are engaged in a civil war; but on a far larger scale and on far more important objects than civil wars have generally extended themselves to or comprehended. I consider the royalists of France, or, as they are perhaps as properly called, the aristocrats, as of the part which we have taken in this civil war.'—Vol. ii. p. 175.

The younger Burke, who was in the confidence of his father, declared that 'the government was to be restored that was there before 1789.\*' But in refusing thus to interfere in the internal affairs of a foreign nation, Pitt was abundantly justified. 'The English Ministers,' says Lady Minto, 'were of opinion that in adopting these views (of Burke) wholesale, they with their historical antecedents would have been inconsistent and unjust: whereas the aggressions of France in Europe, and her repeated declarations of the principles on which she professed to act, made it a matter of necessity to England to arm in self-defence.†' But we go further, and we venture to doubt whether the appeal to the Monarchical feeling would have been a source of strength to England in the struggle. It is quite certain that the belief that the allies had made such an appeal in 1792 was an enormous source of strength, not to them, but to France.

'Sir Gilbert Elliot,' says Lady Minto, 'agreed with the English Ministers.' It would perhaps be more accurate to describe him as not entirely coinciding with Burke's views:—

\* Burke's 'Letters,' vol. iii. p. 151.

† Vol. ii. p. 176.

'I am

'I am unable,' we find him writing in April 1792, 'to go all lengths with him on the subject which most engrosses his mind—the French question. I have felt so sensibly the evil of admitting any sway over my mind so powerful and sovereign as his was, and have found myself so often led to a fluctuation of opinion on important points by yielding first to the influence of his authority, and then having to combat the same point with my own reason, and I think the particular subject of his present attention is so likely to lead to questions of immense moment on which every man should form an opinion of his own, and regulate his conduct by an unbiassed and temperate judgment, that I cannot surrender myself unconditionally even to Burke.'—Vol. ii. p. 7.

But as events ripened, Burke's authority seems to have exercised its old influence, at least to a very great extent, though not enough to satisfy Burke himself. 'We are all running after this conquest and that advantage, instead of making war on the French Convention,' he writes from Toulon itself.\* And on his return to England he defends himself in the following terms against the charge made by Burke, that he had not been sufficiently Royalist.

'He is completely wrong in the fact—for from the time of my arrival at Toulon nothing was heard there but the purest royalism, and I strongly solicited Government to let me send for the Princes and put them at the head of the counter-revolution at Toulon and in the South.'—Vol. ii. p. 403.

On the evacuation of Toulon, Sir Gilbert was sent to Corsica. The island had long borne its subjection to France with unwillingness, and the anarchy which prevailed under the Convention tempted the islanders to a rising, which resulted in a Corsican Plenipotentiary being sent to England, and in General Paoli being authorized by his countrymen to propose an annexation to the British Crown. The proposition was accepted, and Sir Gilbert was appointed Viceroy. From the commencement of the undertaking, it had been clear that the island could not be retained by England, except with the support of the Italian Powers, and on the condition that the island of Sardinia was prevented falling into the hands of France. Sir Gilbert accordingly became involved in a series of negotiations, having these ends in view; and, besides administering the island, he had to pay several visits to the small Italian Courts on the mainland. In these negotiations, as in his government of the island, Sir Gilbert showed remarkable patience and dexterity, having to contend with every kind of intrigue and opposition. The whole enterprise was a mistake. In the first place it was im-

\* Vol. ii. p. 196.

possible to get the Duke of Portland to attend to Corsican affairs, which unfortunately were in the Duke's department. The Corsican Plenipotentiary in England was neglected, and Paoli was offended. A family tradition asserts that when Sir Gilbert returned to England in 1797, in his first interview with the Duke, he observed some of his own despatches lying with the seals unbroken on the Duke's table. The difference of views also which existed as to the proper conduct of the war between the two sections of the Ministry, paralysed their action. Lady Elliot, writing from Bath in December 1796, says, 'It appears that they never agree upon any point. The jealousy is so great between the old and the new party, that they have no communication.' It was said that Pitt knew nothing of what passed in the Duke's office. It might perhaps have been doubted if the Duke knew much more. The Pope also had to be conciliated. He was terribly frightened at the French, but he had a claim on the temporal sovereignty of Corsica, and 'affected to believe that his spiritual supremacy was endangered by the action in Corsica of a Protestant power.\*' Then Paoli, slighted and neglected by the English Government, went into opposition; the French overran Northern Italy under a Corsican leader; the fleet of Spain joined that of France; the island of Sardinia seemed likely to fall into French hands; the naval supremacy of England in the Mediterranean was distinctly threatened; and the French party in the island began to hold up its head.

'You cannot keep Corsica,' Sir Gilbert wrote to one of the Ministers, 'against the will of the whole people. You ought not, if you could; but if you can spare a sufficient number of British troops to hold the strong places of the island, with the aid of the fleet, against all external attacks, the knowledge that you can do so will keep this people steady to your cause. If we are weak, we shall be set at naught. If we are strong, weak powers will cling to us.'—Vol. ii. p. 344.

But nothing seemed further from the intention of the English Government than to attend to Corsican business. 'You ask,' wrote Lady Elliot from the island, in June 1796, to Lady Malmesbury, 'whether Corsica is to be given up; a question that can only be answered at home; from whence we have heard nothing official for eight months.'

The end, however, was not far off. In September 1796 the English Government ordered the evacuation of the island, or, as the Duke of Portland paraphrased it, 'Her Majesty's Ministers determined to withdraw the blessings of the British Constitution

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\* Vol. ii. p. 273.



from the people of Corsica.\* The evacuation was accomplished in safety and without loss, mainly owing to the foresight of Sir Gilbert, who, immediately on the seizure of Leghorn by the French, ordered Lord Nelson to occupy Porto Ferrajo in the island of Elba; and this place now became a refuge for the troops, the stores, and the unfortunate Corsican 'loyalists.' 'An invaluable port and harbour,' wrote Lord Nelson to the Viceroy, 'which I have now taken in execution of your plan.†

The letters of Sir Gilbert to Lady Elliot, written during his Viceroyalty, contain much that is of interest with reference to the leading political personages of the island. By Paoli Sir Gilbert was unfavourably impressed.

'The innumerable allusions to his conduct and capacity,' says Lady Minto, 'leave a general impression on the mind of a character of which the type was essentially Corsican. Nature had endowed him in a conspicuous degree with a lively intelligence, quick perceptions, a fluent and graceful diction: to these not uncommon gifts in his race, he added large conceptions, a vivid imagination, and considerable acquirements. "Les défauts de ses qualités" were also his; the liveliness of his imagination bred a quick suspiciousness, which again was the cause of much of the insincerity and pusillanimity attributed to his conduct by friends and foes. The very vividness of his conceptions of what should be done for his people seems to have allured him into forgetfulness of the fact that they did very little for themselves. He showed himself truly one of them by never putting himself into collision with their most crying faults—their greed and spirit of revenge.'—Vol. ii. pp. 328, 329.

Mr. John Stewart, the secret emissary sent to Corsica twenty-two years before, in the time of the Duke of Grafton, had formed a very similar estimate of Paoli's character. With Pozzo di Borgo, who acted as President of the Assembly, the relations of Sir Gilbert were far more satisfactory, and laid the foundation of a lasting friendship. He is described by Lady Elliot as Sir Gilbert's 'prime favourite, and an uncommonly sensible and agreeable man.' 'I think,' she adds, 'he is the only one of the natives that is very distinguished.' When the English left the island, Pozzo left it with them; and when in 1799 Sir Gilbert, who had meanwhile been raised to the peerage as Lord Minto, was sent as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Vienna, Pozzo accompanied him as a member of his *suite*, and began that long career in the service of the Allied Sovereigns, which makes it not impossible to describe the great European struggle of the first fifteen years of the present century

\* Vol. ii. p. 355.

† Vol. ii. p. 351.



as a *vendetta* waged between two Corsicans, the one a soldier, the other a diplomatist, Bonaparte and Pozzo di Borgo.

Towards the commencement of 1796 Lord Nelson wrote to Sir Gilbert, 'I very much believe that England, who commenced the war with all Europe for her allies, will finish it by having nearly all Europe against her.'\* The first Coalition was in fact a failure; and though Spain, alone of the European Powers, had joined France, by the end of 1798 England did actually stand unsupported and single-handed in the struggle with her ancient adversary. But the victory of the Nile in the August of that year, and the enforced absence of Bonaparte in Egypt, roused up the dormant energies of the Continent, and on June the 22nd, 1799, the second Coalition was signed, the contracting Powers being Great Britain, Germany, Russia, Naples, Portugal, and Turkey. A series of victories inaugurated the campaign. In Southern Germany the Archduke Charles, in Italy Suwarrow, carried all before them. Victory, in the absence of Bonaparte, deserted the French standards; and after the battles of Ostrach and Stockach, of the Adda and Novi, both Italy and Germany were practically cleared of the invaders, while an Anglo-Russian force disembarked in Holland. The centre of interest was now the city of Zurich, close to which the armies of the Archduke Charles and of Massena were facing each other. Unfortunately at this moment jealousies and misunderstandings began to paralyse the action and energies of the Coalition abroad, as they had those of the Coalition Ministry at home.

'Acting on Burke's doctrine, that the true objects of the war were the subversion of the existing Government of France, and the restoration of Europe to the *status quo* before the Revolution, the British Government urged on their allies a plan of campaign embracing the expulsion of the French from Switzerland, the advance of the allied forces into Franche Comté, and the raising of the Royalist standard at Lyons. This course, it was said, would "enable the French people," who were represented as weary of their present rulers, "to declare themselves openly against them." What was to be done if they declared on the other side was not specified.'—Vol. iii. p. 75.

It was to impress these views on the Aulic Council that Lord Minto was despatched to Vienna. Thugut was then at the head of affairs. His ideas were widely different. He was far more anxious to check France by increasing the weight of Austrian influence in Italy, than either to deliver Switzerland—a task which he wished assigned to Suwarrow—or to overthrow

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\* Vol. ii. p. 346.

the existing Government of France, an object to which he was indifferent ; while he viewed the possible progress of the Anglo-Russian expedition in Holland with ill-concealed jealousy, and was accordingly anxious to transfer the army of the Archduke from the Upper to the Lower Rhine, so as to be ready to enter the Netherlands whenever events should render it expedient to do so. 'Until these points are ascertained,' Lord Minto wrote home, 'the Allies are as much occupied with each other as with the enemy.' He had not, however, been long at Vienna, before he had to inform Lord Grenville, to whom the Foreign Department had recently been transferred, that his apprehensions were well-founded ; nor were they diminished by a proposition made soon after his arrival by Thugut, that the Court of Vienna should make a full and precise communication to the English Government of their views and intentions, on condition that the communication should be concealed from the Court of St. Petersburg. This was followed by the discovery that Thugut had about the same time made a similar proposition to the Court of St. Petersburg, with an analogous condition in regard to the Court of St. James attached to it. Lord Minto acknowledged that 'he found it difficult to continue his relations with the Austrian Minister on a footing of courtesy.' At length, however, the magic of patience carried the day, and Lord Minto obtained a distinct undertaking that the Archduke's army should not be shifted from the scene of operations in Switzerland ; at least till it was clear that the country could be safely committed to the care of the Russians. But the politicians of Vienna were not to be baffled. Almost simultaneously with the conclusion of this agreement, and profiting by some possible ambiguity in the contract, orders were secretly issued to the Archduke to withdraw from Switzerland. By way of adding insult to injury, the report was at the same time industriously circulated, that these orders were dictated under pressure from the Court of St. James's. The result was soon apparent. The battle of Zurich, fought on Nov. 25, 1799, ended in the total defeat of the Russians under Kossakoff by Massena ; soon after, Suwarrow himself was defeated ; while the Archduke Charles became profoundly prejudiced against England, and Pitt declared he should not be surprised to hear that Lord Minto 'had ordered his chaise and had left Vienna.'\*

Thugut indeed was incorrigible. Undeterred either by the return of Bonaparte, who, like Cæsar, had come to France bringing the news of his own arrival, or by the reverses of the

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\* Vol. iii. chap. iii., iv.

Russian forces, he caused the Archduke Charles to be removed from his command, for having declared that peace was necessary. It is said that Bonaparte, on hearing this intelligence, exclaimed, 'Alors l'Empereur d'Allemagne a perdu ses généraux.'

Thugut then began to diplomatize with England about the territorial cessions in Italy which his Government was to gain at the expense of its humbler neighbours, and to obtain which he was discovered to be ready to intrigue with Talleyrand for a separate peace. He aimed at nothing less than the acquisition of the whole of Northern and Central Italy, including Sardinia; 'and he even argued on the possibility of doing without a Pope, and of each Sovereign taking on himself the function of head of the National Church.' 'In the present state of religious opinions,' says Lord Minto, 'and considering the only alternative which I now saw in these matters, viz. the subsistence of the Roman Catholic faith or the extinction of Christianity itself, I preferred, though a Protestant, the Pope to the Goddess of Reason. However, the mind of Baron Thugut is not open to any reasoning of a general nature, when it is put in competition with conquest and acquisition of territory.'\*

And yet Lord Minto acknowledged that Thugut was the only person in the service of the Court of Vienna who since the death of Kaunitz had the slightest claim to the title of statesman. He might perhaps have added Cobenzl, but the Collaredos, the Lehrbachs, and the Trautmansdorffs, 'e tutti quanti,' were the merest Court pantaloons playing at politics.

While the views of Baron Thugut were those described above, Lord Minto was disposed to look upon the existing state of things in Italy as favourable to the plan developed in his mind during his Viceroyalty of Corsica—

'of the formation of an Italian league for purposes of common defence, to include all the Italian states from Sardinia to Naples. At his desire Count Pozzo di Borgo drew up a paper stating the military and other resources of the different Powers; and in this paper it is suggested that, if such a federation could be brought about, Rome should be selected as the proper place for the seat of the Federal Government.'—Vol. iii. p. 97.

He was especially anxious to save the little republic of Lucca from the voracity of the Viennese politicians.

'I confess,'—he wrote to Lord Grenville, who does not appear to have shared his scruples,—'one cannot see without regret another independent unoffending state merge in this great Empire; nor the

\* Vol. iii. p. 97. The recently published Memoirs of Metternich contain a very unfavourable view of Thugut and his policy. The Editor of that work, however, demurs to the perfect justice of it.

people of the Republic of Lucca, who were extremely happy under their own government, and distinguished among the Italians for industry and simplicity, exposed to all the demands of a foreign sovereign. I distinctly intimated to Baron Thugut that these were measures which would not be viewed with approbation by Great Britain, though they might be received with acquiescence.'—Vol. iii. pp. 132, 133.

It was only when the disasters to the Russian arms had been followed by the withdrawal of the Czar from the Coalition, and it began to be whispered that the wayward and fanatic Paul was about to throw in his lot with France, that Thugut abandoned his intrigues with Talleyrand. But it was now too late. The battle of Marengo was fought, June 14, 1800. Till seven in the evening the fortune of the day hung doubtful in the balance. Then the French carried all before them. The fate of Italy was decided. It now became only a question of time, how soon the Court of Vienna would be compelled to yield to the inevitable, and make, under physical pressure, the separate peace for which it had before so dishonourably intrigued. Lord Minto struggled gallantly, but the powerful influence of the Archduke Charles, reinstated in his command at the last moment, was against him. The Archduke knew only too well the hopeless condition of the Austrian army. The defeat of the Archduke John at the battle of Hohenlinden was the finishing stroke, and in February 1801 Austria concluded a separate peace at Luneville. The Peace of Amiens followed in another year.

When Lord Minto returned from Vienna to England, he found the position of political parties considerably changed from that which they had occupied at his departure. Pitt considered that he had identified himself too closely with the claims of the Roman Catholics in Ireland for him to remain in office when, upon the completion of the Union, the concession of their claims was refused by the King. He accordingly resigned, and in March 1801 the Addington Administration was formed. Lord Minto had been a strenuous advocate of the claims of the Roman Catholics, as he had already been of those of the English Protestant Dissenters. His speech in the House of Lords (March 19, 1799), delivered in connection with this subject, and dealing very fully with the whole 'condition of Ireland question,' will still repay perusal; especially as it unfortunately happens that the problems therein discussed have not yet found their final solution.

'The Catholics of Ireland,' he emphatically reminded his hearers, 'not only claim a participation in the civil franchises enjoyed by  
their

their Protestant countrymen, but they foster claims on the property of Protestants, the present possession of which they treat as mere occupation, and these claims are of no trifling extent. We know the aspiring character of their Church, or, if you please, of all churches, or of all bodies and descriptions of men. We must above all recollect what is perhaps more urgent than all the rest, that the Catholics, besides their claims, civil or religious, have passions to gratify, passions long irritated, long restrained, and not on that account the less vehement or dangerous.'—Vol. iii. p. 55.

He therefore believed that the only safe way to grant emancipation was to bring the Irish Catholic members within the circle of a United Parliament.

The conduct of Pitt and Lord Grenville in resigning was accordingly such as to obtain the approval of Lord Minto. Therefore, when within a year after, the signature of the Peace of Amiens, war with France again broke out, and the early friendship of Pitt for the new Ministers had gradually changed into distant patronage, and from distant patronage into overt hostility, Lord Minto felt no scruple in joining in the combined attack of the various sections of the Opposition, acting together from a common dislike of the 'Doctor' and his allies, and supported by the general conviction that, in the face of the public danger, minor differences might without any derogation of principle be sunk, and a Ministry under the headship of Pitt be formed, combining all that was ablest in both Houses of Parliament, in order to steer the country through the difficulties which surrounded it. The death of Burke, in 1797, had removed a great obstacle in the way of the conciliation, which all reasonable persons felt to be necessary. The fear of invasion was upon the land. There is a graphic account in these volumes, drawn from the letter of Mrs. Wauchhope, 'a connection and very intimate friend of the Elliot family,' whose memory still retains a distinct impression of the event: of how a false alarm of the French having landed one night was spread along the Border; how the 'fierce red light of the blazing ball' was seen on Dunion—

'the first incredulity, the fierce indignation, the gallop to the trysting place, through a river in flood, and the pouring in of men from every hill, and every dale, till, when the muster roll was called, but one name was missing and he was a lame tailor. As for those who stayed at home, one sentence in a letter from Lady Minto to a friend is descriptive possibly of more than herself and her daughters: "We sat at the windows and watched the fires with sick hearts."—Vol. iii. p. 301.

On May 11, 1804, the Addington Administration resigned; but

but the desired combination could not be formed to replace it. The King would not hear of Fox, and Lord Grenville would not accept office without Fox. Lord Minto would have had a place in the Coalition Ministry; he could have had it in the Ministry which was actually formed by Pitt. But he refused, on grounds highly creditable to his sense of justice—the belief that the exclusion of Fox was unjust, and that he had no right to act differently from his immediate political friends, Lord Grenville, Mr. Wyndham, and the other ‘leading characters’ who refused office:—

‘I certainly stood on separate ground myself,’ he said in a letter to his son, ‘not having concurred in the co-operation as it is called, and not being in habits of friendship with Fox, but *just the contrary*, having suffered the deepest and most unmerited injury from him, or at least from his partisans, not disavowed so far as I have ever heard by him. But the point which I considered was, whether my own friends and connections were *doing right*. Was I to separate myself from them, merely because I might without positive treachery, and when the result would have been my own personal advantage? I may ask how you would feel if I had done so, and I feel confident of what your feeling would have been by my own, whenever I only imagine myself in such a situation. It is much easier to be too fond of office and fortune than too indifferent about them. I do not profess any unmeaning indifference on such subjects; but I have experienced before, that it is wise for private happiness to keep these desires extremely temperate, and not to reckon on any of the objects of ambition as our own or essential to us. Keep worldly ambition enough to fill your sails and excite exertion, but do not let it drive the ship before it.’—Vol. iii. pp. 331, 332.

Lord Minto’s self-denial had its reward. The condition of Pitt’s health at the moment he was forming his Administration was a source of anxiety to his friends. The words, ‘if Mr. Pitt’s health does not fail him,’ occur in a letter from Lord Castlereagh to Lord Wellesley, of May 8, 1804.\* On January 23, 1806, Mr. Pitt died, and the Coalition Ministry, in which the friends of Lord Grenville co-operated with those of Fox, succeeded. It has been seen that in 1783 it had been intended to make Sir Gilbert Elliot one of the Commissioners under the East India Bill of Mr. Fox, and that at a later period the post of Governor of Madras was offered to him. He was now appointed President of the Board of Control.

The position of the Indian Empire of England at the moment when Lord Minto assumed the reins of power was peculiar. It might be described as one of arrested development. Its boun-

\* Stanhope’s ‘Life of Pitt,’ vol. iii. p. 185.



daries were ill-defined ; the system under which it was governed from home was one of the most astounding inventions in political machinery which the world has ever seen. The Abbé Sièyes himself could not have dreamt it, even in his most ingenious moments ; neither Aristotle nor Montesquieu could have classified it in any of their systems. The ideas which were to direct the system were ill-ascertained, and had varied from time to time, according to the successive changes of the person who, as Secretary of State, directed the decisions of the Board of Control, and according as terror or ambition ruled in Leadenhall Street. The views of Warren Hastings had been to extend British power in India, not so much by any direct territorial acquisitions, as by the conclusion of alliances and the indirect exercise of influence over the native Courts. England was in his view to be the paramount Power, with an acknowledged position as such, and enjoying the advantage of being known to be able to enforce her own awards ; she was, in fact, to be a sort of Great Mogul, but with a might which, since the days of Shah Jehan, the Great Mogul had ceased to hold. The annexation of Benares was the only clear extension of the boundaries of the British possessions during the time Hastings was Governor-General ; nor was Pitt ever more mistaken than when he allowed himself to be prejudiced against that great man by the idea that his prime object had been territorial conquests.

The policy of Warren Hastings might perhaps have proved the basis of a permanent system, if it had been steadily and consistently followed up. But it was not consistently followed up. Lord Cornwallis was forced by the conduct of Tippoo Saib into the first Mysore war. Large annexations followed, while the treaties subsequently negotiated, under the influence of the ideas then prevalent in England, with the Nizam and the Mahrattas, and with Tippoo himself, were based upon the idea of concluding agreements with equal and independent contracting Powers, not upon any idea of asserting the influence of England as a paramount authority, the guardian and the keeper of the peace in the Indian peninsula. The successor of Lord Cornwallis was Sir John Shore, afterwards Lord Teignmouth. He exaggerated the policy of non-intervention. His conduct opened out a new era in the history of India, and involuntarily led up to the very wars and annexations which it had been the object of the policy of non-intervention to avoid. A treaty had been made in 1790, after the conclusion of the Mysore war, by which it was agreed between Lord Cornwallis, the Nizam, and the Mahrattas, that if Tippoo 'should attack or molest either of the contracting parties, the others should join to punish him ;' the manner and conditions

conditions of effecting this object to be hereafter settled by the contracting parties. Early in 1795 the Mahrattas resolved to attack the Nizam, and Tippoo announced his intention of joining them. The Nizam appealed to the English Government, but Sir John Shore decided that the *casus fœderis* did not arise, owing to the defection of one of the parties to the original treaty, and his conjunction with the Power against which the alliance had been made. The result of this doctrine was the destruction of the army of the Nizam at the battle of Kurdla by the Mahrattas, the conclusion of a humiliating treaty, and, what was far more important to England, the restoration of French influence at the Court of the Nizam, accompanied by the spread of the belief from one end of India to the other that feebleness and vacillation were presiding over the councils of the English. It was in this condition of affairs that Lord Wellesley found India in 1798, with the further complication of a threatened Afghan incursion into Northern India under Zemaan Shah.

How Lord Wellesley restored British power and influence is one of the best known chapters in Indian history; and we had occasion lately to recount it to our readers.\* Between 1798 and 1802 the question was settled in principle, whether England was or was not to be the paramount power in India, and, that question being answered in the affirmative, whether her paramount power could be exercised without large territorial annexations, or what in practice amounted to the same thing. In those memorable years, one-half of what remained of the State of Mysore was annexed, and the other half made into a mediatised kingdom. The principality of Tanjore and the Carnatic experienced a like fate. Cuttack was taken from the Rajah of Nagpore, and half the territory of Oudh from the Nawab Vizier; Scindia had to cede the Doab between the Ganges and the Jumna, with other extensive territories. The treaties of 1798 and 1803 reduced the Nizam and the Peshaw into satellites of the British power, and rewarded them with a portion of the spoils of those bolder princes who had trusted to the arbitrament of the sword. Holkar alone remained unconquered. Such was the position of affairs in 1804, after the treaties of Bassein and Sirjee Anjengaom, and the battles of Assye, Argaum, and Laswaree. But a change was about to take place.

In order to understand what this change was, it is necessary to go back a little in the history of the Company. Territorial revenue had formed no part of the design of its original founders, still less had territorial rule. When the Company in 1765

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\* 'Quarterly Review,' April, 1880, vol. 149, pp. 371, foll.



obtained the Dewanny of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa, it decided that the proper and politic course to pursue was 'to gorge themselves on the revenues of the Dewanny, and leave all the responsibility and all the danger of its internal management and its external defence in the hands of the native power.'\* The result of this system was a frightful reign of peculation and oppression. But it was not till the 11th of May, 1772, that the Company determined 'to stand forth publicly in the character of Dewan,' and assume the responsibilities as well as the emoluments of power. Nor was this done without much hesitation; and shortly after the Court of Directors conveyed to their servants abroad 'a prohibitory condemnation of all schemes of conquest and enlargement of dominion,' and prescribed 'certain rules and boundaries for the operation of their military force,' and enjoined 'a strict adherence to a system of defence in their relations with the native powers.' Nor was this all. When the attention of English statesmen had fastened itself on the fact that the Company, which had been originally chartered as a mere trading corporation, was making itself, whether by design or not, into a sovereign power, the same views prevailed with them as with the Company itself, as to the inexpediency of any further extension of its territories, and both the Acts of 1784 and 1792 declared 'that to pursue schemes of conquest and extension of dominion in India are measures repugnant to the wish, the policy, and the honour of this nation,' and enacted that it should not be lawful for the Governor-General in Council, except where hostilities had already actually commenced, to declare war or himself commence hostilities without first obtaining the leave of the authorities at home. Such was the condition of the relations of the Governor-General in Council to the Court of Directors and to the Board of Control, as settled by Act of Parliament. With both the authorities in England, but especially with the Court of Directors, the same pacific views still prevailed in 1804, which had inspired the Acts of 1784 and 1792. These views arose from the clear conviction, that the preparation of a successful military expedition and of a successful balance-sheet were wholly unconnected operations. The Mysore war the Directors had approved. There could be no doubt that Tippoo was organizing a formidable onslaught, and that it was only a question whether his forces or those of the Company were to have the advantage of beginning. But the war with Scindia, commenced by Lord Wellesley without their leave as a defensive war, and followed by enormous annexations running directly in

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\* Kaye's 'History of the East India Company,' p. 78.

the teeth of the Acts of 1784 and 1793, was a sore trial to their patience, and when, after the Treaty of Sirjee Anjengaom, it became known that a fresh conflict had arisen, and this time with the as yet unconquered Holkar, whom all the Mahratta chiefs threatened to join in a final struggle, then the Directors of the Company determined to make a stand. Whatever doubts they may have entertained were removed, when the news arrived of the disastrous retreat of Colonel Monson and the check sustained by Lord Lake before Bhurtpore. The veteran Marquess Cornwallis was summoned from the rest which services rendered to his country in every quarter of the globe had so amply earned, and was sent out 'to save India.'

It has frequently been the lot of those despatched under similar circumstances to find upon their arrival that their services are no longer absolutely necessary. Lord Gough, after the battle of Chillianwallah, was superseded by Sir Charles Napier: Sir Charles Napier arrived just in time to hear of the battle of Goojerat. A more recent instance in South Africa of a similar character is still fresh in the minds of our readers. So it was to a certain extent with Lord Cornwallis. By the time he arrived, the safety of India was abundantly secured, so far as the military situation was concerned, and the only questions which remained to be settled were those relating to the terms on which peace was to be made. In settling these terms a fatal course was entered upon; one bound within a few years to produce the very evils it was intended to avert; the course described by Sir Charles Metcalfe as that of 'disgrace without compensation, treaties without security, and peace without tranquillity.' Lord Cornwallis was indeed spared the responsibility of attaching his name to the treaty containing them. How that veteran statesman landed in India with death upon his features; how, undeterred by physical suffering and bodily prostration, he started for the North-Western provinces, and struggling to serve his country with his latest breath, sank into the grave with his sword by his side and his pen in his hand, forms one of those pictures where the reality of history rises in touching sublimity far above the creations of fiction.

*'O qualis facies et quali digna tabellâ.'*

Whether Lord Cornwallis, had he lived and reached the scene of action, and been able to hear the arguments of Lord Lake, Sir John Malcolm, and the other eminent men then upon the spot, might not have seen reason to alter, or at least to modify, his views, may be fairly doubted. That he would have done so, had the Lord Cornwallis of 1805 been the Lord Cornwallis of 1793,

1793, is more than probable. These are at best but idle speculations. Lord Cornwallis died, and Sir George Barlow, as the senior member of Council, reigned in his stead, pending a new appointment.

The Government at home had rightly or wrongly come to the conclusion, that it was unwise to appoint any local official to be Governor-General. It was better, in their opinion, to entrust the highest post to some person sent from England, by rank and position superior to those whose movements he would have to direct, and free from the local jealousies and personal prejudices, which a long residence in India so often generates among the servants of the Company. Even in those days the connection between the Indian and the general foreign policy of the empire was beginning to be recognized, and it was considered that the cases could only be rare in which one of the civil servants of the Company, who had been living for many long years without interruption in a foreign land, would be able to enter thoroughly into the views of the Government at home. Nor had Sir John Shore, notwithstanding his great and conspicuous abilities, exhibited in many departments of the State, been so altogether successful as Governor-General, as to render the appointment of a civil servant an encouraging experiment. Therefore, when Lord Wellesley's term of office was expiring, and he recommended that Sir George Barlow, one of his ablest assistants, should succeed him, the Board of Control, actuated by these feelings, refused to accept his recommendation. Neither did the Board find any anxiety to nominate him on the part of the authorities in Leadenhall Street, then at the fever-pitch of their indignation against Lord Wellesley and the school of Lord Wellesley, to which Sir George Barlow belonged, or was at least supposed to belong. But the real fact was that Sir George Barlow was not a statesman at all, but a first-rate clerk, ready to carry out the views of his superiors, and to have no opinions of his own. While the views of Lord Wellesley were in the ascendant, Sir George Barlow was Lord Wellesley's most ardent disciple. When the Company had thrown over Lord Wellesley, and still more when Sir George had been made aware that his supposed agreement with the late Governor-General had largely contributed to prevent his own succession, Sir George went over bag and baggage into the camp of Lord Cornwallis, and he now found himself, by the decease of that nobleman, in the position of Governor-General, at least temporarily, as senior member of Council, and as he hoped permanently, if the authorities in England could be brought to decide in his favour.

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The policy of Sir George Barlow was, as he expressed it, to divest England of all right 'to the exercise of interference in the affairs of the native princes, where we possessed it to almost an unlimited extent by treaty, and to the withdrawing from all concern whatever in the affairs of every state beyond the Jumna.' In other words, his policy was to renew the course which, when pursued by Sir John Shore at the time of the battle of Kurdla, had had such fatal consequences. But if the circumstances were unfavourable then, how much more had they become so now! Since the cessions made by Scindia under the Treaty of Sirjee Anjengaom, the English possessions had been largely extended in Hindostan. The result was, that the states remaining under the independent control of Scindia, Holkar, the Rajah of Nagpore, the Peshaw, and the Nizam, ran, like a wedge, between the two great masses of British territory in the Deccan and in Hindostan. To obviate the inconveniences arising from these territorial arrangements, Lord Wellesley had forced Scindia by the Treaty of Sirjee Anjengaom to engage to relinquish his claims on the Rajahs of the quasi-independent states of Rajpootana, claimed by him as his feudatories, but with whom Lord Wellesley had concluded defensive alliances. Similarly in the engagements to be made with Holkar, it was proposed that that chieftain should relinquish his claims over those states west of the Chumbul, with whom similar engagements had been entered into. To the Rajahs of Boondée and Jeypore the Company was considered to be under peculiar obligations for conspicuous faithfulness at the time of the retreat of Colonel Monson. The idea of Lord Wellesley was in fact to neutralize the Mahratta chiefs by taking them in the rear. But by the treaties which were now concluded, it was not Scindia or Holkar, but the British Government and the East India Company, that engaged to enter into no treaties with the Rajahs of Oodypore, Jeypore, Joudpore, and the other feudatories in Malwa and Rajpootana; while with incredible baseness the Rajahs of Boondée and Jeypore were left without a single clause in the treaty to protect them against the vengeance of Holkar, which did not fail to fall upon them.

In considering these affairs, it is necessary to be careful against merely prophesying after the event. Viewed by the light of the result, it is easy to see that the whole policy of concession at this conjuncture was a mistake. By the Mahrattas and the inhabitants of the East Indian peninsula generally it was not understood, and was simply regarded as a sign of weakness. Nothing can justify the abandonment of the Rajahs of Boondhee and Jeypore. What the Directors of the East India

India Company failed to comprehend was that, having once allowed those who served them to go as far as they had done in the policy of annexation and alliance, having ceased in fact to be a mere trading Company and become the rulers of considerable territories, it had become impossible to draw the line where they tried to draw it. The assumption of the Dewanny was the decisive step. By taking it, the Company had erected its tents within the borders of the Indian Peninsula as a territorial power, and had become at once the object of the hostility of the native powers. There was from that time only one practical question. Would the country powers be able to crush the Company, or not? If the answer was to be in the negative, then the only way to ensure the wished-for result was to crush the country powers, and prevent the formation of constant leagues and alliances for the expulsion of the English from the Peninsula. Thus it came to pass that each abortive attack was followed by fresh territorial annexations, intended to prevent the repetition of attacks in the future. But each annexation proved insufficient to attain that object, till the day at last came when the British arms had reached the natural boundaries of the two seas and of the Northern and North-Western Mountains. But that the Company, at the beginning of this century, pulled in contrary directions by the conflicting interests of commerce and empire, should have shrunk from recognizing what to later generations are almost self-evident propositions, can hardly be the cause of blame or even of wonder. Their knowledge of the future of India was as limited as is our own, while their acquaintance with the past history of the Indian Peninsula was very inferior. The labours of their own servants were but then beginning to elucidate it. Had they perhaps been able to recognize what is now clear, that the condition of India in the eighteenth century was simply a repetition of its anarchic condition in the fifteenth, they would perhaps have been able also to recognize that Warren Hastings was the Baber, and Lord Wellesley the Akbar of English rule; that Plassey was only another Paniput; and that the Mahratta principalities were as certain to go down before the advance of the British arms, as the kingdoms of Bejapore and Golconda and Ahmednuggur before the attacks of the Moguls.

While these events were passing, the Ministers in England had to make up their minds who was to be the permanent successor of Lord Cornwallis. Sir George Barlow had been hitherto acting, first as the senior member of Council on the spot, and then under a temporary commission dated January 1806. If adherence, so far as was practicable, to the views of the Directors

was to entitle anybody to the succession, Sir George had abundantly earned it, and in Leadenhall Street his cause was now fully gained. But the stars in their courses still fought against him. It has been already seen that the Board of Control objected as a rule to the appointment of Indian civilians, however distinguished, to the highest place, and this objection still stood in the way of Sir George's nomination. But, besides this, a change had taken place in the Ministry, which proved fatal to him. On the 15th of February, 1806, the Ministry of 'All the Talents,' as already stated, had come into power. Lord Grenville was Premier, and Lord Grenville was a great admirer of the policy of Lord Wellesley, whose friend he was, and whose colleague he had formerly been. The Whigs had not had the distribution of any patronage since their fall in 1783, and the combined necessity of having to satisfy the friends of Lord Grenville—never very modest in the matter of loaves and fishes—as well as their own, caused many of their supporters to be left out in the cold. Under these circumstances, the windfall of so important a piece of 'patronage as the post of Governor-General of India was far too valuable as the means of satisfying a discontented adherent, to allow the thought of giving it to an Indian civilian to be entertained even for a moment. The appointment of Sir George Barlow was immediately vacated under the 'recal' clause of the Act of 1784, notwithstanding the protests of the Directors, who demurred to the interpretation put upon the Act, and his place was given to Lord Lauderdale. But the Directors, already incensed by the rejection of their favourite, raised a terrific storm against the new appointment, nor did they have to go far in order to find grounds against the Earl, which satisfied the public of its impropriety. Lord Lauderdale was one of the few English peers who had openly expressed his approval of the French Revolution in its earlier stages, and had opposed the war with France. In the days when the heated declamations of Burke were ringing in the ears of men like the trumpet of the Day of Doom, and crowned heads were running for their lives all over the Continent of Europe, Lord Lauderdale naturally became the object of the most intense unpopularity, and was credited by ignorant and designing persons with an open approval of all the excesses of 1792 and 1793. It is difficult to make out that Lord Lauderdale went beyond the expression of opinions, which, though held but by few, were nevertheless shared by many of the most eminent and cultivated men in the country. But Lord Lauderdale was in addition a political Economist, in days, when even among the Whigs, political economy was a suspected and little



understood science. There was a vague belief that the Economists had had something to do with the Revolutionists, and the Revolutionists there was no doubt had cut off Louis XVI.'s head. Lord Lauderdale was an Economist. Therefore Lord Lauderdale was in favour of cutting off the head of George III. Thus reasoned the public, and when it was announced that Lord Lauderdale was to be Governor-General of India, the cry went forth that he was a dangerous man, and found ready listeners in days when the gibes of the pamphleteer and the caricaturist were too often taken as representing the sober realities of life. If Lord Lauderdale, it was said, went to India, he would no doubt fraternize with the French, establish a Jacobin club at Bombay, plant a tree of liberty at Madras, and be addressed as the Citizen Lauderdale in Council at Calcutta. In any case, and what was perhaps worse, he was a supporter of Lord Wellesley's doctrines about throwing open the trade to India, and he had been a supporter of Mr. Fox's East India Bill in 1783. It was concealed from the prophetic vision of the Directors in Leadenhall Street, that Lord Lauderdale was to die a determined opponent of Lord Grey's Reform Bill in 1834. The Whig Ministers had to bow before the storm. Lord Lauderdale's appointment was cancelled, and the President of the Board of Control consented to go out to India in his place.

The turn of the wheel of fortune, however, very nearly caused the reversal of Lord Minto's appointment, almost as soon as it had been made out. The Administration of Lord Grenville fell in March 1807, owing to the combined effects of the loss of Mr. Fox in September 1806, and of the constant illwill of the King. The Duke of Portland's second Administration succeeded. It had never been exactly settled whether the Governor-Generalship of India was a party or a permanent appointment; whether in fact it was, or was not, to resemble the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, the tenant of which high office as a rule resigned with his friends. The Duke of Portland set a wise example, influenced perhaps to a certain extent by the recollection that Lord Minto was an old adherent of his own, by not interfering with his appointment, while Lord Grenville expressly conveyed to him a wish that he should not resign.

It has been necessary to dwell at some length upon these circumstances, in order to understand the peculiar position occupied by Lord Minto during the period in which he presided over the destinies of India. He went out bound to make an honest attempt to carry out the policy insisted upon in Leadenhall Street; and, as already stated, he was deprived of the support of the Ministry which had appointed him, before he left England.

England. At the same time the complications of foreign politics had never been greater; and how much these complications were to influence Indian policy will immediately appear. Lord Minto was sworn in as Governor-General on July 31, 1807. On the 7th of that same month, Napoleon and Alexander had had their famous interview on the raft at Tilsit. It was generally believed that part of the scheme agreed upon by the two autocrats was the destruction of the Ottoman Empire, and a French attack upon India by way of the north-west frontier. French influence was already very strong in Persia, whither General Gardanne and a numerous body of picked officers had repaired, almost simultaneously with the arrival of Lord Minto in India. While war still existed between Russia and France, the assistance of the French had been invited by Persia, in the hope of thereby obtaining the restitution of the conquests made by Russia in 1806. Since then the interview at Tilsit had taken place, but the change in the condition of affairs was not yet known in Persia, nor, even had it been known, was the French influence likely to appear the less formidable when supported instead of being opposed by Russia. The English and Indian Governments accordingly determined to use the arms of diplomacy in order to shake the position of France in Persia, while securing the gates of India by an alliance with the Ameer of Cabul and a treaty with Runjeet Singh, whose power in the Punjab was at that time at its zenith.

'If,' said Mountstuart Elphinstone, writing to Lord Minto, 'the French were once in possession of Cabul, their invasion of our territories would no longer be a great and desperate enterprise, but an attempt which they might make without risk when they pleased, and repeat whenever the state of our affairs gave a prospect of success.'—Vol. iv. p. 163.

Such was the origin of the three famous embassies of Sir John Malcolm to Persia, of Mr. Mountstuart Elphinstone to Cabul, and of Mr. Charles Metcalfe to the Punjab.

Of the first and second of these missions, the most solid and useful results at the time, as Lady Minto observes, were the 'History of Cabul,' by Mr. Elphinstone, that of 'Persia' by Sir John Malcolm, and Sir Henry Pottinger's work on 'Beloochistan,' in the publication of which Lord Minto was himself largely instrumental. The issues involved in the missions themselves have received a new and painful interest from recent events. Into the diplomatic imbroglio in which the Teheran mission got entangled, and wherein Lord Minto, swayed overmuch by the authority attaching to Colonel Malcolm's opinions, showed his customary decision but not his usual judgment, it is not our



intention to enter; nor to add to the 'reams of paper' containing the musty grievances of Sir Harford Jones against Colonel Malcolm, and of Colonel Malcolm against Sir Harford Jones. While the embassies were still in progress, the condition of affairs in Europe which had necessitated them had materially altered. The great disturber of the peace of the world had transferred his attention from the Hindoo Koosh to the Pyrenees, nor were symptoms even then wanting to prove that any lasting agreement upon Eastern affairs between the Czar and him was impossible. Persia, which had commenced by summarily rejecting the demands of Colonel Malcolm, finding that the French army was probably not coming at all, and that in no case would it arrive in order to restore the Russian conquests, made no difficulty in accepting the more conciliatory proposals of Sir Harford Jones. But Lord Minto was only too good a prophet when he foresaw a source of future trouble in the treaty negotiated by Sir Harford. The original instructions to Colonel Malcolm were, 'if possible to detach the Court of Persia from the French alliance; and to prevail on that Court to refuse the passage of French troops through the territories subject to Persia, or the admission of French troops into the country.\* If that could not be obtained he was to try to induce the Shah to admit the English troops, 'with a view of opposing the French army in its progress to India, to prevent the cession of any maritime port, and the establishment of French factories on the coast of Persia.† The Treaty of Teheran converted this tentative policy into a general pledge that, if any European army invaded Persian territory, the British Government should afford the aid of a military force or subsidy. 'The last point,' Lord Minto wrote to Sir Gore Ouseley, whom the Home Government had sent out to supersede both Sir Harford Jones and Colonel Malcolm, 'is the only one of importance; and in my judgment is fraught with mischievous consequences and may entail grave ones.‡ This opinion was fully justified by the events of 1826-7, when, upon a renewed attack by Russia on the Persian territory, England found herself unable to redeem the pledges she had given under different circumstances in 1809.

The expedition to Cabul resulted in a treaty with Shah Soojah, 'by which the Indian Government bound itself to assist the Ameer with money against a confederacy of the French and Persians, while the king of Cabul was to resist those powers while the confederacy lasted.§ This treaty was signed on the

\* Vol. iv. p. 110. † Vol. iv. p. 110. ‡ Vol. iv. p. 138. § Vol. iv. p. 173.  
19th

19th of April, 1809. Before the end of the month Shah Soojah was a fugitive from his dominions, and the treaty was consequently abortive. Lord Minto has been criticized for not having advanced to the Ameer a sum of from two to ten lacs of rupees, which, in the opinion of Mr. Elphinstone, would have obtained 'all the security that promises and treaties could give for the King's co-operation.\*' Ten lacs of rupees in 1809, it has been said, would, by securing the Ameer's position, have saved fifteen hundred in 1839; and the conduct of the Calcutta Government has been pronounced unaccountable in sending a costly embassy to a native Court, without proposing any reciprocal benefit to that Court. The despatch of Mr. Elphinstone recommending the advance was written on the 20th of April. From the commencement of his embassy he had urged that it would be necessary to hold out some advantage to the Ameer more attractive than that of mere safety from the French.

'If,' he said, writing on December 14th, 1808, 'that specious people send an emissary to the king of Cabul, he will probably assume his Majesty's entire safety from the French, offer protection against the designs of the English, and promise in the course of the operations against India to reduce this Soubah, Bhawal Khan's country, and Seinde, entirely under the King's authority; perhaps he may also promise the Punjaub, Cutch, Guzerat, or some other country on this side the Indus; or he may engage to procure a desirable settlement of the disputes about the Wharasan; getting over all difficulties, by promised indemnities in India. Amidst all these dazzling prospects, I fear an Eastern monarch might lose sight of the danger to which he exposes his crown by associating with such a nation of military adventurers, and would not give a very favourable hearing to a person who could only offer to destroy the illusion. The state of our affairs may hereafter admit of our holding out many attractions to the King of Cabul, but at present we can only display that of money. It might be expedient to instruct me how far to offer pecuniary aid, in case I found it necessary to counteract French promises, and what assistance we could give in ordnance, stores, and officers.'—Vol. iv. pp. 163, 164.

Mr. Mountstuart Elphinstone was nevertheless able to negotiate the treaty already described, limiting the English guarantee to the case of a French attack; but Lord Minto none the less fully appreciated the wisdom of Mr. Elphinstone's counsel and was prepared to act upon it.

'We are aware,' he said in his reply, 'and have frequently advanced the principle as a rule of action in the prosecution of the late measures for the formation of defensive alliances against a European invasion, that a sense of common interest and common

\* Vol. iv. p. 170.

danger must form the basis of such alliances. At the same time, a rigid exclusion on our part of all acts of concession, and of all assistance to the views of the other party, though not directly tending to the main purposes of the alliance, is adverse to the successful cultivation of mutual harmony and goodwill. Such acts of concession or assistance may influence a disposition balancing between the advantage and the hazard of accepting or rejecting the proposed connection; and a reasonable aid may afford to the other party that latitude of choice, which is alone compatible with the power of action, by enabling it to maintain its independence, and preserve the means of resistance against a foreign force, which, however dangerous as an ally, a conscious sense of weakness and the dictates of a temporizing policy might compel it to conciliate.'—Vol. iv. pp. 171, 172.

Accordingly, and although the fear of the French invasion was no longer pressing, the Envoy was informed that if he had reason to believe that a sum of money, not exceeding three lacs of rupees, would produce a disposition on the part of the king of Cabul 'to co-operate cordially at a future season in repelling a contemplated invasion'\* he was authorized to advance that sum. But before that despatch reached its destination the struggle in Cabul was over.

More solid results were produced by the embassy to Runjeet Singh. In his case the English Government had a double object: first, to prevent the continuance of his persistent attacks on the small principalities between the Jumna and the Sutlej: secondly, to secure his alliance against the French. The absence of any reciprocal benefit seemed likely to make the latter object as difficult to attain as in the case of Cabul, the whole of which kingdom Runjeet knew to be between himself and the French in Persia, while he not unnaturally speculated on the possibility of France making an offer as favourable as, if not more so than, that of the British. But when the danger of the French invasion had passed by, the firm tone of the Calcutta Government, joined to the skill and perseverance of Mr. Metcalfe, forced him to give way, and the treaty of the 25th of April, 1809, made the Sutlej the extreme boundary of Runjeet's dominions. As a matter of fact, the English boundary was advanced from the Jumna to the Sutlej, as the treaty definitely recognized the petty principalities of Sirhind to be under the protectorate of the Calcutta Government. 'This treaty,' says one of the modern historians of India, 'which consists of only fifteen lines, is one of the shortest on our records, and is perhaps the only one which was never infringed.'†

Thus in the most emphatic manner had the impossibility

\* Vol. iv. p. 171.

† Marshman, vol. ii. p. 225.

been proved of the policy based upon the idea that, to use the words of Sir George Barlow, 'a certain extent of dominion, local power, and revenue, would be cheaply sacrificed for tranquillity and security within a more contracted circle.' But Lord Minto had not been long in India, before the current of opinion in Leadenhall Street was running in an opposite direction to that in which it flowed in 1806. The glories of Lord Wellesley were recollected: the risks of his policy were fading out of memory: and when Lord Minto with a vigorous hand reduced the warlike chiefs of the outlying territory of Bundelcund to complete obedience, but spared the aggressive adventurer, Ameer Khan, from suffering the utter loss of his position as an independent prince, the Directors approved his policy in the first instance, but criticized its moderation in the second. Financial considerations, however, induced Lord Minto to abstain from anything except the most strictly necessary operations of war. His expeditions to expel the French from the Isle of France, the Mauritius, and Java, and to destroy the pirates of the Arabian Gulf, were undertaken from a sense of the absolute necessity of securing the trade of India, and the naval command of the Indian Ocean. In connection with these expeditions he showed rare qualities of energy and decision. The expedition to Java had been approved of from home; not so those to the Mauritius and Bourbon. But realizing that the former could not be carried out without the latter, he undertook them on his own responsibility. The risk to himself in any case was immense; the price was certain loss of power and reputation in the event of failure. The expedition to Java he accompanied in person, and it was owing to his determination, asserted in the teeth of the opposition of the naval commanders, to make the passage along the south-west coast of Borneo, as advised by Captain Greig, that prevented a delay to the expedition which would probably have been fatal to its success. But success did not deprive Lord Minto of his judgment. Speaking of these events in a letter to Lord Melville, he thus expressed himself:—

'I do not foresee that in what may remain of my public life any occasion can ever occur again in which the interests confided to me shall require the assumption at my own hazard of unauthorized powers. I am far from thinking that measures undertaken on responsibility are by any means meritorious on that account. On the contrary, success itself should in my judgment be put on its defence, and it is not till after acquittal that the irregular service, however important, can obtain acknowledgment. . . . My defence is, first, I knew in an authoritative way (I include the French islands in this argument)

that

that the objects proposed by the measures I hazarded were deemed desirable by Government. I knew, secondly: that they could not be obtained in any other way. Thirdly, I had good grounds, since established by success in each instance, to believe that they might *then* be accomplished. Fourthly (and this is the strong point of my defence, without which all the rest would be invalid), I was intimately convinced, and I am now sanctioned by the events, that the service would have become impracticable by delay.'—Vol. iv. p. 319.

During his stay in India, Lord Minto had to deal with one of the most formidable military risings which have ever shaken the fabric of the Empire. The period was one of transition, in which a system, which had originally and from the necessities of the situation been military, was definitely becoming civil. It was hardly to be expected that the military element should view the change entirely with satisfaction; and, in a despatch of Nov. 26, 1807, Lord Minto called the attention of the Court of Directors to the spirit of insubordination which was prevalent, especially at Madras, already the scene in 1783 and 1806 of dangerous movements of different characters among the Company's forces. The Governor of Madras was at this time Sir George Barlow, who had been appointed to succeed Lord William Bentinck. Contrary to the advice of Lord Minto, Lord William had been recalled in consequence of the revolt of 1806, which was in no manner to be traced to his conduct, but to that of the Commander-in-Chief. Sir George Barlow's pedantic and unconciliatory disposition soon brought matters to a crisis, in connection with certain minor matters upon the merits of which he was entirely in the right. A revolt ensued, which only the defection of the Hyderabad officers prevented assuming the most dangerous proportions. Sir George, on the other hand, showed the most remarkable presence of mind and determination in facing the danger, and could fairly claim that if he had lit the conflagration, at least he had extinguished it also. But it was to Lord Minto's firmness, joined with conciliation, that the complete disappearance of any embittered feeling after the mutiny was due. Hurrying to the spot as soon as the greatness of the danger became apparent, he supported the civil power in every detail against the arrogant encroachments of its rival; but when that rival was crushed, he satisfied himself with making an example of the ringleaders, and complete order and content at length reigned in Madras.

The confirmation of the appointment of Lord Minto as Governor-General by the Duke of Portland had established the precedent, that the Governor-Generalship of India was not an appointment to be changed according to the exigencies of party.

But

But Lord Minto owed the termination of his Indian career to a more ignoble cause than even the manœuvres of party. An obscure royal intrigue signed his dismissal. The Prince Regent conceived himself peculiarly indebted for the assistance rendered to him by Lord Moira, who had long been in his special confidence, during the Ministerial crisis which ensued upon the murder of Mr. Perceval; and, by diligent pressure exercised upon a weak Ministry, he succeeded in obtaining the recal of Lord Minto from India, and the appointment of Lord Moira in his place. The peculiar position of Lord Minto no doubt encouraged the Prince Regent. While, in the eyes of Lord Grey and his friends—as Lord Minto's eldest daughter wrote to him from England—‘your measures are those of the present Ministry, and your honour and glory theirs, consequently not to be promoted—in the eyes of said Ministers you are an Oppositionist, and equally an unfit person to be exalted by their approbation.’\*

Faction was again running very high in England. Lord Holland and the pure Foxite Whigs were making themselves the champions of Napoleon. Lord Henry Petty and Mr. Horner were refusing to follow them in this course. The Foxite Whigs had even stooped to make themselves the champions of the Madras officers. The Court of Directors yielded, but unwillingly, to combined Royal and Ministerial pressure, and their resolution of recal was accompanied by a full acknowledgment of Lord Minto's great services. At the same time he was raised a step in the Peerage, and the thanks of both Houses of Parliament were accorded to him. ‘My answers to the thanks,’ said Lord Minto, ‘were received by the Chancellor and the Speaker at the same critical time when the movers of the thanks were treating me like a criminal.’†

Lord Minto now returned to England to reap that reward of rest to which long and various services had entitled him, and to devote what remained to him of life to his family circle, and to those literary pursuits which had occupied even the scanty leisure of public life. He was a great reader, as his correspondence shows, and he must have been a good classical scholar, for he perused the whole of Cicero's letters on his way out to India. There is something very touching, when viewed by the light of what followed, in the eager yearning to be at home, and once more to see the crags at Minto and the other scenes he loved so well, with which his correspondence abounds during his last year in India.‡

\* Vol. iv. p. 324.

† Vol. iv. p. 346.

‡ Vol. iv. p. 346.

‘Pourquoi

‘Pourquoi le prononcer, ce nom de la patrie ?  
 Dans son brillant exil son cœur en a frémi ;  
 Il résonne de loin dans son âme attendrie,  
 Comme les pas connus ou la voix d’un ami.’

Though feeling exhausted by severe work and the depression caused by the loss of friends, above all by that of Wyndham, he returned to England, as those around him laughingly said, with a deal of ‘youth and beauty’ left. Writing at sea, on his way to Java, to Lady Minto, he had told her that he hoped yet to be allowed ‘to twaddle a space—I have not settled how long—amongst you all.’

‘I allow,’ he went on, ‘that the gentleman behind may put out a little, and win the race before I intend it; but this is no part of my plan, and I really hope he will not be so uncivil, nor such a marplot. After all if the fellow should be a brute, I hardly know how I should have the face to complain, seeing that on March the 23rd I turned the corner of threescore.’—Vol. iv. p. 253.

The words were prophetic. Lord and Lady Minto never met. Few sadder tales exist, whether in history or in fiction, than that with which the concluding pages of this book are occupied. What is there told with touching and graphic simplicity we shall not spoil by repetition. Lord Minto landed in England on May the 18th, 1814. On June the 21st he was no more.

Thus terminated a long and varied career. Those who have had the patience to travel with us so far, will not have failed to be struck with the number and different character of the questions which have passed rapidly before them. English party politics, Continental diplomacy, Indian Government, in each and all of these did Lord Minto play some part. In the early portion of his career the natural modesty of his disposition caused him to subordinate his own judgment in far too great a degree to that of Burke; but this error saved him at least from falling into the opposite fault, in which the Foxite Whigs obstinately persevered, of supporting the despotism which had sprung out of the French Revolution, because they had supported the French Revolution itself in its earlier stages. In his Continental missions he did whatever could be done to save hopeless undertakings from the failure to which they were doomed; but it was not till a comparatively independent sphere of action was accorded to him in India that Lord Minto had the opportunity of showing to the world those great qualities which Burke had early recognized, and to which in one of his last letters he still bore testimony. ‘Sir Gilbert Elliot,’ Burke said, ‘is one of the best men I have ever known, and one of the ablest.’\*

\* Vol. iii. p. 405.



ART. II.—1. *Domesday Book: facsimile of the part relating to Middlesex: photozincographed at the Ordnance Survey Office, Southampton.* By Colonel Sir Henry James, R.E., F.R.S., &c., 1861.

2. *A Literal Extension and English Translation of Domesday Book, in relation to the County of Middlesex.* London, 1862.

3. *The Environs of London.* By the Rev. Daniel Lysons. Vol. II., County of Middlesex. Second Edition. London, 1811.

4. *Handbook to the Environs of London.* By James Thorne, F.S.A. London, 1876.

5. *Codex Diplomaticus Ævi Saxonici*, opera Johannis M. Kemble. London, 1839.

6. *Catalogue of Maps, Plans, and Views of London.* Collected and arranged by Frederick Crace. London, 1878.

LONDON existed long before Middlesex had become the name of the land between the Coln and the Lea, a wild region of dark woods, of flowing rivers, of vast unwholesome marshes, of scanty population. The Romans made their roads to London through this region, because at London Bridge the Thames could be crossed, but the roads ran among desolate places, and were protected at intervals by military stations. There are stirring historical memories connected with the places we call Battle Bridge and Clerkenwell, with Brockley Hill and Cowey Stakes. But we do not propose to dwell on them here. It was not till the Saxons came, that Middlesex received its modern name.

Of the origin of the Middle Saxons we know little but what their name tells us. They did not bear it before they came to England, because, like the East Saxons in Essex, and the West Saxons in Wessex, they manifestly owed it to the position of their settlement with reference to the settlements of the other tribes. But, though the other Saxons have their places in the chronicle of the Conquest, the Middle Saxons are not named, and it has sometimes been conjectured that they were only a branch of the great East Saxon family. The geographical distinction between the two provinces is not sufficiently great to account for the difference of name, unless some real difference of people existed; but one thing is certain about them, they were very few in number. The first English inhabitants of the most populous of English counties in the present day were a handful of rude settlers dwelling far apart along the bank of the Thames, and still farther apart in the valleys of the Brent or of the tributaries

tributaries of the Lea. A few villages marked the course of the ancient roads; but there were no populous towns, no great market-places, no fortresses. Down to the time of the Norman Conquest, and much later, Middlesex remained but half cultivated, and a vast forest flourished over the face of the county. The land-springs of the heavy clays sent forth water-brooks in abundance, and the brooks nourished willows and hazels, oaks and beeches. Many of the names which survive tell us of this time. The North Haw and the South Haw were divided by the Coln. Acton is the town of the oak. Norwood and Ashford, Hounslow and Willesden, Southgate, Highgate, and a score of names besides, testify to the ancient condition of the country. There were, as there still are, high hills and lesser ones, but there was and is but little level ground.

The undulating character of the surface of Middlesex cannot be better tested than by taking the levels along a line at the distance of about a mile from the river's bank. This is easily done by following the course of a great modern thoroughfare like Oxford Street. There is almost a straight line of roadway from Shepherd's Bush to the site of the old City wall at Newgate; but, in spite of the levelling process which the ground has suffered, there are not a hundred yards of really flat ground along the whole route. At Shepherd's Bush we are only 21 feet above the sea-level. Thence there is a gradual ascent to Plough Lane on the top of Notting Hill, which is 72 feet higher. Orme Square is 34 feet above the ornamental water in Kensington Gardens, whence the ground again rises until at Park Lane a height of 92 feet is reached. From Cumberland Gate there is a slight downward slope to the bottom of the valley through which the St. Mary or Ty-bourne once flowed. This is at 62 feet; but the ground rises immediately, and at Regent Circus the level of Notting Hill is again almost attained. From Regent Circus to Farringdon Street, in the valley through which the open Fleet River flowed within our memory, we find a constant but slight fall; and at the site of what used to be the Holborn Bridge, below Snow Hill, we are little higher than at Shepherd's Bush. Many such examples might be given from the suburbs of London. Thus, Regent Street falls as much as 30 feet between Oxford Street and Piccadilly, and there is a difference of nearly 100 feet between Westminster Abbey and St. Marylebone. Along another great thoroughfare, the Strand, there are also changes of level; but they are slight in comparison, for the three brooks which once crossed the roadway under bridges have long since disappeared, and the valleys through which they ran have been raised to the general level.

It

It is the same with almost every part of the county, and there is likewise but little variation in its geological features. Here and there a hill higher than the rest has a capping of sand; here and there a valley deeper than the others has a layer of peat. The glacial drift passed over it at some remote period, and fossils are occasionally found. But, for the most part, Middlesex offers as little to the geologist as to the landscape painter, and the suburbs of London rapidly obliterate all the more prominent natural features. Where are the rivers which used to flow by the meadows of St. Marybourne or Westbourne, of Holbourne and Kilbourne? The names are still there, but the water is gone, to the eye at least.

Such was the land on which the Middle Saxons settled. We never hear of it as a kingdom, though even Surrey had its petty king. After the coming of St. Augustine there was no bishopric of Middlesex, but the Bishop was attached to the kingdom of Essex, and held the see of London. The first contemporary mention we have of Middlesex shows it already owning a double subjection. The King of the East Saxons—himself a tributary of Mercia—granted in A.D. 704 a piece of land at Twickenham to the Bishop; and in the deed he speaks of it as situated in ‘*provincia Middle Saxonorum*.’\* The geographical situation of London cut it off equally from the counties on either side of it, but the accident which, within historical memory, gave the reclaimed estuary of the Lea and its delta, the Isle of Dogs, to Middlesex, may have appeared to justify the idea that London is and has ever been in Middlesex. Yet it would be more erroneous to say that London is in Middlesex, than to say that Middlesex has gradually spread round London. Once, a wide valley, filled at every high tide, lay on the eastern side of the City. On the west was the narrower *flood*, or Fleet, denominated in an early charter ‘*Lunden Fen*.’ On the north was the moorland and marsh of Finsbury. And, looking across the Thames, to the wide lakelike expanse behind and beyond the islets of the Surrey side, London was indeed, as its name imports, a city of waters, and separated as much from Middlesex as from Essex, almost as much as from Kent and Surrey.

In its first form, then, as a county, Middlesex was that district north-west of London on which a small outlying family of Saxons had settled. The older towns lie along the river and in the track of the great roads, but wide districts had scarcely an inhabitant; and we may judge by the immense size of some of the original parishes, such as Enfield, Barnet, Harrow, that

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\* ‘*Codex Diplomaticus*,’ lii.

this bareness continued long after the first settlement. When we reach the comparatively clear period of the Domesday Survey, we see the same thing even more plainly. Three sides of the county were defined by the respective courses of the Coln, the Thames, and the Lea. But the fourth—the northern side—is more irregular. The boundary line leaves the Coln at Harefield, and runs in an easterly direction to Colney Hatch, where it first turns northward and then bends back, so as almost to surround Totteridge and two of the three Barnets. Then, tending north again, it takes in South Mims, leaving North Mims to Hertfordshire, and runs almost in a straight line along the northern boundary of Enfield Chase to the valley of the Lea, just below Waltham Abbey.

The reason of this irregularity is worth seeking, giving us, as it does, a curious example of the immense influence exerted by the Church in shaping for us this England of ours as it now is. High Barnet and East Barnet were part of the possessions of the Abbey of St. Albans. Totteridge was an outlying portion of the Bishop of Ely's manor of Hatfield; so these three places, though almost surrounded by Middlesex, are in Hertfordshire; while Hadley, South Mims, and Enfield, being in other hands, were left in the county of Middlesex. It happened that both Hadley, on the south side of the border, and North Mims beyond it, came to Geoffrey Mandeville after the Conquest, and were together placed by him under the influence of Walden Abbey, to which foundation he gave the tithes of the Hertfordshire parish and the manor of Hadley itself. To this gift we owe the modern name of 'Monken' Hadley, corrupted still further when the site of the so-called Battle of Barnet is pointed out to the tourist in 'Monkey Mead' on Gladmore Heath. This irregularity of the northern frontier is further instructive as pointing to a time when no exact border-line had been drawn between the counties; a time when the Church had not yet exerted her influence to mark out the parishes; a time when the ancient forest covered all the northern hills, and when Middlesex and Hertfordshire were as indefinite as the great Lone Land of North America in our own day.

The position of Middlesex among counties may be even now illustrated by a reference to its shrievalty. Henry I. granted the county of Middlesex to the City of London to farm. The City, that is, received from the King leave to gather the county revenues, and, as a matter of necessity, had to appoint a sheriff for the purpose. There was probably a sheriff of London before this, as, in a charter of later date, reviewing the grant, the citizens have a confirmation of their powers of appointing sheriffs both

for

for city and county. They also claimed, and have occasionally exercised, a power of dismissing an obnoxious or incompetent sheriff; and it would seem as if the sheriff, unlike the high sheriff of an ordinary English or Irish county, was in reality only the deputy or representative of the whole body of citizens, as exercising in their corporate capacity the office of sheriff. If we do not mistake, he is never addressed as 'high,' and is rather a 'sub-sheriff' than a 'high sheriff.' The 'High Sheriff' of London is the present representative of the ancient Port-reeve, namely, the Lord Mayor. Nor do we properly hear of the county of the City of London, as we hear of the county of the city of Bristol, or of Norwich, or of Dublin. London is not the county town of Middlesex. This honour may be said to belong to Brentford, where county elections are ratified, and where the polling-place used to be. In fact, the anomalous condition of Middlesex among English counties may be proved by innumerable examples; and all, or a large majority of them, take their rise in the fact that, while other counties, as Kent or Surrey, had declined from being independent kingdoms, or, like Gloucestershire or Berkshire, had been separated from larger divisions, Middlesex was not only very small, very thinly populated and over-shadowed by the greatness of London, which drew towards itself all settlers, but was also a kind of borderland between several quarrelsome neighbours. As the country became more settled, the various tribes and kingdoms which had fought over Middlesex retired within their own boundaries. Essex drew back beyond the Lea; Wessex beyond the Coln; and Middlesex—covered with wild woods, the happy hunting-grounds of priests and burghers and kings—having, for want of people, little voice in its own government (its soil owned by the great merchants or the rich monasteries of London and the suburbs), finally, by the charter of Henry I., lost, if it had ever enjoyed, its local independence. All that the citizens stipulated to pay for this great gift was the modest rent of 300*l.* a year, and they pay it still.

To show that our estimate of the want of population in the outlying parts of the county is not exaggerated, it is only needful to refer to the Domesday Survey. There is no mention of London in this account of Middlesex, a circumstance which cannot surprise any one who remembers that London is not in Middlesex. There is no survey of the City, and, had one been required, it would no doubt have been a thing wholly apart from the survey of Middlesex. The county was divided into six hundreds. Three lay along the river—Spelethorne and Honeslaw and Osuluestan. Three were wholly inland—Helethorne

thorne and Gara and Delmetone. Ossulston has disappeared from the modern lists, in which Kensington figures instead. The first letter has dropped from the name of Helthorne; and Spelthorpe, an impossible form so far south, is sometimes written for Spelthorn. Delmetone has become Edmonton, and Gara has been turned into Gore, or, as it was spelt in the last century, Goare. The hundred of Hounslow is now called after Isleworth. The number of tenants in chief was only twenty-four, and but one English name occurs among them. The King himself, strangely enough, has no manor, but only some houses and twelve acres and a half of 'No man's land,' which probably lay close to the City, and afterwards formed part of the site of the Charterhouse.\* The great landowners were the Archbishop, the Bishop of London and his cathedral church, the Abbeyes of Westminster, Barking, and the Holy Trinity at Rouen; the Earl of Mortaine, Earl Roger, Geoffrey de Mandeville and Walter Fitzother.

It is not very easy to understand the King's almost landless condition in the county, when we remember that Edward the Confessor constantly lived at Westminster, where we might suppose him to have had a palace, besides the house he gave to the Abbey. It is, however, possible that he resided habitually in the monastery, and that Westminster Hall and the adjoining buildings were erected on a new site in the reign of William Rufus. The subject is full of obscurity, but in a statute of the time of Henry VIII. the Palace at Westminster is called the King's manor. The land on which it stands may have been claimed as foreshore. It was by this means, no doubt, that Henry III. took possession of the whole estate which now forms the manor of the Savoy. Unless we allow for this, we may be puzzled to account for the existence of any land between London and Westminster which did not belong to Westminster Abbey, and was not reckoned into the great parish of St. Margaret. So great must have been the alteration of the Thames bank—

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\* Mr. Freeman ('History of the Norman Conquest,' vol. v. p. 807) says, 'Of the Tower of London itself there is no account in the Survey, because there is no account of London at all.' This is an unsatisfactory reason. The Tower is not in London but in Middlesex, only a portion of the Tower Precinct being within the City boundary. But Mr. Freeman himself mentions on the same page several other castles built or held by William which are not mentioned in the Survey, and he makes no attempt to assign a reason for their omission. The Tower itself almost certainly stands on foreshore which was not dry land before the Conquest. Nothing but a complete chronological geography of the estuaries of the Thames and Lea can resolve the confusion and difficulty which may be further illustrated by the fact that part of Woolwich is on the north bank, so that it has been said that more wealth goes through Woolwich than through any other parish in England.

perhaps

perhaps by the artificial deepening of the channel—that there can be little doubt that within historical memory the whole of St. James's Park, from Whitehall to the Birdcage Walk, was the bed of a tidal estuary. In those days Westminster stood on Thorney Island, and was almost, if not quite, surrounded by water at every tide. The Abbot's vast manor is fully described in the Survey, and its boundaries had been set forth more than a century earlier in a charter of King Edgar.\* It extended from Chelsea to the City wall, and from Oxford Street to the Thames. In Domesday we are told only of one great tenant, Bainiard, the same who may have given his name to Baynard's Water, or Bayswater. If so, his holding was afterwards swallowed up in Hyde Park. But it has sometimes been identified with Lincoln's Inn, and Bainiard with the owner of Baynard's Castle within the City itself.

It is very certain that at the time of the Conquest the land on which the Strand now stands was not built upon; that along the river bank, between the wall of London and the monastery of Westminster, there were few or no houses; that Lud-gate opened directly on the Fleet River, as indeed its name imports; and that even the line of Holborn and St. Giles's was very sparsely inhabited. The church of St. Clement Danes indeed was in existence, and was known by that name, but it belonged to the Abbot. The first considerable suburb of which we hear in this direction lay along the line of Shoe Lane, and was afterwards taken by the City into the great ward of Farringdon Without. The rest of the parish of St. Margaret must have been completely rural. We read of cottagers and ploughs, of cattle and hogs, of meadow and woodland, but only of twenty-five houses 'of the Abbot's knights and of other men.' If this was the condition of Westminster, that of the more distant manors may easily be inferred. From the data of Domesday Book we have made an estimate of population, of course approximate, but sufficient to show that at the period of the Conquest the population of Middlesex, even on the river's bank and in close neighbourhood to London, was very small, while in the places which lay further away, it resembled rather that of one of our less populous colonies, than even a distant agricultural county at the present day. We have, by a curious coincidence, exactly the same number of people, namely 114, in each of the three places—Harrow, Isleworth, and Enfield, giving about 22½ acres to each inhabitant in Harrow; 21 acres in

\* 'Codex Diplomaticus,' dlxix. This charter is marked by Mr. Kemble as doubtful, but the boundaries are in Anglo-Saxon, and are certainly of the highest antiquity if not actually of the time of Edgar.



Enfield; and 4 acres in Isleworth. The modern inhabitants of the original parish of Harrow, which is by no means a populous place, are upwards of 7000. There are fully 20,000 people in Isleworth; and Enfield, taking the whole undivided parish, contains not fewer than 17,000. In short there are, in round numbers, rather more than eight persons to the acre in Isleworth, nearly two acres to each person in Harrow, and about three-quarters of an acre to each person in Enfield.

The result is much the same if we examine the smaller holdings. Everywhere we find that few people lived away from the great roads and from that greatest thoroughfare of all, the river. Middlesex in fact resembled parts of Surrey and of Essex, as they were within living memory. There were bare heaths, like the hill-summits round Dorking. There were woods, like the remains of Epping and Waltham Forests. The country did not undulate so much, but it was not less wild. Though traversed by important highways, we may well believe that little of the comparative civilization of the adjoining city was communicated to the distant villages. In fact, there were few villages or buildings, and though along the river's bank there was a greater concourse of people, in the more remote places, buried in woods and far from the King's highway, the number of inhabitants was disproportionately small as compared with the area.

Where we find very large manors and very large parishes, we may usually conclude that the population was small and widely scattered. The manor was almost always coterminous with the parish, up to the time of the Great Survey and for long afterwards. Such parishes, then, as the three of which we have spoken, and such others as Hanwell, Hendon, Edmonton, and Kingsbury, with an enormous acreage, yet with small churches and churchyards, had but few people. The frequent mention of 'pannage,' that is, beech-mast and acorns for hogs, gives us a further insight into the state of the land. In some places it is enormous. Thus Harrow and Enfield could each feed 2000 hogs; Hillingdon with Colham, 1400; Harmondsworth, 500; Hayes, 400; and Greenford, with only 2000 acres, could yet support 300 hogs.

So far we have adduced only indirect evidence as to the early condition of Middlesex. But we are not without testimony of a more direct kind. Thus it is recorded of Leofric, who was abbot of St. Albans towards the end of the tenth century, that he cleared away the woods to a distance of thirty feet on either side of the highway from London, because robbers were harboured in them. Still more to the purpose is the testimony of FitzStephen, who, writing

writing in the reign of Henry II., says that on the north side of London 'lies an immense forest, in which are densely-wooded thickets, the coverts of game, stags, fallow-deer, boars, and wild bulls.' He also speaks in another place of the right of the citizens to hunt in Middlesex, and mentions their merlins, goshawks and hounds. This right is frequently confirmed in charters, and to it, no doubt, we owe the preservation of the open spaces, now laid out in the parks for which London is so remarkable. So lately as two centuries ago, a hare was always hunted as part of the ceremonial when the Lord Mayor paid his state visit to the conduits in St. Marylebone, and the remains of the hunting ground now form the Regent's Park. The bishops had their hunting-seat at Haringhay or Hornsey. Bishop's Wood and Ken Wood still mark the situation of this ecclesiastical playground, to which the High-gate was one entrance. At the close of the last century a pension was annually paid to a certain Sarah Gray, whose husband had been accidentally killed during a fox-hunt in Kensington Gardens.\*

The existence of such parks in the immediate vicinity of the City, and chiefly within the boundaries of the Hundred of Ossulston, though it must have had an influence in circumscribing the original development of the suburbs, has been very advantageous to modern London. St. James's Park belonged partly to the Archbishop of York, partly to the Hospital of St. James. Hyde Park was the demesne of the Abbey of Westminster. Tyburn Heath was a possession of the Abbess of Barking. St. John's Wood was annexed, as its name imports, to the house of the Knights Hospitallers at Clerkenwell. The country seat of the Prior of St. Bartholomew's was at Canonbury; and several smaller estates were held by other religious houses and the prebends of the collegiate church of St. Paul's. The Bishop of London, in addition to Fulham and Hornsey, each with parks adjoining, held also the great manor of Stepney. The growth of the City into the county of Middlesex was thus retarded, but for many centuries there was room and verge enough, first towards Holborn, and later along the Strand. It was not till after the suppression of the religious houses, and the wholesale confiscation of episcopal estates, that any encroachments took place beyond these limits. Westminster, at first only a monastery, was probably in existence long before it became the seat of the Court, and did not rise to the dignity of a city till the reign of Henry VIII. In the same reign, the strip of foreshore on which the palace was built was held to contain Whitehall in the royal

\* Smith's 'Hyde Park,' p. 39.

manor. The see of York was despoiled of the town-house of the Archbishops, and the King's palace at Westminster was made by Act of Parliament \* to include the buildings erected by Cardinal Wolsey between New Palace Yard and Charing Cross. Meanwhile London itself was advancing slowly westward to meet it.

It was within the boundaries of Ossulston that the greatest overflow from the City took place. This hundred, the origin of whose name, Oswulf's Town, has been long forgotten, was very early divided, but the exact limits of some of the original divisions do not appear to be very clearly ascertained. Wenlakesbarn has, indeed, wholly disappeared from our maps; but a hundred years ago Kensington, Finsbury, Holborn, and the Tower Hamlets, were the divisions indicated. Of these all but one seem now to have been obliterated from the lists, and Kensington by itself does duty for Ossulston. The Tower Hamlets' division consisted of the original parish of Stepney; but most of the hamlets have become separate parishes, such as Wapping, now called St. George's-in-the-East, Limehouse, Stratford-le-Bow, Hoxton, and Bethnal Green. There are few remains of the green country among them, but Finsbury is not yet all built over, and in the western division we have still whole parishes very slightly contaminated with streets of villas. Willesden and Acton, Drayton and Ealing, have shady lanes and thorny hedges in abundance. But the division of Holborn is covered with houses, except where such artificial breathing-spaces as the Regent's Park are kept open. Many attempts were made by legislative enactments to stop the growth of London. Three such decrees, at least, were issued in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and her successors down to Oliver Cromwell made proclamations to the same effect. A history of the Hundred of Ossulston would be a history of this growth, but the difficulties of the task have deterred antiquaries: even the industrious Lysons declined it, and commenced with the environs outside a four-mile radius. Mr. Thorne has, in this respect, followed his example, a course the more to be regretted because in his excursions further afield he has shown how entertaining he can make details relating to the descent of estates and the peculiarities of 'eminent inhabitants.'

The exodus of high life from the City began at a very early

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\* 28 Henry VIII. cap. 12, entitled 'An Act for declaring the limits of the (New) King's Palace at Westminster.' See *Report of the Trial of a suit, Burrell v. Nicholson*, respecting the Parochial Rates of St. Margaret's, Westminster, in 1833, printed in the following year by J. B. Nichols & Son. It contains many curious particulars of the history of Whitehall.

period. If we merely traced the migrations of fashion for a few years, this would afford us a complete history of the suburbs of London during that time. Even the East-end was not always destitute of nobility. The Belgravias of one age became in unceasing succession the St. Gileses of another. A hundred years ago, Soho was beginning to decline; learned, rather than fashionable, people lived and moved within its precincts. Less than thirty years ago the nomads of good society moved to Pimlico. Thirty years hence what will Pimlico be like? Yet there is nothing capricious in this constant ebb and flow. A fixed law, not very difficult to find, will account for all the phenomena. The City itself is the centre at once of attraction and of repulsion. The former force is chiefly active by day, but at night the City is deserted. At no time perhaps for five hundred years was the permanent population of London so small as it is now, and it rapidly decreases. But even two hundred years ago business men lived over their counting-houses, and the suburbs were chiefly inhabited by the rich nobility and their dependents.

Before the reign of Edward III. such a thing as fashionable life, according to the modern meaning of the phrase, can hardly be said to have existed. The beginnings of Parliament, the increase of middle-class wealth, all that is reflected of contemporary manners in the poetry of Chaucer, drew men, busy and idle, together periodically. The great men built themselves houses as near the City as possible, and the little men lived under their shadow. Outside Bishopsgate, at Stepney, at Clerkenwell, at Lincoln's Inn, along Holborn, but especially in the Strand, were the palaces of peers whose predecessors had occupied houses within sound of Bow bells. The new quarter in Fleet Street had become accessible, some time in the reign of Henry II., by a direct communication from Ludgate Hill. The Savoy, halfway between London and Westminster, was founded in the reign of Henry's grandson, and before long a complete row of river-side mansions, beginning with Arundel House, extended all the way from Temple Bar to Westminster. The roadway adjoining them, after lying in a disgraceful state till the time of Richard II., was repaired, three little brooks were bridged over, and the thoroughfare, previously a mere footpath, was made available from Temple Bar to the Abbey.

The opening of the Strand had an immediate effect on Westminster, which begins from that time to assume the proportions of a city, though the gardens of the Archbishop of York at Charing Cross were so near those of the Abbey, now marked by Long Acre and Covent Garden, that the space between, on which  
buildings

buildings could be erected, was very small. The villages of St. Martin "in the Fields," with its chapel, and Charing, round Queen Eleanor's Cross, soon covered this space, divided from each other only by the King's Mews. Security for property without the wall had become greater, though Wat Tyler and Jack Cade showed how easily anything stronger than a mere band of burglars could take possession of city and suburbs together.

All the best sites, however, and almost all the freehold land were held by various religious houses. In addition to those mentioned in Domesday, to which reference has already been made, the great monastery of St. Bartholomew's blocked the way at Smithfield; the Hospitallers were at Clerkenwell, the Templars at the Temple, the Cistercians at the Charterhouse, the White and Black Friars between Fleet Street and the river, besides Grey Friars and Austin Friars in the City. These institutions were for religious men; those for religious women were almost as numerous. St. Clare's in the Minories; St. Helen's, Bishopsgate; the Benedictine Priory, Clerkenwell; and many smaller foundations, were appropriated to various orders of nuns. There were almshouses and hospitals, with fraternities, at St. Giles's-in-the-Fields; St. Giles's, Cripplegate; St. Mary's, Spital Fields, and several other places. On the site afterwards occupied by St. James's Palace there was a lazaretto for fourteen female lepers. There was a hermitage at Charing Cross. Even the Savoy, the only suburban manor not held by the Church, was devised by Count Peter, its first grantee, to an alien fraternity, and barely escaped by being purchased for her son by the tenant for life, Queen Eleanor. What little land the monks left belonged to the bishops. Ely Place still exists, in name at least, at Holborn, and commemorates a long episcopal tenancy. The river-side palaces were nearly all, at one time or another, occupied by bishops. Arundel House, the nearest to the City boundaries, was first inhabited by the Bishop of Bath. Close to him lived the Bishop of Exeter. The site of Somerset House was formerly occupied by the residences of the Bishops of Worcester, Lichfield and Llandaff. The Bishop of Durham had a town-house immediately west of the Savoy. Between him and Charing Cross there were palaces for the Bishops of Carlisle and Norwich. When the Archbishops of York lost Whitehall, they migrated to the site afterwards occupied by the Duke of Buckingham, and it was while Sir Nicholas Bacon rented York House from Archbishop Heath, in 1561, that his famous son, Francis, was born there.

This period in the history of the suburbs may be denominated the ecclesiastical. It lasted until the suppression of the monasteries,

teries, when a complete change took place, not only in the land-owners but in the lands. The river-side palaces became the houses, not of bishops, but of earls and dukes. Whereas up to that time the Savoy had been the only residence occupied by a layman, it now became a religious foundation, while the adjoining mansions, hitherto held, as we have seen, by bishops, passed into the hands of the King's courtiers. One by one, these mansions have all disappeared, Northumberland House having been the last. The Savoy, after many vicissitudes, was destroyed to make way for the approaches to Waterloo Bridge, the last fragment, a wall with a few windows, having survived to the same year which saw the downfall of Northumberland House. It has thus happened, by a curious coincidence, that the earliest and latest of a row of magnificent suburban residences finally disappeared together. Only the little church with its adjoining garth is left to remind us of the days when Chaucer sang in the gardens of John of Gaunt, when Wycliffe ministered in his chapel, when the King of France rode out from London with his captor, and took up his residence among the villas and pleasure-grounds of the Strand.

The greatest changes took place, however, not along the shore of the Thames, but on the summit of the ridge to northward. Here the confiscation of the monastic estates, throwing manor after manor into the hands of rapacious nobles, noble less by descent than by newly acquired titles, broke up the ring of green fields and happy hunting-grounds, and afforded space on which, first, great mansions, and afterwards crowded suburbs, successively arose. There was one nominal exception. The estates of the Canons of St. Paul's, along Holborn and northward to Camden Town and Kilburn, remained to them, and in a sense remain to them still. But all have been so leased and re-leased through the cupidity of successive life-tenants, that prebends which should be the wealthiest are among the poorest in England. One of them, Portpool, is practically the freehold of the Hon. Society of Gray's Inn. Cantelows, another, forms the rich endowment, not of a cathedral stall, but of a marquise, and the very name is lost in Kentish Town. Somers Town, like Camden Town, takes its name, not from the prebendary of St. Pancras, but from the Earl who receives its rental. Tottenham is obscured in Tottenham Court Road, and the lessee is a nobleman whose title of Southampton indicates his ancestral origin. Of all these prebendal manors the greatest perhaps was Ruggemere. It would probably puzzle even its present incumbent to say where it was or is. There is reason, however, for identifying it with Lomesbury or Bloomsbury, and

and the lessee in the reign of Queen Elizabeth was the great Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton. The heiress of the Wriothesleys was Lady Rachel, the devoted wife of William, Lord Russell. She survived him until 1723, when Bloomsbury became united with the Bedford Estates. The name of Wriothesley was not utilized, for obvious reasons, in the street nomenclature of the district, and even Southampton Square has been renamed after the manor itself.

If the prebends of St. Paul's alienated their own manors, without much help from King and Parliament, the abbots and priors were despoiled still more effectually by legislative interference. The estates of Westminster Abbey, in particular, were parcelled out among numberless owners. Paddington was made part of the endowment of Henry VIII.'s new see of Westminster, and at its suppression went to the see of London. Westbourne, a subdivision of the original manor of the Domesday Survey, was confirmed to the new collegiate establishment, when the Dean and Chapter were exchanged for the Abbot and monks. These arrangements still subsist. Bishop's Road, and a series of streets called by the names of eminent prelates, commemorate the connection of Paddington with the Bishops. The great manor of Eia had been granted by Geoffrey de Mandeville to the abbey, and was afterwards divided into three parts, known respectively as Neyte, Eybury, and Hyde. To a corruption of the name Neyte we owe the modern designation of Knightsbridge, for which so many chivalric legends have been invented. The great Abbot Litlington died in 1386, 'at his manor-house of Neyte, near Westminster.' Henry VIII. took Hyde by a mock exchange, according to his royal pleasure, from Abbot Boston in 1536. Hyde Park occupies the greater part of the site, together with portions taken from the adjoining manors, and has ever since continued to be Crown property. Neyte and Eybury came, in the shape of two farms and a piece of disputed 'Lammas land,' to be the property of a certain Thomas Davies, but how does not clearly appear; and in 1676 the marriage of Mary Davies to Sir Thomas Grosvenor carried what is now the greatest estate in England into the family of the present Duke of Westminster.

The Hospitallers' manor of Lylleston or Lisson, which formed the western half of the parish of St. Mary le Bone, passed into the hands of one Thomas Hobson, who also leased Tyburn, the eastern half. Had Thomas Hobson been wise in his generation he might, like Thomas Davies, have become the ancestor of a family of dukes, but he kept his hold on neither Lisson nor Tyburn. Lisson Manor-house is now Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital. St. John's Wood and Lisson Grove are broken up into



into small holdings, and the richest portion of the divided estate forms the great inheritance of the Portman family. It was the same with the manor of Tyburn. This also had been Church property, having belonged from time immemorial to the Abbey of Barking. Thomas Hobson bequeathed it to his son, who sold it to the Crown. Part went to make what is now Regent's Park, and part became the property of a certain Sir John Austen, who sold it in the reign of William III. for 17,500*l*. The buyer was the ancestor of the present owner, the Duke of Portland.

The early history of Chelsea is somewhat obscure, although it has generally been identified as the scene of an ecclesiastical council, in 785 or 787, of which the 'Saxon Chronicle' says, 'This year there was a contentious synod at Cealchythe.' At a later period the manor appears to have been partitioned between the Abbot of Westminster, among whose vast possessions one part of it disappears from history, and a private individual. The modern owners of the second portion have included Sir Reginald Bray, Queen Katherine Parr, John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, and Sir Hans Sloane. The present possessor is descended from a daughter of Sir Hans. Kensington, remarkable among Middlesex parishes as containing two houses which date from the reign of James I., is still better known as lending its name to a palace. Holland House is on the site of the manor-house of the Abbot of Abingdon,\* who owned some three hundred acres in the parish, together with the advowson of the Church, whence the name *St. Mary Abbot's*. The rest of the manor belonged for many generations to the Veres, Earls of Oxford, whose residence has left its name in Earl's Court Road. Their land included three acres of vineyard at the time of the Domesday Survey. Campden House, built about 1612 by Sir Baptist Hicks, has been sadly changed in the course of time, as much by restoration as by fire and neglect. Here the Princess Anne, with her little son the Duke of Gloucester, lived for five years before her accession; and here the Kensington lads were trained in martial exercises by the youthful Duke, who died at the age of eleven. The miniature regiment was, we read, on constant duty at Campden House. Kensington Palace, the birthplace of our gracious Queen, is not in this parish, but in that of St. Margaret. At the time of his daughter's birth, the Duke of Kent occupied a suite of apartments on the south side, facing towards Kensington. The gardens, which are larger than Hyde Park, being in fact three

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\* The later history of Holland House has already been traced in the 'Quarterly Review' (Oct. 1873).

miles and a half in circumference, were laid out by Queen Caroline, the consort of George II. It may be worth while to note that the palace which some 'persons of taste' call ugly, was designed by Wren for William III. At all events, it has the air of domestic comfort, and, reversing Pope's epigram on Blenheim, is not only a 'house,' but a 'dwelling.'

We have thus accounted for most of the estates in the northern and western suburbs which deserve the name of manors. Some of the smaller holdings were of equal importance. The estate of Lincoln's Inn was gradually pieced together by the Black Friars after their arrival in England in 1221. In 1287 they removed to the site which still bears their name, and sold the Holborn house to Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln. A few years later it became what it remains, an Inn of Court. The house of the Templars had also been removed from Holborn to a site upon the river, and this too, about the same time as Lincoln's Inn, was appropriated by the lawyers. The Clerkenwell house of the order of St. John subsisted until the suppression, and was then allowed to fall into decay, though the gate erected by the last lord prior still stands as one of the few relics of Gothic London, and has a later fame in connection with Dr. Johnson's Cave, and the 'Gentleman's Magazine.'

The emigration of the upper classes from the City westward was several times checked, but only to run more rapidly afterwards. The defences of London under the Commonwealth, of which maps remain, show us how far the suburbs had advanced by the middle of the seventeenth century. Instead of adding wards 'without,' the City abandoned all care of her wandering offspring, and the regulation of suburban districts was literally of the kind now often denominated in ridicule 'parochial.' The line of the fortifications tended to consolidate these outlying parishes, and we may now wonder that more was not then done to bring them under the direct influence of municipal institutions. A ward of St. Giles or one of the Strand might have been as easily governed from the Mansion House as Farringdon. The new ditch commenced in Tothill Fields, where there was a small fort. Thence it ran to Hyde Park Corner, where a large fort, often mentioned in contemporary literature, guarded the western road. From Hyde Park Corner to Wardour Street the wall ran in a north-easterly direction, and an earthwork called Oliver's Mount is said to be commemorated in the modern name of Mount Street, Grosvenor Square. There were similar redoubts at various points to the north of the City, the largest being at Islington. The lines ceased at the river near Shadwell, and traces of the earthworks were still visible a few

few years ago near the London Hospital, in the Whitechapel Road. This circumvallation, of which there are several maps in Mr. Crace's collection,\* gives the outer limits of the suburbs as they were before the Restoration. They did not include any part of St. Marylebone, and we cannot but suppose that the migrations of fashion in that direction were impeded by the existence of Tyburn as a place of execution. It was impossible for people of quality to live near the gallows. For sixty or seventy years after the time of Cromwell, Oxford Street—so called from the earldom conferred on Robert Harley, the lord of the manor of Tyburn, in 1711—extended no further west than Hanover Square. Beyond this, all was open country—not perhaps quite as lonely as it had been in the fifteenth century, when St. John's Church, at the foot of Marylebone Lane, where the parish vestry still stands, was removed on account of its remote situation. The new church was not dedicated to St. John, but to St. Mary, for the manor then belonged to the Abbey of St. Mary at Barking; and the proximity of the bourne, or brook, added the appellation, usually so greatly corrupted, by which St. Maryle-bourne is distinguished from the next parish, St. Mary Abbot's. Tyburn had already, no doubt, an evil significance, and when the gallows were removed to the top of the hill beyond the brook, near where the Marble Arch now stands, we may feel sure that the Tyburnians had no objection to forget their old name in that of St. Mary. Tyburn thus disguised the rustic-sounding name of Lylleston, and finally by a fresh migration, made about a hundred years ago, conferred itself upon a district further west. Thus it comes to pass that in our own day Tyburn is not the district about Cavendish Square, nor yet the district about Portman Square, but is situated in the southern part of the parish of Paddington.

In the more distant parts of Middlesex the great changes of the sixteenth century were less distinctly felt. There were no great monasteries in the county outside the suburbs. It made little difference to the farmer at Harefield, whether his rent was to be paid to the Prior of St. John or to Master Robert Tyrwhitt. The inhabitants of Feltham knew little of the Hospital of St. Giles in the Fields, except that it received their money. The Templars and Hospitallers were no better or worse landlords at Cranford than the Astons and the Berkeleys. It was not until the new owners of the estates went out to live upon them, until the deserted houses of the abbots and priors became the country

\* Catalogue, p. 7, Nos. 38, 39. We see with great satisfaction the announcement, that, by the liberality of Mr. Crace, his unique collection has been secured for the British Museum at much less than its estimated value.

seats of wealthy squires or the villas of City merchants, that the wooded Middlesex of the middle ages began to look like any other English county. Besides the Tower of London, there is not an old castle, there is hardly an old manor-house, within its boundaries; and the existing antiquities date, almost without exception, since the commencement of the sixteenth century. Even old churches are rare; and the well-meant but terribly destructive efforts of restorers have reduced their number materially. To restore an ordinary Middlesex church would, in truth, be an impossible task. Where building stone was scarce, where congregations were small and poor, where rent and tithe alike went to clothe the monks of some distant abbey, or to provide a festival for some founder's anniversary, the fabric of the church was neither large nor of lasting materials. In these cases restoration has meant enlargement, and enlargement has meant a complete destruction of all the charm which has made such a place as Stoke Pogis—Gray's Stoke—in the next county so famous. There are a few ivy-mantled towers still left in Middlesex. The yew-tree's shade still dwells on the heaving turf in villages not an hour's walk from the madding crowd of Edgeware Road or Bishopsgate Without. As an example of the history of a Middlesex church we may take one which points a good moral to 'restorers.'

Stanmore became a possession of the Abbey of St. Albans some time in the thirteenth century. At the Conquest it was well endowed, for we read in the Survey that the priest had half a hide of land. It is still a rectory, but the population, which eight hundred years ago was very small, perhaps consisting of a dozen families or less, had risen at the beginning of this century to some seven or eight hundred persons, and has doubled since. The church which had sufficed in the thirteenth century was not large enough in 1630, and was besides too far from the village. A new church was built in a better situation, and Nicholas Stone designed the tower and porch. It was consecrated in 1632 by Archbishop Laud, at that time Bishop of London. In 1849 good Queen Adelaide, who then rented Bentley Priory in the adjoining parish, laid the foundation of a third church, not far from Stone's. All but a monument has disappeared of the first church, which was probably little better than a log-house; but the second still stands, its red-brick tower mantled with ivy, and its quaint semi-classical aisles filled with monuments. The new church is a fine structure, and age may add picturesqueness to it. In any case, we must hope for the best; and as the parishioners have left the old church standing for its picturesqueness, they may be permitted in future centuries,

turies, if they are so minded, to keep renewing the new church. Such a course as this was impossible at Kensington; but it would have been not only possible but in every way preferable at such places as Bedfont, or Drayton, or Heston, where, to use the feeling words of Mr. Thorne, all interest has been swept away with the look of antiquity, but where, no doubt, a little land might easily have been obtained for entirely new structures.

If the county is thus deficient in ancient churches, it is equally deficient in mediæval monuments. With the exception of Enfield, no rural parish has a brass or an effigy of any importance dated before the close of the sixteenth century. The few mentioned by the older antiquaries have nearly all disappeared. Though Finchley boasts of seven brasses, the most interesting, as described by Norden, is gone. It commemorated the conjugal affection of a Chief Justice of England in the fifteenth century:—

‘Joan le feme de Thomas Frowicke gist icy,  
Et le dit Thomas pense de giser avec luy.’

The inscription at Hornsey under the brass representation of a ‘Chrisom Child’ is equally quaint—

‘Jsu Christe Mary is Son—have merci on the soule of John Skevington.’

This recalls the epitaph on Lady Dacre at Mereworth:—

‘O Lord, my Saviour and heavenly Maker,  
Have mercy on Elizabeth Greystock and Dacre.’

At Harrow they still preserve the brass of John Lyon, yeoman, the founder of the school, but it is of the sixteenth century; in fact, part of the endowment left by this public-spirited Middle Saxon to his foundation consisted of an estate which had belonged to the Knights of St. John. At Enfield, however, there is a monument which goes far to redeem the character of the county in this particular. It is an altar-tomb bearing the brass effigy of Joan, Lady Tiptoft, mother of that Earl of Worcester who is known in the history of the Wars of the Roses for his cruelty, his learning, and his tragical fate. Lady Tiptoft wears a mantle richly dight with ramping lions and guardant leopards—the delight of heralds. The arch above the tomb is also rich with coat-armour, and seems to commemorate her grandson and heir, Lord Roos.

Of later monuments Middlesex has no lack. The quaint epitaphs of the seventeenth century, and the half-heathen sentiment of the eighteenth, have many representatives in suburban churches;

churches; but we must not be drawn aside to a subject so interesting in itself as the literature of epitaphs.

Just as few fine churches and fine monuments, except of modern date, exist or ever existed in Middlesex, so were there few fine houses, civil or ecclesiastical. No great abbey existed within the county, except Westminster; the smaller houses clustered round the City walls. Until long after the Dissolution there were no good towns. Even a hundred years ago Harrow and Ealing and Acton were little better than villages. Strange to say, there are still quiet little places to be found, a few houses clustering round a shingled spire, or a long straggling street with gardens filling up the intervals between the cottages. At Hanworth there is only a church and a park. Hadley is made up of two or three little villages, with part of the town of Barnet. Beyond the immediate suburbs, as at Marylebone or Hackney, there is not a parliamentary borough in the county. Populous as it has become, its increase has been within the past few years, and only dates from the spread of railways.

There was however a period in the history of Middlesex when it became essentially a land of villas. That period is now passing into a second stage. The great country houses like Canons are disappearing, and districts of small country houses, like Southgate, are taking their place. But many fine parks still remain, and not a few palaces. As a rule, however, the county has not been affected by noble families, and the estates, unentailed on titles, have changed owners with strange frequency. We have noticed how the vast majority of the manors were held before the Reformation by the religious houses and the higher clergy. But a few estates always remained in lay hands, and these, for the most part, were divided and subdivided, sold and bought, forfeited and granted, with startling rapidity. Lysons remarks more than once on the scarcity of old county families, and the story of Stanwell is typical. This manor had belonged to the Windsors almost from the Conquest; but in an evil hour Henry VIII. took a fancy to it. Lord Windsor had entertained the King magnificently, and the King returned his hospitality by coveting his house. In vain Lord Windsor pleaded that it had been the seat of his ancestors for many ages. In vain he begged that the King would not take it from him. In vain he tremblingly hoped 'His Highness was not in earnest.' The King sternly referred him to the Attorney-General, who showed him the deed of exchange already made out, and Bordesley Abbey in Worcestershire was substituted for the ancient inheritance of the Windsors. But the Baron's Christmas fare was all laid in, his furniture prepared, his hall warmed, before he

he left, for he said that the King should not at his coming to take possession, 'find it bare Stanwell.'

It does not appear that Henry ever did take possession or visit the place again; and within a few years we find it leased to various persons. In 1603 James I. gave it to Sir Thomas Knyvet, and here the Lady Mary, the King's daughter, died in 1607. Knyvet left Stanwell to his grand-nephew, John Cary, and his grand-niece, Elizabeth Leigh, and the family obtained a decree in Chancery staying its partition, that the cousins might marry and unite the moieties. But Elizabeth, when she came to an age to choose, did not choose her cousin; and in 1678 her husband, Sir Humphrey Tracey, joined Cary in a deed by which partition was once more avoided. Undeterred by the example of his own fate, John Cary at his death left Stanwell to his grand-niece, Elizabeth Willoughby, on condition she married Lord Guildford. Once more an heiress of Stanwell asserted her right to please herself, and Elizabeth Willoughby, like Elizabeth Leigh, refused to fulfil the engagement made for her. After long litigation the House of Lords so far supported her, that she retained a life interest in the manor, but at her death, in 1715, it went, under the will of John Cary, to Lord Falkland. He sold it five years later to Lord Dunmore, who died in possession in 1752, when it was again sold, and the present owner descends from the last purchaser.

In this case we have, within the space of a century and a half, not fewer than six families successively in possession of a single estate; and the vicissitudes of nearly every other estate in the county are very similar. It would not be true to say that there are no old families in Middlesex, but none are old as age is counted in Cheshire or Suffolk. Mr. Shirley's list of families which have held land from before the sixteenth century gives no Middlesex names. In fact, every landowning family now in the county came into possession of its estate since the suppression of the monasteries. Lysons remarked, in the last century, of the Clitherows of Boston House, that 'this family is to be mentioned as one of the very few who have been resident upon the same estate for more than a century.' Mr. Thorne, quoting this sentence from Lysons, adds that 'another century has passed, and Boston House is still the residence of a Clitherow.' Of the Newdegates of Harefield, Lysons observes that their estate has descended by intermarriages, with the exception of a temporary alienation, in regular succession through the families of Bacheworth, Swanland, and Newdegate, since the year 1284, when, by the verdict of a jury, it appeared that Roger de Bacheworth and his ancestors had then held it from time immemorial.



immemorial. Lysons goes on to say, 'It is the only instance in which I have traced such remote possession in the county of Middlesex:' but in this he is mistaken; the manor of Enfield has descended at least as regularly since the time of the Domesday Survey, when it belonged to Geoffrey Mandeville or 'de Mannevilla.' Geoffrey FitzPiers married the grand-daughter and heiress of Mandeville, and had Enfield with her. His descendant, Maud FitzPiers, otherwise Mandeville, married one of the many Humphrey Bohuns who were in succession Earls of Hereford. This was early in the thirteenth century, and Enfield continued to belong to the Earls of Hereford till the end of the fourteenth, when it went with other great estates to Henry of Bolingbroke with his wife Mary, the mother of Henry V. It was then annexed to the Duchy of Lancaster, and belongs at the present day to the royal lady who sometimes travels incognita as Duchess of Lancaster.

Perhaps, however, the descent of Enfield may have been looked upon by Lysons as rather analogous to that of an episcopal or official estate, than to the succession of a private family; and practically, it leaves untouched our original position, that the more ancient Middlesex houses only date from the Dissolution. The Woods of Littleton and the Taylors of Staines have held their respective estates for two centuries. The succession to Syon House has passed through the Percies, Seymours, and Smithsons by heiresses, and the Lylleston estate has descended from Sir William Portman through the Berkeleys to its present owner. To find the oldest Middlesex families in the male line, we must seek much nearer the City, and in a very exalted rank. The Russells have held Covent Garden, with the great estate once belonging to the West-Minster, since 1552. The Cecils built Salisbury House in the Strand in 1602, and have owned its site ever since. The Howards succeeded the Fitzalans in Arundel House and the surrounding land in 1603. The Duke of Bedford may claim therefore to be the head of the oldest family in Middlesex, while the Marquis of Salisbury and the Duke of Norfolk come next, but with an interval of half a century. James I. made his Lord Treasurer Earl of Middlesex in 1622, and Lord Tankerville has a barony of Ossulston among his minor titles; but neither the Cranfields nor the Bennetts appear to have been lords of manors in the county.

Though, for these reasons, there is not a single house in Middlesex to compare with Knole or Haddon or Arundel for antiquity, there are many which, begun before the Tudor style had been forgotten, were added to under Queen Anne and scarcely completed till our own day. An exception on the

score

score of antiquity must be made for Fulham Manor House, better known as the palace of the Bishops of London. But the seeker for ancient architecture will be disappointed at Fulham. Like so many clerical residences all over England, it is at once the newest and the oldest of mansions. The law of dilapidations, which has endued country rectories with a perennial youth, has constantly destroyed in such places as Fulham the remains as well as the appearance of old age. A gate in the garden, decorated with the arms of a prelate of the fifteenth century, is perhaps the most venerable feature; and, though some archæologist of the future may be puzzled whether to assign Bishop Tait's chapel to the thirteenth century or the nineteenth, there can never be any doubt as to the age of the main building.

Perhaps the oldest, and at the same time the finest, of Middlesex houses, is the Palace of Hampton Court. True, the Tower of London, Westminster Hall, St. James's Palace, and various other buildings of the same kind, are in Middlesex and without the City boundaries. But treating the county as country rather than as town, we may overlook these suburban—perhaps we should say, in strictness, urban—edifices, and go further afield for our examples. Hampton was a quiet little river-side village, belonging, like so many other estates in Middlesex, to the Knights of St. John, who, on the suppression of the order, granted a lease of the manor, Jan. 11, 1515, for ninety-nine years to Thomas Wolsey, Archbishop of York, for a yearly rental of 50*l.*, out of which there was to be an allowance of 21*l.*, 'towards and for the exhibition of a preste for to mynister divine service within the Chapell of the said manor,' so that, as Mr. Thorne observes, Wolsey would seem to have had a good bargain.

'When he purchased Hampton, Wolsey was in the plenitude of his power. He was created Cardinal in September of the same year, and it may have been in anticipation of his increase of dignity that he bought Hampton in order to convert the manor house into a palace. Without delay, and at a vast cost, Wolsey raised so large and stately a palace that, as Stow says, "it excited much envy," which the magnificence of his style of living in it was not calculated to lessen. Skelton, though his bitter enemy and satirist, probably only gave utterance to what many felt:—

"Why come ye nat to courte?—  
To whyche court?  
To the Kynge's courte,  
Or to Hampton Court?—  
Nay, to the Kynge's court:

The Kynges courte  
 Shulde haue the excellence ;  
 But Hampton Court  
 Hath the preemynence,  
 And Yorkes Place,  
 With my lordes grace,  
 To whose magnificence  
 Is all the confluence,  
 Sutys and supplycacyons,  
 Embassades of all nacyons.”\*

In common with almost all the neighbouring parishes, Hampton contained large tracts of wood, of which at the present day Bushy Park and Hampton Park itself are remains. At length the covetous Tudor cast his eye upon it. Wolsey, always on the alert and experienced in watching the expression of his master's face, was equal to the occasion. The King asked him why he had built so costly a house. He had now enjoyed it for eleven years. Perhaps he had tired of it, perhaps he had all along known its inevitable destiny. Unlike Lord Windsor at Stanwell, he immediately answered Henry's question: 'To show how noble a palace a subject may offer to his sovereign.' He probably knew the King too well to hope the gift would be refused. Certainly Henry had no false modesty about accepting it, and assigned to his Minister in its stead the right to use the neighbouring palace at Richmond, when he pleased. Mr. Thorne quotes from Cavendish the touching tale of how the hard-hearted tyrant received the news of his old servant's fate in the palace thus acquired; how he 'spent a good deal of his time at Hampton Court, being in these early days much given to hunting, hawking, fishing, shooting at the rounds, bowls, and other outdoor diversions in fair weather, and tennis, backgammon, and similar games—at which he staked heavily and lost much—in wet weather and on long evenings,'† and how 'Anne Boleyn presided as Queen at superb banquetings, with masques, interludes, and sports.' Here Henry kept Christmas in great state, and it was at one of these festivals that Surrey became enamoured of his Geraldine:—

“Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight.  
 Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine;  
 And Windsor, alas! doth chase me from her sight.”‡

Not satisfied with his fallen favourite's enforced gift, the

\* Skelton's Poetical Works, Dyce's ed., vol. ii. p. 39, 'Why Come ye Nat to Courte?' lines 398—412.

† Sir H. Nicolas, *Privy Purse Expenses*.

‡ Surrey, *Description and Praise of his Love, Geraldine*.

arbitrary King augmented the estate by one of the most monstrous appropriations attempted by an English sovereign since William the Norman.

'Henry added largely to the buildings and grounds of Hampton Court, "so as to make it a goodly sumptuous and beautiful manor, decent and convenient for a King, and did ornate the same with parks, gardens, and orchards, and other things of great commodity and pleasure thereto adjoining, meet and pertinent to his Royal Majesty." These are the terms of the preamble of the Act for creating the *Honour of Hampton*, 1538; but the Order of the Privy Council issued in the next reign for dechasing the honour, explains that this time "His Highness waxed heavy with sickness, age, and corpulence of body, and might not travel so readily abroad, but was constrained to seek to have his game and pleasure ready and at hand." This royal hunting-ground comprised not merely the manor of Hampton Court as "the chief and capital place and part of the said Honour," with the adjacent manors on the Middlesex side of the Thames, but also the parishes and manors of Walton-upon-Thames, Oatlands, Weybridge, Byfleet, Cobham, Esher, Thames Ditton, and East and West Molesey, in Surrey, the whole being surrounded by a wooden-paling and stored with deer. Only two honours had been thus created,\* and this was the last.'

All these manors were made into a great hunting-ground, the famous Nonsuch being intended as a lodge at the southern extremity. For this purpose churches and houses were pulled down, villages depopulated, farms given up to wood, meadows and pastures covered with herds of deer. In the next reign the Government seems to have been ashamed of this piece of legislation. An order of the Privy Council decreed the 'dechasing' of the honour, and a kind of apology was made to public opinion. It is curious to remark that, in spite of anything done under Edward VI. for mitigating the severity of the Act, it has never been formally repealed, and the district enclosed by Henry continues to be a Royal Chase controlled by the Steward of the Honour, the Lieutenant and Keeper of Hampton Court.

The associations connecting Hampton Court with the history of our country at large need scarcely be detailed in this place. The favourite residence of so many monarchs cannot fail to have witnessed many historical events. It was the place of Edward VI.'s birth and his mother's untimely death; the scene of the divorce of Anne of Cleves and the display of Catherine Howard as queen; of the marriage of Katharine Parr; of the Council which in 1568 agreed to the execution of Mary Stewart; of the conference of Bishops and Presbyterians under her son; of the captivity of her grandson Charles I.; and the place where,

\* Lysons' 'Environs,' vol. iii. p. 53; Madox, 'Baronia Anglica,' p. 9.

in 1647, the King had those conferences with Cromwell which decided his fate. Here the Protector held his Court and was stricken with his mortal fever. Charles II. remodelled the gardens, and sauntered in the 'parterre which they call Paradise, in which is a pretty banquetting-house set over a cave or cellar.\* William of Orange, who replaced two of Wolsey's courts by Wren's new buildings, had his fatal fall while riding in the park; and it was still a favourite residence of Queen Anne, of George I., and especially of George II. It has now for many years boasted of no royal inhabitants; but, from the appropriation of its noble apartments to the objects of the Queen's gracious bounty, it will always be memorable in the annals of science as the residence of Michael Faraday, who died within its precincts in 1867. The noble park, with Bushy Park close adjoining, and the famous gardens, an enduring monument of the taste of a period which has still many admirers, combine with the palace and its galleries to make it one of the most favoured resorts of the modern sightseer.

A strange fate has connected Osterley with Syon. Both belonged to the same sisterhood of noble nuns which, exiled under Elizabeth, after the second and final suppression of their house at Isleworth, long found a refuge in Portugal, and returned, so lately as 1861, after an absence of three centuries, to a country which has forgotten religious intolerance, and were received into the convent of Spettisbury, in Dorset. When the nuns migrated from Isleworth (we are told by Mr. Thorne), they carried away the keys of their old house, as an assertion of their right of possession, just as the Arabs of Morocco are said still to preserve the keys of their ancient houses on the slopes of the Spanish Sierra.

'A late Duke of Northumberland visited the Lisbon convent, and presented the nuns with a silver model of the lost keys. "We still hold the keys," said the Abbess. "I dare say," replied the Duke, "but we have altered the locks since then."'

Both Syon and Osterley became, in the days of his protectorate, the property of Edward Seymour, the first Duke of Somerset. On his execution, both reverted to the Crown, and the grant of Syon to the Duke of Northumberland made it the well-known scene of Lady Jane Grey's reluctant usurpation. Syon again acknowledged a Seymour as its lord when the 'Proud Duke,' in 1682, married the heiress of the Percies, already twice widowed in her fifteenth year; but the inheritance passed within sixty years to a third family, the Smithsons,

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\* Evelyn's 'Diary,' quoted by Mr. Thorne.

whose representative, the Duke of Northumberland, is its present possessor. Though the house is substantially that built by the Protector, it has been so often remodelled and improved, that little or nothing remains of his time. Just a century ago both Syon and Osterley underwent the finishing touches of the accomplished Robert Adam, on whose work Horace Walpole dilates with rapture; but his sneer at the well-known lion gateway and screen, gives Mr. Thorne occasion for a well-timed criticism. Walpole calls the work 'Adam's filagree,' adding, 'grandeur and simplicity are not yet a fashion'; on which Mr. Thorne observes:—"Times change, and tastes change with them. Whatever may be thought of its *grandeur* or the want of it, Adam's filagree, if *compared with recent work*, would be pronounced *simplicity* itself."

The interior of the house shows no traces of its occupation by the Bridgetines, although the grounds boast some fragments of an ancient building, and the old mulberry-trees, now kept alive with difficulty, once stood in the convent garden. Columns of verd antique, found in the Tiber and purchased at an enormous price; mosaic tables; a vase of Irish crystal mounted in gold; portraits by Holbein and Reynolds; animal pictures by Snyders and Landseer; prints, drawings, and books, to say nothing of 'fittings, furniture, and decorations of the most sumptuous kind,' render the house worthy of its owner's rank and wealth. Mr. Thorne takes us through halls measuring 66 feet by 31, along galleries which must be measured in yards rather than feet, and out upon terraced lawns sloping gently to the Thames, 'which, as the boundary wall is sunk and concealed, appears to flow through the grounds, Kew Gardens on the opposite bank forming in semblance a part of the domain.'

Few such places as Syon now remain in Middlesex, but Osterley was long thought to run it close. Both houses were, as we have said, remodelled by Adam in the last century. The older Osterley was built by Sir Thomas Gresham, and is said to have been the scene of a well-known story. 'Her Majesty,' says Fuller—himself rector of Cranford, not far off—"Her Majesty found fault with the court of this house as too great; affirming that "it would appear more handsome, if divided with a wall in the middle." What doth Sir Thomas, but in the night-time sends for workmen to London (money commands all things) who so speedily and silently apply their business that the next morning discovered that court double which the night had left single before.' Fuller adds the opinion of some, with special reference to disputes in the Gresham family, that any house is easier divided than united; and certainly Sir Thomas's

was

was no exception. Osterley went to the son of his wife by her first husband: afterwards to Sir Edmund Coke; then to a descendant of Lady Gresham, the wife of George, Earl of Desmond; and lastly, after a few intermediate owners, to Francis Child, the banker. His successor, Robert Child, called in Adam's help to rebuild the now dilapidated house of Sir Thomas Gresham; and Horace Walpole, no bad judge, pronounces the result a 'palace, sans crown, sans coronet.' The double portico is 'as noble as the Propyleum of Athens.' The drawing-room is 'worthy of Eve before the Fall.' The staircase has a ceiling by Rubens, there is a menagerie full of birds, a gallery 130 feet long, 'and then the park is the ugliest spot of ground in the universe.' So sneering Horace returns happy to his beloved Strawberry; and lapse of time has blunted his parting shot. A century has imparted antiquity to the trees, the lake divides the park and pleasantly varies the view, and except for its flatness Osterley would vie with many a more admired place. The coronet, too, was not long wanting. Mr. Robert Child seems, we know not exactly why, to have had little ambition for a peerage in his family, but his only daughter fell in love with Lord Westmoreland. Perhaps Mr. Child knew too much about the state of the noble Earl's account at the bank. There was no hope of obtaining his consent, and it does not seem to have ever been asked. Dining one day at the bank, Lord Westmoreland asked his host what he should do were he in love with a girl whose father would never consent. 'Run away with her, to be sure,' answered the incautious banker. The young couple took him at his word; and it seems hardly fair of Mr. Child never to have forgiven them. He left his fortune, however, to their daughter, Lady Sarah, who carried the rich inheritance to the Jersey family, and the Earldom of Westmoreland, apparently, was little benefited by the runaway match.

When Walpole sneered at Osterley, he did not know that Strawberry was destined to become a great house in its turn. His state-rooms are state-rooms still, but others have been added; and the place has acquired, or maintained, a fame for garden parties which many can remember with pleasure, but which are already things of the past. It is not long since Strawberry Hill was the subject of an article in these pages,\* but the gracious hostess, who had revived its glories, is already gone from among us.

Garden parties have also been, and are, among the special attractions of two other Middlesex houses, both so near town now,

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\* October, 1876.



that they must be described as suburban. Holland House has had full justice done of late to its claims to notice. The memories of George III. and Lady Sarah, of the Napiers, of Macaulay and Sydney Smith, of Rogers, and the other wits, poets, historians, and heroes, who congregated there, are intermingled with the names of the owners of the house. Of all the remarkable persons the family has given to England the greatest is, undoubtedly, Charles James Fox. Not at Holland House, nor even at his beloved St. Ann's, did Fox draw his latest breath, but in the villa of a friend. By a strange coincidence, another and even greater statesman also died in Chiswick House. But Mr. Thorne is mistaken in saying that both Fox and Canning 'looked their last' on the world from the same chamber. In the second volume of the late accomplished Earl Stanhope's '*Miscellanies*,'\* an interesting letter from the Duke of Devonshire sets the matter beyond the pale of controversy. Fox died in August 1806, in a bedchamber which opens off the Italian Saloon. He watched with his dying eyes the glowing clusters of a mountain ash which grew outside his window. As they ripened he waned. Canning died in a room upstairs. 'It is small and low, and from being built in a kind of wing appears to look into a courtyard. 'Nothing,' says Lord Dalling, 'can be more simple than its furniture or decorations.' Below it is the nursery, which gives the same biographer occasion for an apt quotation from an almost forgotten poet—

'A little rule, a little sway,  
A sunbeam on a winter's day,  
Is all the proud and mighty have  
Between the cradle and the grave.'

There are brighter memories than these about Chiswick House, but few so interesting. Built before the middle of the last century by the 'architect' Earl of Burlington, it has always been admired for its correct proportions and fidelity to a Palladian model. But it cannot be described either as convenient or as an adequate seat for the exalted rank of a duke. It is, however, a perfect villa; small, beautiful, as classical critics count beauty, and full of evidences that not only its builder but its successive owners have been endued with a large measure of good taste. Lord Hervey's witty remark, that it is too small to inhabit, and too large to hang one's watch, quoted by Walpole, amidst his high praise of 'the taste that

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\* Page 79.

reigns in the whole,' is not without truth.\* Lord Burlington's villa, as it stood originally, must have been little better than a magnified summer-house, and the wings added by Wyatt in 1788 were necessary to save it from destruction as a too costly toy. It has from the first, however, been regarded as an occasional summer residence only, 'and the garden and grounds were treated as part of the design, and lavishly decorated with urns, obelisks, sculpture and buildings.' It is in fact for its gardens, rather than its architecture, that Chiswick is famed; and few sightseers forget that here Joseph Paxton, a day-workman in the adjoining gardens of the Horticultural Society, was discovered by the late Duke, and first obtained an opening for the display of his peculiar genius. The grounds fully merit all that has been said of them, and justify Thomson when he wrote of Chiswick that here are

'Sylvan scenes, where Art alone pretends  
To dress her mistress, and disclose her charms.'

Some of the statues are true antiques from old Arundel House. Others are in the best classical style. Scheemakers carved the lions. Inigo Jones designed the gate, which originally stood at Beaufort House in Chelsea. In these gardens, used of late years by the Prince of Wales for the same purpose, brilliant assemblies have been gathered by successive Dukes of Devonshire; and here the late Duke received Sir Walter Scott, when, as his diary records, 'the scene was dignified by the presence of an immense elephant.'

It is, no doubt, a principal function of great nobles to foster genius. The Duke of Devonshire was to Sir Joseph Paxton what long before the Duke of Chandos had been to a still greater man. Canons has disappeared, and can no longer be reckoned among the palaces of Middlesex; but a blacksmith's shop, hard by at Edgware, is associated still with the name of George Frederick Handel, sometime organist to the Duke. He had been in the service of the Earl of Burlington, and may have performed in the very house of which we have just been speaking. But if there is nothing left to connect his name with Chiswick, there is much both of tradition and authentic

\* 'Lord Hervey,' adds Mr. Thorne, 'not content with the *bon mot* quoted by Walpole, extemporized an epigram from Martial on Chiswick House:—

"Possess'd of one great Hall for state,  
Without one room to sleep or eat;  
How well you build let flattery tell,  
And all mankind how ill you dwell."

(Lord Hervey's 'Memoirs,' vol. ii. p. 145.)

history to tell us of his sojourn at Whitchurch. Tradition only, but of the better kind, makes William Powell the Harmonious Blacksmith, and identifies him with a parish clerk of Whitchurch who died in 1780. The humble rail which marked his grave has lately, with questionable taste, been made to give place to a substantial stone, bearing among its inscriptions a bar of the immortal air, which has lately, it is said, been traced to an old German source, adopted and improved by Handel. Authentic history and, what is often even more useful to the student, contemporary satire, are frequently concerned with the residence of Handel at Canons.

Full particulars of its magnificence are given by Lysons, and more recently by Mr. Thorne, whose narrative of its fate reads a touching lesson:—

‘The glory of Canons was of brief duration. Pope concluded his satire with a prophecy:—

“Another age shall see the golden ear  
Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre,  
Deep harvests bury all his pride has plann’d,  
And laughing Ceres reassume the land.”

‘Warburton, in a note to this passage in his 1st edition of “Pope,” wrote, “Had the poet lived *three years* longer he had seen this prophecy fulfilled;” but perceiving how damaging it was to his friend’s moral fame, whatever it might be to his power of vaticination, modified it in the subsequent edition. The fact, however, was so. The Duke of Chandos had engaged largely and unsuccessfully in the Mississippi and South Sea schemes, and though he continued his state at Canons, on his death in 1744, his successor found the establishment far beyond his needs or means. After trying in vain to dispose of it entire, the pictures and statues, furniture, and, finally, the materials of the building, were sold by auction in the summer of 1747: the building, which cost 250,000*l.*, brought 11,000*l.*! The columns of the portico were bought for the almost equally splendid and short-lived Wanstead House. The grand staircase was bought by the witty Earl of Chesterfield, for Chesterfield House, South Audley Street, where it still is. The equestrian statue of George I., one of the ornaments of the grounds, was removed to Leicester Square, where it stood till 1851, when it was taken down and buried, but replaced in a mutilated condition in 1866, to disappear finally in 1873. Gibbon’s famous carving in relief, of the Stoning of St. Stephen, went to adorn the great hall of Bush Hill Park, Winchmore Hill. The iron railings of the garden (described by De Foe) were purchased for the gardens and quadrangle of New College, Oxford. The pulpit, carved by Gibbons, altar, font, and pews of the private chapel, were bought by Mr. Freeman, of Fawley Court, and set up in Fawley Church, Buckinghamshire. The organ,  
by

by Harris and Byfield, went to the church of St. John's, Southover by Lewes, Sussex.\*

But a memorial associated with its really enduring greatness survives in a very remarkable edifice—one far too little known to the London excursionist in search of the picturesque. This is the parish church of St. Lawrence, called 'Whitchurch,' a name singularly inappropriate for a red-brick building, and 'Little Stanmore' is commonly substituted. The church is a remarkable example of what we so often hear erroneously called the 'Queen Anne style,' and should be better known to the modern school of architects. But Little Stanmore could hardly be less visited if it stood a hundred miles from London. It is described by Mr. Thorne as:—

'A quiet agricultural parish, lying, except the Edgware portion, away from the main road; the surface gently undulating, much of the land pasture, the lanes shaded by tall old trees, and varied northwards by the broad open slopes, and avenues, which still bear witness to the past glory of Canons.'

The church is close to the park. Without, it is severely classical; within, not only stately and convenient, but of an unusual design. 'It consists of a nave without aisles, and a small chancel raised by three steps from the nave, and separated from it by richly-carved oak columns.' There is a gallery at one end, and behind the altar is the organ—Handel's organ. How such a church escaped 'restoration' into Gothic during the great medieval movement, is little short of a miracle. Its remoteness would not have saved it, and we can but suppose the existence of some influence in the parish superior to the common cry, and able to appreciate originality and beauty even in an unfashionable style; as the like influence has lately saved Hampstead church from destruction. The most curious and interesting feature of Little Stanmore Church is the decoration. 'Walls and ceiling are alike resplendent with paintings and carved work.' Figures of the Evangelists, the cardinal virtues, the Law and the Gospel, and other subjects in monochrome cover the walls. The ceiling is blue, powdered with gold stars, and in the side panels are paintings of events in the New Testament

\* 'This is the received account, and it is so stated at p. 94 of "The Organ," by Hopkins and Rimbault; but at p. 91 of the same work, Dr. Rimbault states that the Canons organ, "by the Jordans, is said to be in Spa Fields Chapel." This, on the face of it, is unlikely, and appears the more so when it is remembered that Spa Fields Chapel was not opened as a place of worship till 1776, nearly forty years after the sale at Canons. But Jordan's organ was not the chapel organ, but that in the church, where it still remains.'

history. On the north side is the chapel of the Chandos family. Here the Duke, in Roman armour and a flowing wig, is supported by two of his wives—for he had three—on a magnificent cenotaph, lately repaired by the Duke of Buckingham.

All this magnificence was due to the piety or pride of the 'Grand Duke.' He desired that when, as De Foe tells us was his custom, he attended church, walking surrounded by the eight Chelsea pensioners who were nicknamed his Swiss guards, the sacred edifice should be suited to his rank and taste. So he pulled down the old church to make way for this one, and would no doubt have also pulled down the tower, but that the parishioners, anticipating his munificence, hastened to sell the peal of bells to the churchwardens of the neighbouring parish. The communion plate, which is still used, was of silver gilt, and was given by the Duke, that all things might conform.

'The service at the Duke's chapel "was performed with all the aid of the best vocal and instrumental music. Handel, who resided at Canons as chapel-master (having quitted the service of Pope's friend, the Earl of Burlington, for the purpose), composed the anthems, and Pepusch the morning and evening services," but Pope, with "no ear for music," and more familiar with the older and more monotonous Roman Catholic chants, might easily regard the compositions of Handel and Pepusch as "broken and uneven," though "quirks and jigs" were rather strong words:—

"And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,  
That summons you to all the pride of prayer:  
Light quirks of music, broken and uneven  
Make the soul dance upon a jig to Heaven.  
On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,  
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre,  
Or gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,  
And bring all Paradise before your eye.  
To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,  
Who never mentions Hell to ears polite."

The service is described with rapture by Gildon—

'Hark, hark! what holy melody is this?  
See, see, what radiant scenes of opening bliss!  
All Heaven descends, a thousand seraphs come,  
And with a burst of glory fill the room.'\*

Pope denied the applicability of the satire on Timon's villa to Canons, but they fitted so well that doubt about them would be unreasonable. Mr. Thorne, very careful to prove that Pope

\* The lines are quoted by Mr. Thorne from the pompous but long-forgotten 'Canons, or the Vision: a Poem addressed to the Right Hon. the Earl of Carnarvon' (fol. 1717).

intended Canons, points out that the paintings are by Laguerre and Bellucci, and the fact gives point to the satire, though Verrio was long dead. Defoe also, in his 'Tour through England,' speaks contemptuously of the services; but this only proves that Handel was not valued when he first appeared.

The list of 'eminent inhabitants' at Canons does not stop with these great names. A celebrity of a very different kind from either Handel, the Duke, or the Blacksmith, died in the villa which was built on the site of the palace. This was Colonel O'Kelly, the owner of 'Eclipse.' The Colonel died in 1788, and is buried in the church. The horse, the 'swiftest that ever ran,' is buried in the park. In the adjoining parish of Great Stanmore is the park of Bentley Priory—the house is in Harrow—where Sir Walter Scott was staying with Lord Abercorn when he added to the proof sheets of 'Marmion' the fine verses on Fox. Here Queen Adelaide died in 1849.

There is in fact scarcely a village in the county without its memories of some one who has made himself famous in the great neighbouring city. Sometimes the same character is found in different places, as Lamb at Enfield and Edmonton; Goldsmith at Dawley and at the Hyde on the Edgware Road; Pope at Chiswick and Twickenham; Dr. Johnson at Hampstead and at Topham Beauchlerck's villa on Muswell Hill. Though we may stand where Keats composed the 'Ode to a Nightingale,' the view is so changed that very little of what the poet saw can be recalled. Though Hampstead is so much built over, we may still, from 'Byron's tomb,' at Harrow, look over as fair a vale as he can have seen from the spot. It is interesting to see the room in which Lady Clarendon gave birth to the future Queen Anne, at York House, Twickenham; or Wrotham, the house built by the unfortunate Admiral Byng; or to trace the march of General Monk and his last halting-place at Finchley. There is in fact only too much association with great men and great events; but very often the visitor has his early enthusiasm damped by finding out that he has been imposed upon by unsupported traditions. The 'Bell' at Edmonton disappeared long ago, and another 'Bell' has since vanished. The house in which Bacon died at Highgate was pulled down in 1825. Whittington's milestone has been moved about to several different places. Pope's Villa at Twickenham was never Pope's, having been built in the present century. But the house in which Sir Isaac Newton died at Kensington is still called after him; and not far off is Holly Lodge, where Lord Macaulay lived in his declining years. William Wilberforce lived on Highwood Hill. At Parson's Green the house of Samuel Richardson

Richardson may still be identified. And more than enough of perfectly authentic scenes remain, where a visit confers the boon of a more accurate acquaintance with some great historical event, or with the meaning of a poet's words, or the influences which controlled the destinies of a remarkable character. The light which Hampton Court sheds on the history of two such men as Cardinal Wolsey and William III.; the interesting problems suggested by the position of Brentford, as determining the plan of Edmund's campaign against the Danes; the pleasure of tracing the footsteps of Coleridge on Highgate Hill; of looking into the 'little court' which lighted Gibbon's library; of seeking for the red-brick house at Laleham, in which Arnold spent his first years of labour;—such associations are not to be despised as merely sentimental. It may even add to the zest which flavours the enjoyment of a fine afternoon's excursion westward, to know that the village inn at Bedfont was once kept by the immortal Harvey, the discoverer, not of the circulation of the blood, but of the fish-sauce which bears his name.

The charms of natural beauty and varied associations, which we have now passed in quick review, are enhanced by one source of attraction, which Middlesex shares with the other counties that surround London,—the ever-ready resources of interest and enjoyment which they offer to the toiling myriads pent up within this busy and noisy, smoky and foggy, wilderness of houses. Of the country defined by a radius of twenty or twenty-five miles round St. Paul's—including the whole of Middlesex, large portions of Surrey, Kent, Essex, and Herts, and smaller parts of Berks and Buckinghamshire—Mr. Thorne does not speak too warmly when he says :—

'The district thus marked out is probably unrivalled in scenes of historical interest and personal and literary associations; in existing palaces, manor-houses, and mansions, and the sites of those which have been swept away; in abbeys and churches; the homes and graves of remarkable men; in beautiful and characteristic scenery; in collections of pictures and works of art; in national workshops and arsenals, and places of popular amusement and resort.'

To these varied scenes of recreation, pleasure, and mental improvement, Mr. Thorne has now supplied a guide such as we have not had before in his two handy volumes, arranged in alphabetical order, full and yet compendious, and uniting the substance of the best authorities with the results of personal information and enquiry, from visits paid to every place described, and to most of them several times. We may safely say of his book, 'The wayfaring man shall not err therein.'

ART.



- ART. III.—1. *The Works of Thomas Chatterton. With his Life*, by G. Gregory, D.D. 3 vols. London, 1803.\*  
 2. *The Poetical Works of Thomas Chatterton. With an Essay on the Rowley Poems*, by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M.A., late Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge; and a Memoir by Edward Bell, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge. The Aldine Edition of the British Poets. 2 vols. London, 1875.

WITH the publication of the 'Aldine' edition of Chatterton's works a long labour, renewed through many years and under various conditions, may be held to be worthily closed. These volumes do not furnish, indeed, nor do they pretend to furnish, so complete a collection as that formed by Southey and Cottle, but they omit no one of his compositions which is necessary to the formation of a correct judgment of his powers, and, as far as may be possible, of his life and character. The chronological arrangement of the poems is probably as complete as it is possible to make it, and in the case of the acknowledged poems such an arrangement has been attempted for the first time. Another alteration of particular importance has also been effected. The Rowley Poems—by which title are to be understood all the pieces in prose and verse which Chatterton declared to be transcribed from the old manuscripts found in the Bristol Church, whether by Rowley, Canynge, Turgot, or any other forgotten or fictitious worthy—are here printed, as far as the rhyme and rhythm will allow, in the language of the eighteenth century, the language in which it is clear Chatterton first wrote them, before summoning Bailey and Speght to his aid. Long ago, indeed, both by Warton and by Walpole, the propriety of such an experiment was suggested, and on isolated passages it had been tried at various times by various critics with the happiest result.† But to the editors of these volumes belongs the credit of being the first to perfect so simple and yet so convincing a proof of the true date and complexion of these poems, and thereby to enable the unlearned or indolent reader to determine their quality for himself, unharassed by the distractions of footnotes and glossaries. From some of Mr. Skeat's

\* This is the most complete edition that has been yet published. It embraces every contribution to the London periodicals that has been traced to Chatterton's hand, including some with which it is very doubtful that he had anything to do. The Works were edited by Southey and Cottle; the Life only is by Dr. Gregory.

† See the works of Professors Masson and Wilson, *passim*.

conclusions we shall, indeed, venture to differ, but on the whole his essay is a perspicuous and impartial summary of the case, while too much praise can scarcely be given both to the fulness and the discrimination of his notes. Mr. Bell's Memoir is careful, complete, and clear. He has enjoyed the fruit of a century's vigilant research and acute conjecture, and he has used his advantage well. That he could bring to light any new fact, or throw fresh colour on those already known, was scarcely to be expected. But he has diligently examined, verified, and digested, both the theories and the facts of his predecessors, and, while omitting no detail of importance, he has cleared the truth of much superabundant matter, with which careless or ignorant writers had overloaded it.

And in truth there has been enough of both. From the day when it was first truly known, the melancholy tale has never ceased to interest and to perplex all classes of society. Divines, philosophers, historians, poets, critics, wits, have all at various times employed their best energies on the mysterious riddle of the poor poet's life. With the edition of 1803, a list was printed of all the works that up to that time had been issued on the subject: editions of Chatterton, editions of Rowley, and contributions to that remarkable controversy which, even more than his own original and striking powers, has helped to keep the name of Chatterton green. In that list, which ranges over a period of twenty-five years, no less than twenty-eight such works appear, many of which ran rapidly through several editions; and this, even if complete of its kind, does not include an innumerable and nameless host of magazine articles, tributary odes, critical and moral disquisitions. And since that time the list has been steadily increasing. Within the last forty years three new editions of Chatterton's works have been published, two in England, and one in America.\* To attempt a complete catalogue of all his biographers and critics would be a task, compared to which Mr. Caxton's 'History of Human Error' would be the diversion of a summer's day. Campbell has censured him with singular gentleness, and Scott perhaps with still more singular severity. Chalmers has incurred, nor altogether unjustly, a visitation from the pen of Southey, that might have well appeased the proud and injured ghost of Chatterton himself, and Dr. Maitland has suffered scarce less severely at the hands of later critics. Among a crowd of inferior names appear those

\* Including the Aldine Edition. An edition was published at Cambridge, in 1842, and one at Boston, in 1857.

of Davis, the American traveller; of Dix, the most minute and persevering of chroniclers; and of Henry Neele, whose 'Romance of History' Macaulay reviewed, and whose industrious and blameless life deserved a happier close. Within recent years the lively imagination and picturesque style of Professor Masson,\* and Professor Wilson's† generous enthusiasm and unwearying research, have, each in their turn, contributed to adorn, if not always to elucidate, the subject. It is, indeed, of a piece with all the circumstances of this strange and melancholy history, that, despised and rejected as he was in life, in death Chatterton should have occupied so large a share of the world's notice. But in truth many far greater and more splendid lives—lives that have filled an ampler page in the world's history, and left behind them memories of sweeter and nobler repute—can neither boast a tithe of the romantic interest that belongs to those short and troubled years, nor point a moral at once so painful and so true.

Thomas Chatterton was born at Bristol on the 20th of November, 1752, and died in London, by his own hand, on the 24th of August, 1770, within three months of completing his eighteenth year. He was, indeed, a plant that, in Johnson's phrase, flowered early. His first poetical composition, which took the shape of some lines upon the 'Day of Judgment,' was produced at the age of ten. They are not, indeed, very astonishing verses, even for a boy of that tender age. They are much less astonishing, for instance, than the 'Pyramus and Thisbe' of Cowley, written at the same age, but they are as good as Pope's 'Ode to Solitude,' composed at twelve, and but little inferior to Milton's Paraphrases from the Psalms, which were the offspring of his sixteenth year. But these plants, though they flowered early, attained a full-blown and luxuriant maturity. The best of Chatterton's work—the work which has secured him his place among the poets—was done before his seventeenth year had passed away. And when the superior advantages of birth and education enjoyed by Milton, Cowley, and Pope, are contrasted with the mean condition of Chatterton's circumstances, the latter is fairly entitled to stand in the front rank of those precocious geniuses, whose early lisps assumed the harmonious form of numbers.

His parents were of humble birth and obscure station. His father, a clever, idle, dissolute vagabond, was dead when he

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\* 'Chatterton: a Story of 1770.' A new edition. London, 1874.

† 'Chatterton: a Biographical Study.' London, 1869.

came into the world, and such education as he possessed he owed in the first instance to his mother. His early training was singularly characteristic of his later studies. He learnt his letters from the illuminated capitals of an old manuscript, and a black-letter Bible taught him to read. Though at the age of five he had been pronounced by his schoolmaster an incorrigible dunce, and for some time after that even his mother had despaired of him, when once the gate of learning was unlocked his progress was marvellously rapid. When, in his eighth year, he was admitted into that charitable institution which for upwards of a century and a half has been known by the name of its founder, Edward Colston, he complained that he could not learn so much as at home, for his tutors had not books enough to teach him.

At this school he remained seven years. Reading, writing, and arithmetic, formed the only recognized course of instruction; but a catalogue, drawn up in his own hand, of the books he had read before completing his twelfth year, is said to have revealed a wider and more varied range of information. Such partial witnesses to character must always be regarded with suspicion, but there is little doubt that from an early age Chatterton was a voracious and insatiable reader. The course of his reading was determined at first probably as much by the limits of his choice as by any fixed purpose of study, but his passion for the antique—a passion which with him was even stronger than that which sent Scott to the legends and ballads of the Border—began soon to declare itself. Nor did he confine himself to reading only. His first verses were quickly followed by other pieces, mostly of a satirical turn, directed against obscure individuals, who were either objects of local notoriety, or had contrived in some fashion to offend his boyish prejudices. They are still extant, and may be read in any of the later editions of his works, but they are of interest only as indicating the early bent of his mind towards that class of composition, in which, had he lived, he would, we are inclined to think, have attained his chief distinction. But he had now begun in earnest to concentrate his energies on that remarkable conception, which was destined to confer so strange and so unenviable an immortality upon his name.

Whence and when the phantom of Rowley first took shape in Chatterton's brain, never has been, and never can be precisely determined. It is doubtful, indeed, whether he himself could have given, if he would, an exact answer to this perplexing question. One thing, however, is certain: he left school in his fifteenth year, in July 1767, and before he left school he had made his first essay of the credulity of the world.

Among his acquaintances—for he was quick to make acquaintances among his superiors in age and condition—was one Burgum, a pewterer by trade, an honest, illiterate fellow, who had risen by his own exertions from the lowest ranks of life, but who affected a polite education and a taste for the literature of antiquity. He had been kind to the boy, had lent him books, and occasionally contributed small sums of money to the formation of his scanty library. Him, therefore, Chatterton, with characteristic shrewdness and, it must be added, with characteristic ingratitude, selected for his first experiment. The astonished tradesman was one day informed that he was descended from a Norman family that had settled in England in the train of the Conqueror. The proofs vouchsafed of this remarkable discovery may be read in the British Museum, in the shape of a pedigree styled 'An Account of the De Berghams, from the Norman Conquest to this Time.' No questions were asked as to the source of this information. The ennobled pewterer accepted without hesitation the greatness thus suddenly thrust upon him, presented the young herald with five shillings, a larger sum, we may be sure, than he had ever had in his possession before, and there the matter ended for the time. In this production it is to be noted that Rowley makes his first appearance, though not in his later and more familiar guise. Amid a crowd of nobles, statesmen, and warriors of the De Bergham blood, stands out the name of one John, a Cistercian monk of Bristol, who had been educated at Oxford, and was accounted one of the greatest wonders of his age. As a proof of his talents his descendant was asked to examine the lines now known as 'The Romaunte of the Cnyghte,' dated 1320, and transcribed in all their 'genuine' orthography, but accompanied, out of consideration for Burgum's ignorance, with a modern version in Chatterton's own schoolboy hand. Shortly after this successful essay the boy left school, and was apprenticed to one Lambert, an attorney.

His worst enemies could scarcely have doomed him to a more cruel fate. If his ardent and ambitious mind recoiled from the routine of a charity-school, it may well have revolted with disgust at the drudgery of a lawyer's office. The hours of work were long, the work itself distasteful, the society rude and uncongenial. By the terms of the contract Lambert was bound to supply both board and lodging, and Chatterton ate his meals in the kitchen, and slept with the footboy. His whole nature rose up against such a life. He complained to his mother that existence was intolerable; that his master insulted and illused him; that the studies with which he sought to alleviate the barrenness

barrenness of his daily task brought him into disgrace and contempt; and that spies were set upon his actions at home and abroad. That there was some truth in these complaints, together with much exaggeration, will be easily understood. The science of the law, and particularly that side of it which is to be seen in an attorney's chambers, has rarely, we believe, been found favourable to the cultivation of the Muses. It is little likely, therefore, that Lambert would show much sympathy with a clerk, whose heart was bent on penning stanzas when his business was to engross. Yet, though a hard, he was not an unjust master. He allowed that his pupil did his work well, that he was punctual and diligent, wrote a neat hand, and, for aught he knew to the contrary, was correct and decent in his behaviour. Nor, querulous and discontented as the boy was, can he have been altogether unhappy. The office was but little troubled with clients, and for a considerable part of the day his time was practically his own. His body was indeed compelled to take its seat on the clerk's stool, but his spirit was free to wander whithersoever it listed. His mind was his own kingdom, a kingdom peopled with strange fantastic forms, with armed knights and barons bold, with long-robed priests, and store of bright-eyed ladies,—

‘And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
With mask and antique pageantry;  
Such sights as youthful poets dream  
On summer eves by haunted stream.’

And now the time had come when these disembodied fancies were to take name, and shape, and substance, when this antique pageantry was to be marshalled in order due, and to each actor was to be assigned his proper place and part. On Lambert's shelves, among a crowd of hateful law-books, was one priceless volume, a copy of Camden's ‘*Britannia*.’ From a bookseller in the City he had borrowed Speght's black-letter edition of Chaucer, from which, and from the dictionaries of Kersey and Bailey, he has been proved to have compounded that heterogeneous diction, which in the opinion of so many learned critics determined the reality of Rowley. He had access, moreover, to the Bristol Library, where he could consult such works as Geoffrey of Monmouth's ‘*History of the Britons*,’ Holinshed's ‘*Chronicles*,’ and Fuller's ‘*Church History*.’ Every spare moment was now devoted to the elaboration of his great idea, either in the office, or in the more congenial secrecy of his own little garret, during the few hours he was permitted to pass under his mother's roof. His powers of application were indeed something extraordinary.

While still a lad at school, his mother complained that she could never entice him even to his meals from his mysterious studies. It was known that he would often work far into the night. His room was in a perpetual litter of papers and manuscripts, which none were suffered to examine or disturb; some in his own handwriting, and some bearing to inexperienced eyes all the semblance of a venerable antiquity.\* What was the purport of this work, so eagerly pursued and so jealously guarded, neither his mother nor any of his family seem to have made it their business to discover. Though in after years these details were paraded as proof of the early conception and execution of the Rowley scheme, the only idea his family seem in those days to have entertained was a fear lest from the stains visible on his face and hands, stains which they do not seem in any way to have connected with his studies, he had conceived the notion of joining himself to a gang of gipsies.

Everything was now ready for the prosecution of the scheme thus secretly and laboriously matured. Opportunity only was wanting, and an opportunity was at hand.

In the month of September, 1768, a new bridge was with much parade opened for public traffic at Bristol. A few days afterwards, there appeared in one of the newspapers an account of the ceremonies performed at the inauguration of the original structure, which had spanned the Avon since the days of Henry II. In a short note, signed 'Dunhelmus Bristoliensis,' this account professed to be a literal transcript from an old parchment of that date. Such a document at such a time naturally aroused the keenest curiosity. It was soon traced to Chatterton. An explanation was demanded, and, after some preliminary evasions, was vouchsafed. The parchment, he said, was one of many formerly abstracted by his father from a chest in the muniment-room of St. Mary's Church, and which had lately fallen into his hands. This explanation was considered satisfactory, and here the enquiry ended! The wisecracks of Bristol were content to leave these valuable records of their ancient city in the hands of a boy of fifteen, without any curiosity as to their nature, and were satisfied with his bare word for their existence, and the circumstances of their discovery!

This was the turning-point of his career. Had the enquiry been at once pushed home, the whole tenor of his life would in all human probability have been changed. But his story passed unchallenged and unsuspected, or, if suspected, sus-

\* For the method employed by Chatterton to produce this semblance of antiquity see Dix's 'Life,' Appendix, p. 313; and Miller's 'Rowley Poems,' p. 436, *note*.



picion, at least in his lifetime, never pointed to the truth. It was indeed averred, many years afterwards, that all Chatterton's acquaintance were not equally credulous, and even that he himself had voluntarily confessed the imposture to more than one person. If these stories are true, it is clear that much of the censure that posterity has passed on Chatterton belongs properly to others, who indeed, by virtue of their age and position, must be pronounced the greater culprits. But on these stories, and indeed on most of the stories circulated after his death, we have always looked with grave suspicion. It is, we think, in the highest degree unlikely that Chatterton would have so freely imparted a secret, which it was of the last importance to him to keep, both as a source of present income and, as he conceived, a step to future distinction, or that in a moment of vanity, or, it may be, of confusion, he should have thus prematurely disclosed a scheme so carefully and deliberately planned. On the other hand, nothing is more likely than that the rewards liberally offered at a later period for any information concerning those remarkable productions, which had set all the world of letters by the ears, should have marvellously inspired the memory of a host of friends and contemporaries of him who, according to the spirit of the enquiry, was either author or discoverer. Nor is it likely that, with the consciousness of having once admitted its falsity, he would have so stoutly adhered to his first story, at a time when a full confession would probably not only have saved his life, but have raised him for ever above the wretchedness and disappointment of his existence.\*

That in this story there was an original foundation of truth, can in our opinion be no longer denied. Indeed, the completeness of the triumph won over the blindness or obstinacy of those who still, in the face of the clearest evidence, maintained their conviction that the poems of Rowley were the genuine work of the fifteenth century, has in its turn, as we have always thought, somewhat disturbed the judgment of posterity. Chatterton, it is argued, has been proved to have lied in one instance; is it not therefore clear that he lied in every instance? It is certain that the poems he professed to have discovered among the contents of the old chest were the work of his own hand; is it not therefore equally certain that he discovered nothing? The answer to this part of the argument is very simple. In the muniment room over the north porch of the church of St. Mary Redcliffe had long stood certain chests, one of which had been known from time immemorial as

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\* For these stories see Professor Wilson's work, chaps. v. and vi. *passim*.

‘Mr. Canynge’s

'Mr. Canynge's cofre.' About the year 1727 the locks of this chest were forced and a vast mass of parchments discovered. Such as immediately related to the church were removed by the authorities, but the rest were left to the curiosity of any person who might happen to find his way into the room. From time to time Chatterton's father, whose family connections naturally gave him free access to any part of the building,\* carried off large quantities of these parchments, some of which he utilized, according to the testimony of his neighbours, as covers for the copybooks of his school. At his death the remainder were transferred by his widow, along with the other goods of her scanty household, to her new home, and here, in process of time, they fell into the hands of her son.

It is, of course, in the character of these documents that the real gist of the question lies. That they were not, as the boy declared them to be, the literary remains of Thomas Rowley and William Canynge, Bristol worthies of the fifteenth century, all sensible persons have long ago been agreed. Canynge we know to have existed; it is not impossible that Rowley may have existed; but it is as certain that the manuscripts, whether in prose or verse, exhibited by Chatterton as literal transcripts of these old parchments,† were the work of no human being but Chatterton himself, as it is certain that Vortigern was the work of Ireland, that the rants of Ossian were the work of Macpherson, and that the Epistles of Phalaris were not the work of the Tyrant of Agrigentum. That they were not mere blank parchments, but contained matter of some value in the judgment of those who originally deposited them in the chest, may with equal safety be assumed, while some of them were at least considered worthy to be placed by their first discoverers among the archives of their Church. And there is yet another proof to hand. Among the Rowley Manuscripts in the British Museum is one containing four rude portraits from Chatterton's untutored pencil. These portraits are pasted over a piece of parchment containing a quit-claim, or receipt, dated in the tenth year of Henry IV., and given by Will. Penesford to Thos. Botiller, burgess of Bristol in Temple Street. From this discovery Mr. Skeat has drawn the conclusion that, if Chatterton ever saw any genuine documents of the date assigned to Rowley, they

\* The family of the Chattertons had for upwards of a century and a half held the post of sexton to St. Mary's Church. See Professor Wilson, *ch. i. p. 2.*

† Part of the 'Storie of W<sup>m</sup>. Canynge,' and another shorter piece were the only poems ever shown by Chatterton in their 'original' form. The rest were printed either from transcripts in his own hand, or from copies of such transcripts furnished by his friends.

were of a legal character which he would have been unable to decipher.\* That he saw one genuine document of a legal character this discovery has established, and that he considered it of little account may be inferred from the use to which he relegated it, though we shrewdly suspect Thos. Botiller stood godfather to his hero Syr Botelier Rumsie, who figures in the fragment of the 'Unknown Knight.' But the inference that it was wholly unintelligible to him is less easily justified. All the parchments were naturally at first sight beyond his comprehension, but it is certain that before he entered Lambert's chambers he had acquired such a knowledge, however rude and imperfect, of the Saxon phraseology and character, as to enable him to form at least some idea of the nature of his treasures. Nor does the fact that some of these were of a legal nature strike us as a conclusive proof of their incomprehensibility to a clever youth, who for nearly three years of his life passed twelve hours out of every twenty-four in a lawyer's office. Again, Mr. Skeat, forgetting apparently what he has himself assisted to establish, asserts that Chatterton never set eyes on any genuine manuscript of the fifteenth century, from the blunders made in those of his own fabrication.† But in truth Chatterton was, as he could not but have been, the clumsiest of forgers. Had he not at the outset met with critics more ignorant than himself, he could not have escaped detection for a single day. But he was shrewd enough to discover at a very early date, that the public of which he was to make his first trial could not claim even his own slight smattering of knowledge. That he blundered no more than he did, is in itself, to our mind, no insignificant proof that he copied from genuine models, the niceties of which he had not the learning to appreciate. When we detect the faults in a schoolboy's Latin essay, we do not rush to the conclusion that he has never read a single line of Cicero or Livy.

Canynge, the patron of Rowley, was, it must never be forgotten, no mere creation of the brain. He was a citizen of Bristol, a wise and active man, who rose to great fame and estate, and was elected mayor of his native city in 1461, an office which he filled on no less than four subsequent occasions. Proofs of his liberality and benevolence exist to the present day in an almshouse or hospital, and in the noble edifice of St. Mary Redcliffe, where his tomb may still be seen. One other, at least, of Chatterton's heroes had in the past a habitation and a name. Sir Charles Bawdin, the hero of the 'Bristowe Tragedie,' has been identified by learned antiquaries with Sir Baldwin Fulford, a

\* See Aldine Edition, vol. i. p. 376.

† See his Essay, Aldine Edition, vol. ii. p. xi.

zealous champion of the House of Lancaster, who was executed at Bristol for treason in the first year of Edward IV. The Episcopal registers of Wells and Exeter prove how common in those days the name of Rowley was in the West country, and on a brass plate in St. John's Church might have been read in Chatterton's day, and for aught we know may be read now, the epitaph of Thomas Rowley, a merchant of Bristol, who died on the 23rd of January, 1478.

Is it not then reasonable to suppose that, among the papers stored in the church peculiarly sacred by tradition and association to the memory of Canynge, might have been found some memorials of that worthy citizen, of his contemporaries, and of his native city? The date of Chatterton's first introduction to them is uncertain, but we know that his passion for every sort of reading was strong in his eighth year, and we know that they had been in his mother's possession before his birth. We may fairly conclude, then, that he had some acquaintance with them, if no more than a child's acquaintance with its toy, long before he conceived the notion of utilizing them. His favourite playground was the noble church, with which his ancestors had been for so many generations associated: his favourite playmates, not the children of his age and station, but the nameless phantoms of a dead and forgotten world: his favourite resting-place, the tomb of the man with whose memory the building that he loved was imperishably linked. Every chance and every circumstance of his childhood united with his taste and with his disposition to shape the fatal course of his life. This church and this tomb were not to him a mere solemn pile of senseless stone, a mere receptacle for a handful of dust, but an inexhaustible storehouse of romance. This marvellous resurrection, these memorials thus strangely rescued from the oblivion of three hundred years, spoke to him like a voice from the grave. They came to him from the very land of his dreams; they showed him the reality of his romance. He did not at first understand the voice. It spoke to him in a language he had never heard, and of things of which he knew nothing, save that they were assuredly symbols of that strange dead past, which was yet to him more real and lifelike than the dull unsympathetic present. But his brain was quick and keen, his energy untiring, his determination dauntless. And thus the fiction grew. Day by day some fresh acquisition was added to that wonderful fabric, of which his unaided fancy had laid the first stone. That he ever completely mastered the riddle of this mysterious revelation, it is idle to pretend. Many a clever thought was fathered by the ardent wish: to him knowledge came,

came, a little and a dangerous knowledge, but wisdom lingered. He suffered, indeed, the fate of the slave who dared to conjure with his master's wand. The spirits that he raised he could not control, and they tore him in pieces.

We hold, then, that in these manuscripts, whose secret it is to our mind clear that he had contrived in part to master, Chatterton found certain materials for his design: names of people and places, records, perhaps, or memorials of events long since forgotten, of usages and customs as dead and done with as the men who had recorded them: that from these the restless fancies of his brain took shape and substance: from these came many of those shrewd touches of reality, those patches, to use a vulgar phrase, of local colour, which have sadly perplexed so many learned commentators. They were, in short, to Chatterton in some measure what the old chronicles and Italian romances were to Shakspeare: and such a belief detracts no more from the measure of the young poet's fame, than the knowledge of the source of 'Othello' lessens our admiration for that masterpiece of the human intellect.

Among the literary society of Bristol, not, we may reasonably suppose, a very acute or learned society, Chatterton had now become a personage of some importance. George Catcott, Burgum's partner in trade, but considered his superior in intellect; his brother, the Rev. Alexander Catcott, accounted one of the best Hebrew scholars of the day; Barrett, a surgeon, of some pretensions to literature, and at the time engaged on a history of Bristol; and Clayfield, a wealthy distiller;—are those whom the boy has rendered conspicuous among his patrons. He fooled them all to the top of their bent. Mr. Canynge's 'Cofre' became a very purse of Fortunatus. Week by week some fresh wonder was brought to light; now a piece of poetry for the Catcotts, now some strange scraps of antiquarian lore for Barrett; and all were received with equal faith, read with the same astonishment, and paid with solid pudding no less than with empty praise. Yet, despite his success, the young impostor still remained uneasy, irritable, and discontented. His fits of despondency became longer and more frequent, his temper more imperious, wayward, and disdainful. The worst feature in his character—a strange and peculiarly odious feature in the character of one so young—was his ingratitude. To confer on him a benefit seems but to have made of him an instant and a bitter enemy. With the exception of his mother and sister, he spared no human being. To them, indeed, he was always gentle and affectionate, and his behaviour to them, even in his last and darkest hours, forms one of the few bright pictures in his unhappy

unhappy life. But on all his other friends, and particularly on those to whom he was under the strongest obligations, his powers of raillery and invective were indiscriminately exercised. In truth, however much we may pity Chatterton, however much we may admire his talents, his spirit, and his industry, whatever excuses we may make for his conduct, it is impossible to shut our eyes to the peevishness and malignancy of his disposition. That he might have been different in different circumstances is very probable. Restless, ambitious, dissatisfied, and impatient; a child in years, but in thought and intellect far older than the men around him; a genius among fools, a poet among clerks and tradesmen, it may well be said of him, as was said of a greater than him, that he required, if ever man required, the firmest and most judicious training. It would not indeed be difficult, despite the differences of birth, of the condition of their lives, and of the qualities of their genius, to draw a parallel between Byron and Chatterton. Both entered prematurely on what one has styled the heritage of woe: in both the poetical faculty was strongly and early developed: both required the most careful supervision, and both lacked it: both had an unsound spot in their minds: both had strong passions and keen susceptibilities: both lived unhappily, and both died before their time.

Twice in his sixteenth year Chatterton attempted to rescue himself from this hateful servitude, and each time he employed the same method that he had hitherto found successful in attracting notice. The first attempt was practised on Dodsley, the publisher of the 'Annual Register;' the second on no less a personage than Horace Walpole himself, then in the fulness of his twofold fame, as a man of letters and a man of fashion. It is doubtful whether any answer was received from Dodsley, but the correspondence with Walpole is one of the most familiar episodes in the story. Walpole's behaviour has been strongly censured by some, who have not even hesitated to impute to him the responsibility of Chatterton's death. A more unjust accusation was never made. He seems, indeed, to us to have shown more good sense and consideration, than might have been expected from so vain and selfish a trifier. Unpalatable as his advice of course was, it was indisputably dictated by prudence and conveyed with gentleness. We may allow that, but for Chatterton's confession of his birth and condition, he would have been regarded with different eyes, without allowing that Walpole, in permitting himself to be influenced by that confession, acted in any harsh or contemptible manner. The imposition was revealed to him, not the impostor. For aught he knew, this poor widow's son was but the tool of some clever and unscrupulous rogue, some

new



new Macpherson of the West,\* nor is it easy to see how he could, in the circumstances, have divined the truth. It is surely, then, as ridiculous as it is uncharitable to blame him for not undertaking to make a poet out of a lawyer's clerk, of whom all he knew was that he himself had very nearly become his dupe.

Still, though baffled twice, Chatterton did not despair, and a circumstance which occurred at this juncture precipitated matters. He had been forced to apply to Burgum for the loan of half-a-crown, and Burgum had refused. Angry, humiliated, and revengeful, he sat down and composed that extraordinary document known as his Will, in which he poured out on his illiberal patrons all the spite of a diseased and disappointed mind. At the same time he addressed to Clayfield, for whom alone among them he seems to have entertained any sentiment of respect, a letter announcing, with much parade of detail, his purpose to destroy himself. The terrible reality which this sorry piece of jesting was afterwards to assume has induced many people to invest it with a significance, which the document itself, no less than a review of the circumstances of its composition, tends immediately to refute. Whatever may have been the writer's religious convictions at that or any subsequent time, it is obvious that his action was nothing more than the well-considered device of an unprincipled boy, to gain, by practising on the fears of his friends, what he saw he could not gain by appealing to their sympathies. The issue proved his judgment. Lambert declined to keep any longer in his service so dangerous and intractable a pupil: his patrons, whose patience and liberality he had by this time well-nigh exhausted, contributed a small purse; and on the 24th of April, 1770, he bade a glad farewell to Bristol, and set his face hopefully towards London.

The few guineas in his pocket, and his bundle of manuscripts, were not, he flattered himself, his only means of subsistence. Within the last twelve months he had become a contributor to more than one London periodical, of which there was in those days an even more bewildering number than in our own. In the May number of the 'Town and Country Magazine' for 1769 had appeared one of the finest of the shorter 'Rowley Poems,' the 'Eclogue of Elinoure and Juga,' and this had been followed by other pieces in prose and verse, including some very tolerable imitations of Macpherson's impudent bombast. But he was soon to be attracted to a new species of composition. The terrible Junius was then in the full tide of his mysterious

\* Walpole, it will be remembered, had been one of the first and most ardent champions of the legitimacy of Ossian. For this part of the story see Dr. Masson's book, pp. 56-70.



power. Towards the close of the year his celebrated address to the King had appeared in the columns of the 'Public Advertiser.' The stir this letter caused in London, added to the report that Woodfall, the publisher, was to be brought to answer for it in a court of law, spread to the farthest corner of the kingdom. An action for libel was then, as now, regarded by newspapers of a certain class as the high road to fortune. Accordingly one Edmunds, the editor of the 'Middlesex Journal,' a paper of much the same calibre as the 'Advertiser,' made haste to invite the same distinction, with the announcement that every communication to his columns should be considered sacred, and that neither threat nor bribe should persuade him to reveal the identity of his correspondents. The bait caught Chatterton's eye, and the result was a series of letters, under the signature of 'Decimus,' fulminating in mimic thunder against the Court and the Ministry. They are fair imitations of the great original; imitations, of course, rather of the form than the spirit of Junius, and such perhaps as any clever youth with a taste for political writing, and versed in the popular style, might have been expected to produce. For some time politics and poetry went hand in hand. To this period may be safely assigned his longest satirical pieces, 'Kew Gardens,' the 'Whore of Babylon,' which is practically but a re-arrangement of the former, the 'Resignation,' and the 'Consuliad.' Coarse and scurrilous as these poems too frequently are, they yet contain many passages which, in vigour and facility of expression, and in harmony of verse, prove that he had not studied in vain the masterpieces of Dryden, Pope, and Churchill, and strengthen the supposition that, had he lived, he in his turn might have won no obscure position among English satirists.

He took up his quarters at Shoreditch, in the house of a plasterer named Walmsley, where also lodged one Mrs. Ballance, a relative of his mother, and the only one of his relations in London with whom he seems to have cultivated any degree of friendship. His first visits were to the publishers—to Hamilton, of the 'Town and Country Magazine,' Edmunds, of the 'Middlesex Journal,' and Fell, of the 'Freeholders' Magazine,' a paper lately started in the interests of Wilkes. Nor was Dodsley forgotten—Dodsley, to whom his name was familiar only as that of an impudent boy who had tried to cheat him out of a guinea by a lame story of an old manuscript. From all, he wrote to his mother, his design received the greatest encouragement. The amount of encouragement with which the cautious and prospering Dodsley received his sanguine visitor was probably not large, but the others were doubtless more cordial. To

Edmunds

Edmunds and Hamilton his work was already known, and Fell, who had yet his way to make, and was not particular how he made it, was naturally glad enough to enlist the services of any smart young fellow, with an itch for writing and too poor to bargain for terms.

When he wrote of his design, it is doubtful whether he could have assigned any meaning to the word, beyond a general determination to take the world of letters by storm. He had brought with him to London, besides his satirical poems, all the cherished fabrications of Rowley—'*Ælla*,' which he considered, and justly considered, as his masterpiece, the '*Battle of Hastings*,' the '*Bristowe Tragedy*,' the '*Tournament*,' and many another piece of '*antique pageantry*' in verse and prose; but what action he proposed to take with regard to them, or whether he had, indeed, resolved on any action, is alike uncertain. It is not even certain that he ever turned his hand to the work during his life in London. It is known, indeed, that the '*Balade of Charitie*,' one of the finest of his writings, was rejected by Hamilton for the July number of his magazine, but there is some doubt about the date of this poem. It has been also surmised that among the fragments of manuscript, with which his room was found strewn after his death, may have been those works to which reference is made in his own notes to Rowley, and of which Barrett professed to have seen some portions, but of which all traces have perished.\* But this is conjecture only. It is certain that beyond a vague allusion to some secret source of wealth, to be used as inclination or opportunity prompted, he made no mention of these compositions to any of his new friends, nor, after his failure with Walpole, did he engage in any fresh attempt to force them upon public notice. The truth, we suspect, is, that he had begun to lose faith in the feasibility of his original design. He was beginning to realize that it was not Rowley who must introduce Chatterton, but Chatterton who must introduce Rowley; that the present must first be won, before such as he could claim sufferance for the past. Like many a better man before and since, he began to recognize that genius is not always so marketable a commodity as industry: that if he wished to live to write, he must first write to live, and that to earn his daily bread he must lay aside for the time the pride and ample pinion on which he had hoped to win the upper air, and stoop to some humbler flight.

He set himself bravely to the task, nor was it long before the prospect brightened. Beckford, the famous father of a more

\* See the Aldine Edition, vol. i. p. xcv. note.

famous son, in the year of his mayoralty was, next to Wilkes, the most popular man in the City of London. The town rang with his daring championship of the imprisoned favourite, his frequent petitions to the throne, and finally his personal remonstrance to the King himself. On him, therefore, Chatterton fixed his eyes. He addressed to him a letter, in which Beckford's conduct was described as meriting the warmest thanks an Englishman could give, and in a few days he followed up his letter in person. He was graciously received, praised for what he had already written, and allowed to address to his Lordship a second letter on the same subject. This letter was to appear in no less a paper than the '*North Briton*,' a resuscitation of Wilkes's famous periodical, then in the hands of a seditious printer named Bingley.

Chatterton was in a fever of anticipation: and indeed he might fairly then have thought that the tide of evil fortune was on the turn. The favour of Beckford meant the favour of the Corporation and the City of London, and the favour of the Corporation and the City of London might well be construed to mean certain employment and lucrative pay to a young fellow with a smart turn for political writing, and willing to go any lengths in the popular cause.

At this juncture Beckford died. His death caused great excitement and great disappointment among many, but on no one did the blow fall heavier than on Chatterton. For some days, it is said, he was as one out of his mind, and could do nothing but cry that he was ruined. Yet, even before Beckford's death, it is clear that he had contemplated the possibility of a reaction, and made his preparations for a change of front. There may be read among his works a letter addressed to Lord North, gravely eulogizing the Government for rejecting the remonstrance of the City. This letter, which is signed '*Moderator*,' was never published, but it bears the same date as that signed '*Probus*,' which was to have made his fortune in the '*North Briton*.'

For this letter Chatterton has been severely censured by moralists, who appear to have forgotten both the age and the condition of the writer. That their censure is justified by the strict code of morality we do not dispute, nor that the identification of '*Probus*' with '*Moderator*' would be sufficient in ordinary circumstances to establish a very serious charge of political dishonesty. But the circumstances in which these letters were written were not ordinary circumstances. It is ridiculous to dignify the unformed fancies of a boy of seventeen by the title of a political faith. That Chatterton's predilections were in  
favour

favour of what was known as the Popular or Patriotic party is evident. Such nearly always have been, and will be, the predilections of people in his class of life, nor are precocious young poets in any class of life generally to be found in the ranks of the Tories. But his object was not to advance the interests of men who did not care the value of one number of the 'North Briton' whether he lived or starved. His object was to advance himself and his own interests. If the surest and speediest way to effect this object was to lampoon the King and his Ministers, well and good. But he was already beginning to be doubtful of the advantage to be derived from espousing the cause of the Patriots. The Ministers had bestirred themselves lately, and after the prorogation of Parliament a regular crusade had been commenced against the Opposition press. Woodfall, of the 'Public Advertiser,' Almon, of the 'London Museum,' Miller, of the 'Evening Post,' were all within a short time of each other brought up before Lord Mansfield to answer a charge of circulating seditious libels. The newspapers became cautious. Their proprietors were in no mood to earn political martyrdom, in order that a young and unknown scribbler might put a few shillings into his empty pockets. Had Beckford lived, it is probable that 'Decimus' and 'Probus' would have continued to write; but Beckford died, and the occupation of 'Decimus' and 'Probus' was gone. Chatterton, in short, was determined not to starve if he could help it: his pen was the only means he possessed to procure him his daily bread, and that pen he determined to employ in any way that might be found to furnish the most regular and abundant supply. It is easy to apply hard names to this resolve. It is easy to say that a less keen appreciation of interest, and a more keen appreciation of principle, would have been more becoming to one of his years. But the sternest political moralists are mostly those who survey the strife of parties from the serene table-land of a rich and elegant leisure: the most inflexible patriots those who have least to lose by their patriotism. It is related of Sheridan that, being once present when a brilliant company were extolling the honesty and firmness of the Whigs, he passionately exclaimed with tears that it was easy for rich men to boast of their patriotism and keep aloof from temptation, but what was to be said for those who with equal pride and equal talents had never known what it was to have a shilling of their own?

With Beckford's death ended Chatterton's career as a political writer. 'All must now be Ministerial or entertaining,' he wrote to his friend Carey at Bristol on June 29th; and as it was necessary, he had discovered, for a Ministerial writer to publish

at

at his own expense, he resolved to put politics aside for the time, and devote himself to being entertaining. His efforts in this direction may still be read. They consist for the most part of short papers after the fashion first made popular by the exquisite wit and matchless style of Addison, but afterwards brought into contempt by a host of nameless scribblers, who mistook dulness for wisdom and indecency for wit, nor wholly redeemed by the keen sense and grave morality of Johnson. Chatterton went for his models to the later rather than the earlier school. His knowledge of English literature had not, we suspect, increased much since he first laid out his pence among the circulating libraries of Bristol. Camden's 'Britannia,' Holinshed's 'Chronicles,' and Geoffrey of Monmouth's 'History of the Britons,' were unquestionably valuable books to any one engaged on such a work as then occupied his attention; but they were not the books from which a boy was likely to acquire a very perfect style of English composition, or a very sound idea of the copiousness and variety of the English language. That he had read Dryden, Pope, and Churchill, his verses abundantly prove: it is no less obvious that he had a tolerable acquaintance with Shakspeare and Gray, and a slight smattering of Chaucer and Spenser. But of English prose composition of the better kind he seems to have been as completely ignorant as the Tory squires whose votes annulled the Middlesex election, and far more ignorant than the honest citizens of Bristol whose dulness and illiberality he so bitterly resented. Yet of the models he selected he managed to produce very fair copies.\* They are, indeed, quite as good, which is to say quite as bad, as their originals. They are as easily written, as flippant, as coarse, and, it must be added, as dull, as though they were the work of one who had grown grey in Grub Street. Yet they afford additional evidence, were such needed, of his unrivalled powers of imitation, of his extraordinary mastery over his pen, and of his capacity to adapt himself to any style of composition he chose to select. It is impossible to doubt that one so quick to inform himself with the spirit and personality of others might, in happier circumstances, have produced some great original work of his own.

Nor was this the only form of entertainment he attempted. Shortly after his arrival in London he had picked up in the pit of Drury Lane an acquaintance, from whom in his letters home he professed the highest expectations. Translating these

\* Sometimes his copies deserve a different epithet. One of them, the 'Story of Maria Friendless,' is, in many passages, an almost literal transcript of Johnson's 'Story of Misella,' in the 'Rambler,' Nos. 170, 171.

romances into the language of common sense, it should seem that his new friend was in some way concerned with a music-publisher who had an interest in the Marylebone Gardens; that Chatterton, who had a quick ear for music, had written some songs for him, and that one or two of these being set to a merry tune, and sung by Bannister, or some other favourite of the day, had become popular with the town. Elated by his success, he determined on a more elaborate composition. Among his manuscripts he had some portions of a musical extravaganza, begun in the previous year. This he now unearthed, corrected, polished, finished, and sold to the manager of the Gardens for five guineas. Like all his later work, there is nothing original in it; but the versification is easy, and if set to lively music would probably have been fully up to the standard of the place and time. It is certainly beyond all comparison superior in every point to the pieces of the same class which are found so attractive at the present day.

These five guineas constitute the whole of his recorded earnings for the month of July. About this phase of the story there is, indeed, but little mystery. It is difficult to determine accurately his particular share in the various periodicals for which he wrote during his London career. He did not always employ the same signature even in the same paper, nor was it till many years after his death that any attempt was made to rescue these poor remains from their dusty and forgotten graves. It is certain, however, that for whatever he did he was miserably paid, when paid at all. Thus, for the 'Consuliad,' a poem of two hundred and fifty lines, he received from Fell but ten shillings and sixpence; and the same sum from Hamilton for no less than sixteen songs. It has been calculated on good grounds that his entire earnings for the months of May and June did not exceed twelve pounds at most.

This fact, more than volumes of charitable hypotheses, disposes of the theory, advanced by certain biographers, that it was not neglect that drove Chatterton to starvation and suicide, but his own dissipated and immoral habits. How much he brought with him to London is not known, but we may be sure that it was very little; of the miserable pittance his pen procured him we have the clearest evidence. Yet he contrived to keep himself out of debt, to provide himself with decent clothes, and even from time to time to make presents to his family and friends at Bristol. In his living he was abstemious even to asceticism, drinking nothing but water, and rarely touching animal food. Of his industry there can be no question. Ample testimony is forthcoming of the mode in which he passed his



time when lodging at the Walmsleys. The morning was spent in writing, a ramble through the streets followed, or a visit to the Chapter Coffee-house or Tom's—the favourite resorts in those days of the booksellers and their workmen: sometimes, but very rarely, he would treat himself to a seat in the pit of Drury Lane, or a glimpse of the fashionable world in the gardens of Ranelagh. But on most evenings he was back in his little room at an early hour, and there he would sit plying his busy pen far into the night, and often till the morning dawned, till Walmsley's nephew, who shared his room, might well wonder what manner of being was this, who cared neither to eat nor sleep. Where then did he find either the time or the money for the riotous living or loose behaviour with which he has been charged? and without time and money even the worst intentions are apt sometimes to miscarry. To speculate gravely on the religious convictions and moral qualities of a lad of seventeen seems to us an idle thing. Like many other young fellows, Chatterton no doubt thought it fine to talk freely and jestingly on subjects which he did not understand, and there are unquestionably many passages in his writings of doubtful morality, and sometimes even of gross indecency. But it was both a free-thinking and a free-speaking age. His hero, the debauched and shameless Wilkes, was a bad guide for a young poet and philosopher to follow. His own religious education had been of the slightest, and from an early age he had been left to his own devices, to keep what company and think what thoughts he pleased. To the allusions in his letters to his amorous adventures among the girls at Bristol we are inclined to pay little attention; they are, we suspect, much on a par with the confessions of deep drinking and high play, with which Byron delighted to shock his female correspondents when a lad at Cambridge. A boy who talks irreverently about religion, or indecently about women, deserves a sound flogging, but he does not deserve to be branded as an atheist or a libertine. What Chatterton might have been in different circumstances, it is idle to conjecture. His passions were strong, his imagination quick, his appearance manly and pleasing. He might have proved, for aught we can tell, the greatest rake and scoffer of the time, more ingenious in wickedness than Dashwood, more constant than Sandwich, more brazen than Wilkes. He may have been, for aught we can tell, in theory, all and more than all his enemies maintain; but that he was not such in practice, is as certain as anything in his life is certain. To assert that a boy who had rarely a shilling in his pocket, who within six troubled years produced more work than many a distinguished

man



man has left behind him after a long life of studious ease, who lived on bread and water, and who died before he was eighteen, was an idler and a profligate, is to assert what is contrary alike to charity, to reason, and to common sense.

Early in July he changed his lodging from Shoreditch to Brook Street, Holborn. The house still stands, the first on the west side of the street, within sound and sight of the roar and bustle of the great thoroughfare. Till a very recent period it was inhabited, but it is now empty and fast falling to decay.\* He assigned no reason to the Walmsleys for his departure. He had not quarrelled with them, though Mrs. Ballance had rallied him on what she was pleased to term his 'poetings,' telling him that a poet was one who lived upon other people till he starved, and urging him to give up playing the fine gentleman and take to some honest profession. It is probable that he had begun to realize the fact, that he had undertaken a work beyond his powers, and that, unless some good genius intervened, he was not unlikely to afford a practical illustration of his relative's definition of a poet. His pride forbade confession to the only friends he had in London, nor could it bear the thought, that they, who had been the first in that new world to learn his golden dreams of wealth and fame, should be the first to detect the fading of the beautiful vision. Without a word of warning or excuse he left them, to hide his struggles, and it might be his shame, elsewhere.

For his heart was now failing him fast. In those days the London season began and ended much earlier than now, and by the end of June the town was as empty as it is now in September. Parliament had long been up; the weather was sultry; every one who could afford the time or the means was away. His patrons were growing tired of him and of his writings. His clothes were shabby; his shoes in holes. He could show himself no longer in the Coffee-houses or at the Gardens. His days were passed in long and aimless rambles through the hot, dusty streets, or in the deserted parks; his nights in melancholy broodings over broken hopes and wasted energies. If he wrote at all, it was from sheer habit, or to dull the morbid fancies of his uneasy brain. The publishers had as much of his work on hand as they cared for; they would take no more; it was doubtful whether they would print what they had already got, and it was very certain that they would pay for nothing that they had not printed.

But though his heart was breaking, his pride remained erect

\* Since this article was written, the house has given way before the march of modern improvement.

and tameless, and with his pride something, we would fain hope, of a better and a kindlier feeling. He still continued to send home letters full of high resolve and confidence, of great things achieved, and greater yet to come, and these letters, read, as they are now to be read, by the light of fact, form one of the wildest and most painful chapters of his life. Towards the end of July, when all hope almost had gone from him, he tells his sister, 'I am about an oratorio which when finished will purchase you a gown. . . . I have an universal acquaintance; my company is courted everywhere.' He promises to be among them without fail by the first of the new year, when his 'History of London,' to be published in monthly numbers, shall have been fairly started. A short while previously he had sent them with the last of his poor earnings a little present—some china for his mother, for his sister a pretty fan, some snuff for his grandmother. None of them are forgotten. 'Be assured,' he writes, 'whenever I have the power, my will will not be wanting to testify that I remember you.' We cannot blame him for the deceit, nor do we envy the man who can smile at these 'wild and whirling words.' We must allow, indeed, for the existence of another and less generous motive; for a malicious satisfaction in the thought that the tale of his success would go abroad, and that, while comforting those he loved, he was confounding those whom he hated with a hatred to which the sense of failure added fresh bitterness. Yet where there is so little that it is possible to approve, and so much that it is impossible to excuse, charity demands that all that can be shall be placed to the credit of the sinner, nor can morality's self refuse to this unhappy boy some extenuating circumstances in this the last imposture of his life.

The letter to his sister from which we have quoted is dated July 20th, and if not the last received from him, is the last that has survived. There is, however, extant one of later date addressed to George Catcott. It is confused, bitter, and desponding, the expression of a mind at war with itself and all the world. The most important passage in it is the following, at the close: 'I intend going abroad as a surgeon. Mr. Barrett has it in his power to assist me very greatly by his giving me a physical character.' When this notion first entered into Chatterton's head, or what qualifications for the post he conceived himself to possess, it is difficult to guess. While in Lambert's office he had turned over some of the medical works in Barrett's library, and among the few friends he had made in London was one Cross, an apothecary, who lodged near him in Brook Street. From the latter he had probably learned that the qualifications of a ship's surgeon, and particularly the surgeon

surgeon of a ship bound to Africa, were not very curiously examined. From Barrett's books we may suppose he had borrowed a smattering of medical phraseology, and with this, and his glib tongue and confident bearing, he had doubtless contrived to persuade the simple apothecary that such qualifications, at least, he possessed.

Barrett refused, and very properly refused, for it is clear that Chatterton's claims were even less than Goldsmith was able to advance in very similar circumstances. We cannot blame Barrett, but we must pity Chatterton. It was his last attempt to cling to life, and it failed.

The end was now at hand. On the evening of the 20th or 21st of August, he supped with Cross on oysters, and was observed to eat voraciously, as one who had not tasted food for a long time. There is reason to suppose that he never tasted it again. On the evening of the 24th his landlady begged him to dine with her. He declined with all his old haughtiness, alleging that he was not hungry, though his looks, as she afterwards declared, showed him to be three parts starved. Shortly afterwards he left the house. He was heard to return, to ascend the stairs, to enter his room, to lock the door. The next morning he was not seen at the usual hour, nor was any sound heard within his room. The door was broken open, and he was found stretched upon his bed, cold and stiff. A pinch of arsenic in a glass of water had released him for ever from the intolerable burden of life.

An inquest was held on the following day, a verdict of insanity was returned, and on the 28th the body, wrapped in a pauper's shell, was laid privately in the ground attached to Shoe Lane Workhouse, on which Farringdon Market now stands.\* Early in the present century a report was circulated by George Cumberland, a relation of the dramatist, that the body was rescued from this common earth and sent down to Bristol, where it was secretly interred by night in the churchyard of St. Mary Redcliffe. The tale rests on no substantial foundation, but it is one which few would be sorry to believe. There is a mournful pleasure in the thought that, after the fitful fever of his brief life, the poor boy sleeps at last within the precincts of that noble building, beneath whose shadow he was born, and with whose name his own will remain for ever linked.

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\* The register that records Chatterton's burial records also the baptism of Richard Savage, born seventy-four years earlier in a garret in Fox Court, not a stone's-throw from the garret in Brook Street. Nor does the coincidence end here, for Savage died in the debtor's jail of the very city where nine years later Chatterton was born.

Even in the immediate neighbourhood, Chatterton's death attracted at the time but little if any notice. In the two numbers of the 'Town and Country Magazine' immediately following, several of his pieces appeared, but not a word of the writer's untimely end. At last the strange silence was broken. The third number contained an elegy 'To the Memory of Mr. Thomas Chatterton, late of Bristol,' from the pen of Carey, the best loved and most faithful of his friends. Poor as the tribute is, it is yet no poorer than most of those with which, after the fashion of the day, a host of nameless poetasters made haste to inscribe their names on the tomb of departed genius. But Chatterton has not always been so unfortunate in his encomiasts. His name and fate will last as long as the English language lasts, enshrined in the verse of two of the great masters of English poetry.

But though the author was left unheeded in death as in life, the interest in his works was daily increasing. As early as 1773, a partial and very imperfect collection of the Rowley Manuscripts was shown to Warton by the Earl of Lichfield, and some of them, though he declined to vouch for their authenticity, the Professor incorporated in the second volume of his 'History of English Poetry.' While this volume was still in the press, a complete and accurate version of all the manuscripts that could be collected at Bristol was given to the public. It ran rapidly through three editions, and to the third was appended a minute and critical enquiry into the whole question at issue, which may be said to have practically dealt Rowley his death-blow. Tyrwhitt, it was soon known, was both editor and critic, and all who have followed Tyrwhitt have had reason to be thankful that a work so difficult was first undertaken by such competent and skilful hands. In truth, he was, of all who engaged in the controversy, the most competent, if not the only one competent, to form a correct judgment, for he alone among them could claim a critical knowledge of the language in which such a person as Rowley would have written; and all subsequent research, though by the discovery of fresh material it has greatly widened the field of criticism, has only served to confirm the truth that Tyrwhitt was the first to establish.

Public curiosity was now fairly roused. It was known that there had been some correspondence between Walpole and this extraordinary boy, and hard things began to be whispered about the former. Walpole, serious for once in his life, published a full, spirited, and dignified vindication of his conduct, which was then, and ever since has been, considered completely satisfactory by all save those who believe, or profess to believe,

believe, that it is the privilege of the rich to grind the faces of the poor. Walpole, however, though he told all he knew, had, in truth, very little to tell, nor was it till the year after the publication of his letter, in 1780, that the full story in all its melancholy details was given to the world.

Early in 1779, all classes of society had been startled to hear that the beautiful Miss Reay, known to half England as the mistress of the Earl of Sandwich, who then sat at the head of the Board of Admiralty, had been shot in the piazza of Covent Garden by a clergyman of the name of Hackman. With a second pistol the murderer had attempted his own life, but the wound was slight, and he recovered to pay the last penalty of the law at Tyburn. Before taking orders, Hackman had been a captain in the 68th Foot; while on recruiting service at Huntingdon he had met Miss Reay, had fallen violently in love with her, and, according to some, had not loved in vain. The murder, and the romantic circumstances attending the murder, excited the greatest sensation in London. The magazines were full of it; Walpole, the great master of scandal, had every detail at his fingers' ends; Boswell sat by the side of the murderer in the fatal cart; among the crowd at the gallows was the Earl of Carlisle, commissioned to report on the proceedings to his friend George Selwyn. But the most remarkable issue of the whole affair was the publication in the following year of a volume bearing the strange title of 'Love and Madness,' and professing to contain a correspondence between Hackman and his victim. The letters, which were at first accepted as genuine by many, including Walpole, were soon known to be the invention of Herbert (afterwards Sir Herbert) Croft, a dabbler in literature, who is remembered, if remembered at all, for a very bad life of Young, inserted among Johnson's famous biographies. They are vigorously—and sometimes more than vigorously—written, and may be supposed to present with some truth the condition of a mind driven to madness by unsatisfied though not unrequited passion. But the only interest the book now possesses arises from the minute and ample memoir of Chatterton contained in one of the letters, and supposed to have been compiled by Hackman at the lady's request. Of all persons then living, Croft was in possession of the best opportunities for arriving at a correct knowledge of the facts, for he happened to be the landlord of the house in Shoreditch in which Chatterton had first lodged. From Walmsley and Mrs. Ballance he learned all that they could tell him, and by them he was put on the right track for pursuing his enquiries both in London and Bristol. The story he was thus enabled to disclose has remained in  
substance

substance the story that all later generations have learned, and subsequent biographers, though they have amplified and adorned the materials he first collected, have added little and corrected nothing.

Despite the sober and exact reasoning of Tyrwhitt, supported as it was by the influence of Warton's learning and position, he was not suffered to hold the lists unchallenged. Bryant reviewed the whole question with a vast parade of archæological and philological lore, and came to the solemn conclusion that the poems of Rowley were genuine productions of the fifteenth century. Thereupon arose a furious controversy, which exceeded in duration, if not in heat, the famous quarrel between Bentley and the Scholars of Christchurch, and which, indeed, has even within our own time shown signs of a languid survival.\* Into the evidence with which the champions of Rowley endeavoured to support their cause it is unnecessary to enter. Yet time, though it has not robbed, and never can rob, the name of Chatterton of its own peculiar and melancholy interest, may have somewhat dulled the point of that wonderful irony of Fate which forced upon the empty skull the wreath rejected by the living head. To recal briefly some of the most swashing blows by which the fabric of Rowley was demolished, may still perhaps be found interesting, and shall not, we promise, be found tedious.

Rowley, writing in the earlier part of the fifteenth century, employs sometimes the Pindaric metres, and sometimes blank verse; two forms of rhythm as familiar to that century as photography or the steam-engine. The first English poet to use blank verse was the unfortunate Surrey, who lived nearly a century later: the first to employ the Pindaric measures was Abraham Cowley. Rowley indulges in the most flagrant plagiarisms from Spenser, Shakspeare, Dryden, Pope, and Gray. Gower and Lydgate, to leave Chaucer out of the question, may still be read. Their language and sentiments are barbarous, their verse rugged and unmusical. Rowley, who though somewhat their junior, may still be styled their contemporary, was master of a luxuriance of thought and energy of expression which would not have disgraced Dryden, while the harmony of his numbers may in many passages be compared not unfavourably with the sweetness of Waller, or even of Pope. Many of the words employed by Rowley did not come into use till some years after his death; many others had grown into disuse long before he was born.

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\* See '*Chatterton: an Essay*,' by the Rev. S. R. Maitland, F.R.S. and F.S.A. London, 1857.



His dialect, even where it is not manifestly Chatterton's own invention, is not the dialect of one people in one age, but of many people in many ages. Here, we think, we may be content to stop. But in truth any reader of these poems, possessed of an average knowledge of English literature, should be able beneath their flimsy veil of archaism to detect for himself, even without the assistance of Mr. Skeat, the hand not of the fifteenth but the eighteenth century. Yet the leaders of the forlorn hope fought bravely, despite the terrible array against them, Tyrwhitt, Malone, Johnson, Stevens, Gray, Mason, Gibbon, Percy, the two Wartons, all cased in armour of proof, and invulnerable from head to heel. On the other side the names of Jacob Bryant, Mathias, Langhorne, and Milles, alone survive. Of these, the last published, five years after Tyrwhitt, a magnificent edition of the poems, containing a glossary, a large variety of notes, a meagre biography of Chatterton, and a voluminous and triumphant dissertation on Rowley; but he will probably survive only in the contemptuous phrase in which he has been gibbeted by Coleridge, as an owl mangling a dead nightingale.

The noise of the battle has long since died away: the phantom of Rowley has faded into thin air. But the name of Chatterton still lives. It is not improbable that many who have a general knowledge of his life have never read a single line of the works which give that life its interest and its worth. Some have doubtless been repelled by indifference for the matter; some by disgust for the manner, though this is an excuse which, since the publication of the Aldine Edition, can be no longer allowed. But no one who wishes to acquire a complete knowledge of English poetry, and indeed of English literature, can afford to omit the 'Rowley Poems' from his course of study. If before sitting down to read them he first informs himself of all that has been written on them, he will in all probability be grievously disappointed, for, in truth, more foolish things have been said about Rowley than about Chatterton. Some, who steadily set their faces against the truth, have not hesitated to place the poems above the works of Homer, of Virgil, of Spenser, even of Shakspeare; others again, less obstinate or less ignorant, have yet rated them above their real value. It was, perhaps, a necessary consequence of such extravagance, that by some critics they should have been treated with a contempt which assuredly they do not deserve. Despite their originality—and notwithstanding their frequent and audacious plagiarisms, there is much in them that is original,—despite their vigour and felicity of expression, and the harmony of their numbers, their chief claim to distinction must still lie in the circumstances of their



their composition. The dawn they may be of a brilliant genius, but it is the dawn only. Had they been the work of a man in the full maturity of his intellect, well nurtured, well taught, and well read, they would have deserved to endure only as a painful monument of wasted industry and abilities meanly misapplied. But when it is considered that they were written by a boy who died before he had completed his eighteenth year, who wanted every advantage of birth, fortune, and education, and whose only patrons were his own ambition, talents, and energy, they must ever rank among the most remarkable products of the human intellect, and assure their author no mean position among the sons of English song.

Thus lived and died Thomas Chatterton, the victim not of a cold and heartless world, but of his own ill-regulated and devouring passions. The world, it is true, denied him bread, but it was his own unsound and malicious disposition, his own misplaced pride, his own distorted ambition, that darkened the world's face against him. Yet, so tremendous was the penalty he paid for his errors, that we are apt to forget the one while we shudder at the other. Sympathy must not be suffered to override justice, if we would read aright the solemn lesson of his fate; yet, when all the circumstances of his unhappy life are recalled, from the day when first he donned the charity boy's gown to the day when he was found dead in his garret, it is difficult to decide where sympathy should end and justice begin.

'Chatterton,' wrote Byron, 'I believe was mad.' Many arguments have been raised against this charitable hypothesis, but none have ever satisfied us that it is not the true one. Indeed, the chief objection to it has always seemed to us to lie in the number of difficulties it removes. Men are apt to be suspicious of too simple a solution of any question. We are not disposed to rest our conviction on the bare fact of his suicide. That at the precise moment when a man's hand is raised against his own life, in nine cases out of ten the balance of reason has swung awry, may, we suppose, be affirmed without much risk of contradiction. But with Chatterton the act was less, we suspect, the sudden impulse of a brain unhinged by bodily and mental suffering, than the deliberate purpose of an unsound mind. It is for science to determine its exact quality and proportion, but a less critical eye can detect the presence of the disease. The curse was upon him from his birth. The strange unsettled character and eccentric habits of the father, his love of study alternating with his love of low dissipation, his craze for the

the occult arts, and his belief in Cornelius Agrippa,\* the fits of mental aberration, if not of downright insanity, to which his sister was subject during the latter years of her life; from such evidence it is not unreasonable to deduce that the boy was born with an hereditary predisposition to madness. His own wayward childhood, his fits of silence, his fits of weeping, his love of solitude, his passionate craving for distinction, his aversion to all the ordinary pleasures and appetites of his age, prove still more clearly the unsound spot in his own mind. That under strict and wholesome control, and in a wider and more liberal range of circumstances, he might have been purged of this taint, and have grown to a ripe and honourable old age—is possible. But with such a temperament, such a beginning could scarcely have had a different end.

Nevertheless, it is clear there was no lack of method in his madness, nor can this hypothesis defend, though it may partially explain, his conduct. On the measure of his culpability an immense variety of opinion has been expressed. By some he has been censured in terms which would not be thought lenient if applied to a Fauntleroy or a Roupell: by others he has been gently scolded, as we scold a mischievous schoolboy for a prank played on a disagreeable visitor. One of his latest biographers has set up the excuse, that he was forced into deceit by the ignorance and obstinacy of his patrons. It is scarcely necessary to expose the fallacy of such an argument. By a parity of reasoning, we suppose, no man must be convicted of obtaining money under false pretences, if it can be proved that he has exhausted every means of earning an honest livelihood. That his deceit was not the deceit of the vulgar impostor, who aims only at the pocket, may be admitted; yet he employed it as a means of obtaining money, and from the moment he so employed it, the mischievous schoolboy is forced from the scene. But though he took what he could get greedily, and complained bitterly that it was not more, it is tolerably clear that he neither loved money for its own sake, nor for the sake of what to a common appetite it could bring. We question, indeed, whether it was to him at any time more than a stepping-stone to fame. What action he would have taken, had he found Dodsley or Walpole as credulous as the wisacres of Bristol, or had he raised himself by legitimate exertions to an independent position, it is impossible to do more than guess; but there is at least as good reason to suppose that, when once he had succeeded in commanding the ear of a discriminating audience, he would

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\* See Professor Wilson's 'Life,' ch. i. pp. 4-6.

have thrown off his disguise, and avowed his identity with Rowley, as there is to suppose a motive for many other actions of his life which have been construed without any hesitation. For fame he had longed from childhood with a wild unreasoning passion, and he could scarcely have been unconscious that the fame he would have acquired by confessing the authorship of the tragedy of 'Ælla' or the 'Balade of Charity' would have immeasurably surpassed all that the acknowledged labour of his Muse could win. But his quick wit soon showed him how little such a confession was likely to profit him in Bristol. By such an audience as he would there command the poems of Rowley were valued only as the poems of Rowley; as the poems of Chatterton they were not worth the paper on which they were written. Literary impostures were the fashion of the day. Walpole had played the game himself: many clever men believed implicitly in Macpherson's 'Ossian.' Then from the false was born the true, and 'Chevy Chace' followed the ranting son of Fingal. The public mind was slowly awakening to the splendid heritage of the past, that past of which the boy had seen visions and had dreamed dreams, long before it had dawned upon him that there lay the way to that proud temple of Fame which shone before his longing eyes, so splendid and so inaccessible. Who would believe his report? who would listen to the poor foster-child of charity? But who at such a time would turn from the learned priest and poet, who thus marvellously lifted up his voice and sang from the dust and silence of three hundred years? And thus his interests went hand in hand with his task. The subjects of which he loved to write were the subjects of which his patrons affected to love to read. Ont of their affectation and their ignorance he might carve for himself a path into an ampler and more generous world, a world which should read, and praise, and reward, not Rowley but Chatterton.

Whether he ever measured his work by the correct standard of morality may well be doubted, but that he did not at first recognize the impropriety of his design may reasonably be believed. That neither his education nor his disposition were such as to ensure very strict notions of morality, is evident; but he was not without some notions of honour, and it is one of the strongest proofs of his want of moral perception, that it did not seem to him a dishonourable thing to accept money under false pretences. And stranger yet it is that his pride would suffer him to stoop to such an action. The strongest and most distinct feature in his character was a pride which would have been remarkable in a man, and in a boy was something altogether unwholesome and

and abnormal. Yet even in his pride there was a strange contradiction. It bade him hide his sufferings from those at whose hands he had a right to demand relief; it bade him starve sooner than be indebted to a friend for a meal. But it could not hinder him from begging favours from strangers, nor from turning on them with insolence when refused; it could not hinder him from earning money by dishonest means, nor from scoffing at the kindly fools he defrauded. It may be, as some have surmised, that in his last days his eyes were opened, and he saw more clearly; that his unbroken silence on the old imposture during his career in London, and his discontinuance, after his failure with Walpole, to find fresh dupes, may have arisen from a sense of proper shame, and a determination to walk no longer in the crooked path. This would indeed be a charitable solution of a somewhat difficult question. But the shame, we suspect, arose not from a new and clearer moral view, but from the old familiar pride. Repentance would have brought humility, and the sting would have been taken from confession. Confession, if it came at all, must come independent and unforced; it was an instrument to confound his enemies, not to save himself. It is probable, too, that among the conflicting passions that swayed within his whirling brain as he lifted the poison to his lips, the same feeling still held a foremost place. In that sad and shameful end to all his struggles and his hopes, it may well be that he saw, not what we see, the last despairing act of a mind abandoned alike by God and man, but a glorious triumph over a blind and selfish world. He died not conquered, but conquering: theirs was the loss, not his. There yet should come a time when they should recognize the value of the treasures they had rejected, and when in unavailing humiliation and remorse they should mourn the genius of which they were not worthy. Nor is it impossible that, in that supreme hour, his spirit may have passed the bounds of time, and contemplated with a bitter satisfaction the legacy of doubt, perplexity, and strife he had bequeathed to posterity.

The question of the degree of guilt he attached to the crime of suicide, or, in other words, the question of his religious opinions, is as difficult to decide, as any other question that presents itself in the consideration of this strange character. To him, in common with all who have sought a similar relief from the misery of life, may be allowed, we repeat, the benefit of the doubt, whether at the instant of its commission he was able to realize the nature of the act. But whether at any time his mind had formed a correct perception of the crime, or whether such a perception would have had strength to stay his hand, is  
a different

a different matter. To the levity with which he would sometimes treat religious subjects, and to his professions of scepticism, we attach, indeed, no more weight than we are inclined to attach to the occasional grossness of his writings as indications of a practised immorality. Both are, to our mind, but little more than the idle boasting of a vain untaught boy, who wished to be talked about, and early discovered that he was most likely to attain his wish by a bold departure from the commonplaces of religion and of decency. Yet in such matters, it is well to be reminded how short and easy is the stage from folly to sin; and it is clear that in Chatterton's mind there was, if not a dreary void, at least a painful confusion of idle and dangerous fancies. The fashionable cant of Atheism, indeed, he never affected, and in one of his poetical pieces he is at particular pains to forestal the charge, should it at any time be brought against him. 'I am no Christian,' he wrote in the last letter he ever penned, yet a short while before his death he had composed some verses breathing the very essence and spirit of Christianity. His religious doctrine appears, in short, to have been of a piece with all the other inconsistencies of his character. He professed at one time to scoff at Divine Revelation; 'reason, and not faith,' so ran his silly talk, 'must be man's true guide;' at another, he confesses that the 'mystic mazes' of the Divine Will are beyond the reach of human thought; and, with Pope, he subscribes to the doctrine that whatever is, is right. That he doubted, we may well believe; it is the nature of such minds to doubt. But that he had satisfied himself of the correctness of his doubts, or that his doubts had ever taken any definite shape, much less that he had constructed for himself a faith to take the place of that which had been offered him, it is impossible to believe. It seems, indeed, to us to be out of all reason to assign such a precocity of thought and decision even to so precocious an intellect as Chatterton's. Yet who among us can do more than conjecture, or pretend to read with certainty the riddle of this strange life? All speculations can end only where they began. After every argument has been exhausted, we can turn only with any degree of confidence to the words he himself desired to have placed upon his tomb, and which may now be read on the simple monument which within the last generation his native city has raised to his memory: 'Reader, judge not. If thou art a Christian, believe that he shall be judged by a Supreme Power. To that Power alone is he now answerable.'

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ART. IV.—1. *The Arctic Voyages of Adolf Erik Nordenskiöld 1858–1879.* By Alex. Leslie.

2. *The Threshold of the Unknown Region.* By Clements R. Markham, C.B. Fourth Edition. London, 1876.

3. *Mémoire sur la Possibilité de la Navigation Commerciale dans la Mer Glaciale de Sibérie.* Par A. E. Nordenskiöld. Stockholm, 1879.

4. *Expédition Polaire Suédoise de 1878—Passage du Nord-Est.* A. E. Nordenskiöld. Traduit du Suédois. Par F. Schultess. Upsala, 1879.

THE leader of a Swedish exploring expedition has lately performed the feat, hitherto unaccomplished, of sailing from the Atlantic to the Pacific, through the Circumpolar Seas. The North-West passage, so long the dream of navigators, has baffled us, and baffles us still. The still earlier enterprise of the sixteenth century in search of Cathay by a North-East passage has at length been accomplished at a single effort. The voyage is unprecedented, and Sweden, in the person of her explorer, scores the honours.

It is natural that we should look with curiosity for the earliest account of this great success, and welcome the earliest opportunity which presents itself of offering our congratulations to Professor Nordenskiöld who has achieved it. The appearance of Mr. Leslie's volume gives us the required opportunity, but the book itself is disappointing. The North-East passage occupies but a single chapter, and that chapter contains no material particulars which have not already been given to the world in the pages of magazines or in the proceedings of Geographical Societies. Mr. Leslie says in his preface:—

‘With Professor Nordenskiöld's kind permission, I had undertaken to prepare from the abundant materials that were available, a popular account of his Arctic voyages, before the North-east Passage Expedition was planned; and not to leave my work incomplete I have added a sketch of the history, as far as it is yet known, of this memorable voyage, by which when it is finished the *Vega* will, for the first time, have circumnavigated the twin continents of Europe and Asia. The slight outline here given will I trust increase the reader's appetite for the fuller details of the narrative which the illustrious explorer will write on his return home.’

After so modest a disclaimer it may seem harsh to be too critical, but a slight outline, as Mr. Leslie calls it, of Professor Nordenskiöld's explorations is hardly up to the requirements of the time. Several accounts of them already exist, and if any fresh narrative at all is given, it should at least be distinguished by



by completeness and accuracy from those which have heretofore been written. This is by no means the case as regards the book before us.

Nordenskiöld's Arctic expeditions of 1858 and 1864; his attempt to reach the Pole in 1868; and his expedition to the interior of Greenland in 1872, are already well known to those who care about Arctic affairs. They have been read both in the original reports of Professor Nordenskiöld himself, and in an English dress in Mr. Clements R. Markham's 'Threshold of the Unknown Region.'

The latter work is, indeed, such a magazine of useful information as regards the history of Polar discovery, that to readers who have not the time or inclination to go to the fountain-head and peruse the original narratives of the explorers themselves, it contains almost everything that can be desired.

Even to those who have from circumstances become familiar with the voluminous literature of Arctic exploration, Mr. Markham's book is an invaluable companion. It treats Arctic exploration in the way such a subject should be treated, as a whole. It is not a mere record of adventures—the interest of such a record would soon fade—but it keeps the main objects of polar exploration steadily in view. Without them, voyages in the dismal ice-fields of the North would be a useless, not to say an unjustifiable, risk of life. With them, sufferings endured become not the mere reward of folly, but the heroism of perils encountered for duty's sake. We cordially acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. Markham. The dates of voyages and the names of innumerable ships and explorers cannot easily be retained in the memory, and when referring for them to Mr. Markham's book, for the purposes of this review, we found ourselves impelled by the interest of the narrative to read on by no means for the first time. We closed the book with fresh admiration of the skill which had extracted the very pith and marrow of the narratives of the old sea-dogs whose writings Mr. Markham has epitomized. One of the greatest pleasures that a reader can enjoy is the consciousness that he may give himself up to the interest of the subject-matter, secure in the conscientious accuracy of his author; and the reader of Mr. Markham's work feels at every turn the guiding hand of the Scientific geographer, willing and anxious to prevent him from falling into the pitfalls of false names, distorted maps, and asserted priorities of discovery. Of such the geographical student learns betimes to be wary, for he knows by bitter experience how difficult it always is to unravel the tangled skein. Too often the map accompanying a volume of travel or exploration



is a mere sketch for the purpose of roughly laying down on its surface the main direction of the traveller's route. But to a true geographer such a map is *anathema*. To adopt (with variation) an old saying, 'It is worse than a fault, it is a crime.' Mr. Markham's maps are not only well executed, but are a real commentary on the text.

To Mr. Leslie we cannot with truth pay similar compliments. His book, dealing with well-known matter, had no legitimate *raison d'être*, unless it gave, not a mere detail of adventurous or even of scientific achievement, but the means of forming what the French call a *tableau d'assemblage*, a general view of the subject of which the particular voyage or scientific investigation is one of the features. Four-fifths of the book are occupied with Nordenskiöld's examinations of Spitzbergen; the voyages extend over twenty years, and have been often published; there is therefore absolutely no excuse for a new account unless the narrative were exceptionally complete and accurate, and the illustrations well executed. But the narrative fails in both particulars, and the maps are an encumbrance rather than a help—they are inaccurate and incomplete to a surprising extent. Harbours into which the ships are driven by stress of weather, or even those in which exploring parties winter, are not entered. And when, as was usually the case, a number of exploring parties went forth from some central depot, mapping, geologizing, and botanizing, giving names to every unnamed headland or prominent hill, the reader at last becomes somewhat indignant at finding all these details, without which the book is of no interest whatever, unnoticed on the map. If the book should ever attain to the dignity of a second edition, we strongly advise Mr. Leslie to tear up his map of Spitzbergen, and adopt the spirit, if not the words, of the late Mr. Poole, who, when a customer justly complained of the misfit of a garment, handed the offending article to his foreman, with the remark, 'Take this thing away, and make Mr. So-and-so a coat.'

Inaccuracy in maps which are designed to illustrate Exploring Expeditions, and to give the latest information regarding coasts not finally surveyed, is not inconvenient only: it is often the means of perpetrating injustice. We do not speak only of injustice inflicted on the reader, by putting him out of temper and wasting his time: these are minor evils. But when the face of a map is used for the purpose of taking sides in a keenly contested dispute without due notice of the fact, it becomes more than mere carelessness, and is distinctly unfair. To give an instance in point; the reader will find on Mr. Leslie's map, in latitude  $78^{\circ} 50'$ , and longitude  $26^{\circ} 30' E.$ , a coast marked Giles land. Mr. Leslie, though he marks Giles land on his

map, does not know what Giles land is or where it is. It is not for want of warning, for he has himself transcribed a page of Professor Nordenskiöld's journal, in which the professor assigns his reason for assigning the name of Giles land to the large island which English geographers know as Wiche's Island, after a worthy citizen of London. Mr. Leslie also transcribes in another part of his book a passage from Nordenskiöld's journal, in which he retracts his name 'Giles land,' and adopts a different appellation. But though Mr. Leslie calls the island Giles land, he does not remember in his text where he has stationed Giles land in his map. On page 150 he says that Nordenskiöld in one of his voyages 'intended to make for the Seven Islands,\* and thence to undertake excursions to the north and east to the alluring Giles land "das sagenhafte Land im Osten," as it is called by the Germans.' Now Nordenskiöld never intended anything of the kind. The land north-east of the Seven Islands, if it exists at all, which, as Nordenskiöld tells us, is uncertain, is not the place which Mr. Leslie has called Giles land in his map. Mr. Leslie has made a mistake of some 200 miles in latitude, if he supposes 'das sagenhafte Land im Osten' to be his Giles land. But let that pass; the matter we complain of is much more serious. Mr. Leslie in giving (on his map) the name Giles land to the land we English call Wiches land, has sided with foreign geographers against even his own author, and decided a question of priority of discovery without (as is usual in cases where names of semi-explored countries are in dispute) giving the two rival names till one or other is adopted by the general consent of geographers. It is probable that Mr. Leslie only blundered. But then, as we shall show, Nordenskiöld himself warned him not to blunder.

The story is this. In the opening years of the seventeenth century, the English and Dutch, then active rivals at sea, sent a succession of expeditions to the Spitzbergen waters. The edge of the ice which stretches in an unbroken line from Greenland to Spitzbergen became the resort of a large whaling fleet. Amongst other adventurers, the Muscovy and East Indian Companies sent in 1617 'fourteen sayle of ships,' as old Purchas tells us, to kill whales in the Spitzbergen seas. Amongst them was one 'of sixtie tons, with 20 men in her who discovered to the eastward of Greenland,† and as far north as seventie-nine degrees, an island which he called Wiches land, and divers other islands as by the map appeareth. They killed store of sea-horses there,' &c. Richard Wiche or Wyche was a merchant

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\* Islands to the N.E. of Spitzbergen.

† Greenland was the name then given to the Spitzbergen group.

of London, and a member of the Skinners' Company. He had been one of the promoters of the first East India voyage, in 1599, on which occasion he had subscribed 200*l.*, and undertaken the contract for beans and mustard. When the India Company received its charter, Wiche was one of the 215 knights, aldermen, and merchants, who were incorporated by it, and he was one of the first directors. When, therefore, Captain Edge gave the name of Wiches land to his island, he commemorated a name which the English have every reason to be proud of, and to wish to see retained. The whole of the north-west and north sides of Spitzbergen, with their fiords and off-lying islands, were delineated and named as the English mariners of the seventeenth century delineated and named them, till about 1870. Nordenskiöld in his various voyages, though he corrected and added to the old maps, confirmed their general accuracy. But Wiche's Island not having been again revisited, dropped into the category of doubtful lands, and occupied a similar position of questionable authenticity to that now held by Gilies or Giles land, which is said to lie to the north of it. Cornelis Gilies\* was a Dutch skipper, who sailed north of the Seven Islands, and afterwards turned to the south. In this southerly journey he saw to the north-east of Spitzbergen a land which has not yet been verified, but which lay, according to him, some hundred miles to the north of the northern part of Wiches land.† These two discoveries, Gilies land and Wiches land, became, in the maps of geographers who saw neither of them, confused together, and finally disappeared, or only appeared with a query in the maps. Thus when, in the latter half of the present century, Norwegian walrus-hunters again discovered Wiches land, 'the position of which is more southerly,' says Nordenskiöld,‡ 'than that given in the Dutch chart,§ the Norwegians called the land Giles land.' Thus Wiche dropped altogether out of the map. In 1864 Nordenskiöld himself saw Wiches land, and, following the Norwegian walrus-hunters, and perhaps knowing nothing of Captain Edge and his Wiches land, Nordenskiöld called the land Giles land. But a new complication arose. Dr. Petermann, the great German geographer, about 1870, incited his compatriots to join in the army of Arctic explorers. One of the expeditions, under the command of Baron von Heuglin and Count Zeil, in an exploration of the east coast of Spitzbergen, sighted the Wiches land of the English,

\* We should mention that the old mariner Cornelis Gilies spelt his name, or had it spelt for him, in many ways, e.g., Geiles, Giles, Gillis, as well as Gilies, under which he figures in the list of whaling captains by Gerret van Saute.

† He saw the land 'from lat. 80° E. of the Seven Islands.'

‡ Leslie, p. 244.

§ The chart made on Gilies' and Rep's observations.

the Giles land of Nordenskiöld; the account they gave of it was such that Petermann decided that it was part of a great continent, and ignoring all previous discoverers called it King Carl's land.\*

Nordenskiöld was not disposed to submit to this disregard of his observations. He marked the land Giles land on his map. The result was a dispute, which is thus referred to by Nordenskiöld:

'We were violently attacked on the subject by Petermann, who expressly declared that our remarks originated in envy and other discreditable motives. The great extension which Von Heuglin gave the land to the south led the English also to wish to identify it with that marked Wiches land in Purchas's map to the East of Spitzbergen, and to claim it accordingly as an English discovery. This claim, however, was also resisted in the most positive manner by Petermann.† Finally the question of the extent of the new or old land was completely settled in 1872, when three Norwegian whalers, Altman, Johnsen, and Nilsen, sailed round it and determined its extent. The observations of the Norwegians were arranged by Professor Mohr of Christiania, who, to put an end to the dispute about the name, proposed to call the land after the King of Sweden, King Carl's land. A settlement of the name question against which people in Sweden at least have no remark to make.‡

Here we have, then, Professor Nordenskiöld expressly assenting to the name King Carl's land, and yet in defiance of the warning contained in his own text, Mr. Leslie must needs in his map perpetuate the old error of calling the land Giles land. If he has finally determined to decide against the English claim, he might at least have given us the grounds for his opinion; but instead of this, he has decided against the English without reason given, and has assumed the rather ridiculous position of disregarding, without comment, the opinion of the man whose voyage he was describing.

The blunders of map-makers are a constant source of disturbance to geographers, and endless stories could be told of the damage that can be inflicted by inaccuracy or carelessness. One instance occurs to our recollection, which, as it concerns these very seas, we will mention. Niccolò Zeno, a member of a noble Venetian family, went in the fourteenth century on a voyage of discovery into the Northern Seas. He was wrecked on the

\* See 'Reisen nach dem Nordpolarmeer in den Jahren 1870-71, von M. Th. von Heuglin.' Braunschweig: G. Wietemann, 1872.

† Petermann disposed, as he thought, of the English claim by saying that Edge sighted his land due east from Stone Foreland, and that there is no land in that direction. The quotation from Purchas given above, and the latitude 79° given by Edge, proves that this objection is futile.

‡ Leslie, 'Nordenskiöld's Arctic Expedition,' pp. 245, 246.

Faroe Islands, and took service with Sinclair, the then powerful Earl of Orkney and Caithness. He was afterwards joined by his brother Antonio Zeno; and from the letters of the two brothers to a third brother, Carlo Zeno, a man well known in Venetian history, a narrative of the voyages of the two explorers was compiled and published in Venice in 1558. It seems that Niccolò Zeno, the writer of this compilation, when a boy, and ignorant of the value of his family archives, had torn up the full account which Antonio Zeno had written of his adventures, and in the account which he afterwards published Niccolò had to rely only on the letters to his ancestor Carlo, which fortunately had escaped destruction. While Niccolò's literary labours were in progress, there was found in the palace of the Zeni an old map, rotten with age, illustrative of Antonio Zeno's voyages. Niccolò Zeno took the unfortunate resolution of supplying from his own reading the details of the ancient map, and by this means threw into inextricable confusion the very clear text he attempted to illustrate. The consequence was that he caused to be lost, for nearly three centuries, all traces of the actual situation of a colony which had been planted on the shores of Greenland. The patient investigations of modern scientific criticism have only lately succeeded in distinguishing between the sophisticated and unsophisticated portions of Antonio Zeno's map, and the site of the lost colony is now known. But the story remains as a lasting warning to careless and ignorant map-makers.

It is perhaps unreasonable to complain of an author that he adheres too closely to the subject-matter of his work, but the absence of anything like a general sketch of Arctic exploration undoubtedly prevents the reader from appreciating the peculiar part which Professor Nordenskiöld has played in it. A dozen pages, passing in rapid review the various objects which former Arctic explorers had proposed to themselves, and pointing out where they had succeeded and where they had failed, would have enabled any one who takes Mr. Leslie's book in hand to follow Nordenskiöld with intelligent interest, as one successful in a particular direction amidst many failures.

It is true that in the second chapter Mr. Leslie prefaces the account of the Swedish Arctic Expeditions of 1858 and 1861 with a short notice of what had been done up to that time on the coast of Spitzbergen, but he leaves unnoticed the rest of the Arctic regions. Those whose main interest lies in seeing how the real problems of Arctic explorations have been solved by successive explorers, wish rather to see Nordenskiöld's place as an Arctic voyager defined, and his success compared with that  
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of others, than to have another account of his already sufficiently known adventures.

Injustice is done to the reputation of Nordenskiöld himself by this fragmentary way of dealing with his labours. He has been an Arctic explorer for years. As geologist, mineralogist, botanist, astronomer, surveyor, naturalist, he knows all the points of difficulty that are offered to an inquirer, and he has done much to throw light upon them all. But he has never lost sight of the fact that his own labours were but contributions to a general stock, and that it is only by the endeavours of a number of observers, working concurrently at different points, that the whole Arctic mystery will eventually be resolved. We learn this from his journals, and from the elaborate memoirs in which he sketched, for the Government he served, his plans for each successive expedition.

No accurate idea of Arctic exploration taken as a whole can be formed, without a knowledge of the geographical peculiarities which mark the theatre of operations. The Polar Seas are a vast lake, of which the Pole is the centre. Land surrounds it at the average distance of twelve hundred miles. One part of the shore is formed by the northern coasts of America; further to the west comes the long and dreary coast-line of the two Siberias, then the northern shores of European Russia, and Lapland. Greenland completes the circle. The shore of this great basin is continuous round the circle, except for three outlets. First, there are narrow sounds leading into Baffin Bay, between the west coast of Greenland and America; secondly, there is Behring Strait between America and Siberia; and thirdly, a wide opening, partially closed by Spitzbergen and Franz Joseph land, between Lapland and the eastern coast of Greenland.

The mainland round two-thirds of the polar basin terminates about 1000 or 1200 miles from the Pole; that is, speaking generally, along the seventieth parallel of latitude. But in many places the continental land is continued by islands lying closely packed together, which run up a great deal farther towards the North. To the north of Hudson's Bay, and to the north of Greenland, land stretches polewards at least as far as  $84^{\circ}$  north latitude, and possibly (this is one of the problems of polar exploration) to the Pole itself. Greenland may be part of a polar continent, but it is more probably a gigantic island. The neighbouring land, from which it is separated only by a narrow sound some few miles wide, covers a large expanse of surface, but is broken up by narrow channels into a perfect labyrinth of islands. This cut-up continent, or cluster of crowded



crowded islands—either name is equally appropriate—plays a great part in Arctic history. It has formed a trap into which many have sailed and not returned. But until comparatively recent times it was considered the most hopeful field for polar exploration. It is called, indifferently, the Parry Islands, or the Arctic Archipelago.

It is a curious fact, ascertained by the concurrent testimony of a crowd of explorers, that through each of the three outlets we have mentioned—namely, through Smith Sound into Baffin Bay, through Behring Strait into the Pacific Ocean, and through the East Greenland Sea into the Atlantic—a current sets constantly southwards from the Pole. The Gulf Stream, after warming the shores of the British Islands, and running upwards north-east along the coasts of Norway, enters the polar basin and runs towards the east. Drift-wood from the Mexican Gulf, and seeds and fruits from the Caribbean Seas, are found in Spitzbergen, as Nordenskiöld mentions in many of his journals. What then becomes of it? A little consideration will show that, entering the polar basin as a warm current, it must become gradually cold by contact with the ice, and, after passing eastward along the coasts of the two Siberias, part of it must flow southward through Behring Strait, and part must continue the circle along the shores of Alaska and North America, till it reaches the Parry Islands. There part must flow into Melville Sound, and finally reach Baffin Bay. Part must flow through Smith Sound into Baffin Bay, and what becomes of the remainder? That depends upon the answer to the question, is Greenland an island? If it is, the downward current which runs along Greenland's eastern shore is part of the gulf current which has, when it reaches the Greenland seas, performed the whole circuit of the polar basin. Of course long before it has completed the circuit it has ceased to be a warm current; it has sent branches in various directions; it has been diverted by counter-currents due to other causes in various localities; and, as some pretend, it has dived beneath opposing currents, and run as an under-current in its own course, while its temporary opponent runs as a surface-current in the opposite direction. If Greenland be not an island, the south-going current of East Greenland must be a branch of the Gulf Stream, which, split by the Spitzbergen Islands, impinges on land near the Pole, and is turned by it southwards along the East Greenland shore. This unsolved problem is one of great interest; geographers quarrel about it as fiercely as if they had more conclusive data to go upon than they actually possess. It was hoped that Commander Beaumont would set the matter at rest in 1876; and but



but for the breakdown of the health of his party he would probably have done so.

The whole of the polar basin, so far as it is known, is thickly studded with islands. Some of them, such as the Spitzbergen group and Novaya Zemlya, are of great extent. The Austrian expeditions of 1872-4 tend to show that Franz Josef Land, which is nearer the Pole than either, is also of important size.

Now, putting together the testimony of explorers of all nations and all times, it appears that from whatever direction the Pole is approached a field of ice is reached, at the distance of some 400 miles from the Pole, which differs entirely in character from any ice seen elsewhere. It would seem, though this too is an unsolved polar problem, that this vast ice-field is a solid floating cap on the axis of rotation of the world. It does not split up, as other ice-fields do, into lanes and channels, and so admit the passage of a ship. It offers a solid barrier, along the edges of which the mariner might sail round and round the Pole for ever if he were not stopped by lateral obstacles; but through the impassable ice-cap he would never force his way. Sir George Nares gave it the distinctive name, which has since been adopted by acclamation, of 'Palæocrystic ice.' This ice-field appears to sway to and fro within very narrow limits. It is very thick, and for that reason it floats deep and grounds at some distance from land. A channel is thus usually formed in which a ship can sail between the pack and the land. Sometimes, when the wind is off-shore, the pack floats away for a few miles, and the navigable channel between the edge of the pack and the land is broad and free from encumbrance. But a change of wind always brings it back. The channel, even while it exists, is not always navigable. It is closed by drift-ice, or detached pack-ice, or even ice that forms round the ship itself. But these latter kinds of ice are not permanent: they shift, and eventually give the mariner a chance of advance or escape. But the impassable polar pack gives him no chance for his ship, and is too rough for his sledges. This it is which forms the true difficulty—we will not say the impossibility—of reaching the Pole.

It may be remarked that the history of Arctic exploration divides itself into periods, in each of which the attainment of a different object was proposed. As one set of questions became decided, generally after years of patient and persistent endeavour, explorers by general consent turned their attention to another. For 200 years the attention of adventurers was directed to the Spitzbergen seas: thenceforward up to the time of Franklin, or rather of Maclure and the other brave commanders who searched  
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for Franklin, the accomplishment of a North-West passage was the general aim of all. After Franklin's disaster, the North-West passage was tacitly abandoned as impracticable; and the third phase of Arctic exploration began. In it successive expeditions were equipped for the purpose of local and systematic exploration of limited areas of the Arctic Circle.

This third period, too, has been succeeded by a fourth, in which, principally under Erik Nordenskiöld, attempts have been made at a passage North-East, instead of North-West, through the Arctic seas. We think that we shall best perform the task we have set before ourselves, namely, that of assigning to Erik Nordenskiöld his true place among Arctic explorers, by giving a rapid sketch of the way in which these periods succeeded each other, and the reasons which led the maritime nations of the world to successive modifications of their plans.

The Hakluyt Society have collected for us the voyages of early adventurers to the unknown region. Barents, the great Dutch pioneer of Arctic travel, discovered Novaya Zemlya in 1594, and the Spitzbergen group in 1596. Dr. Beke gave, in the Hakluyt Society's publication for 1853, an account of that great mariner's life and work. It is astonishing how accurately, with only the rude appliances of cross-staff and astrolabe, the old sailor fixed the positions of the places he discovered. Barents passed the winter of 1596 on the shores of Novaya Zemlya, and we believe he was the first civilized European who is ever recorded to have endured a winter within the Arctic Circle. Perhaps, indeed,

*'Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona,'*

but of them we have no record. Barents was more fortunate. The '*Vates sacer*' appeared for him in the person of honest old Gerrit de Veer, from whom we learn the details of the voyage. It is remarkable for one very curious incident. Barents, as we said, wintered on Novaya Zemlya. He built a house there, partly of drift-wood and partly of planks from the deck and fore-castle of his ship. A chimney was fixed in the centre of the roof, a Dutch clock was set up and made to strike the hours; bed-places were made along the walls, and a wine-cask was converted into a bath. There 'they made merrie on twelfth night with a little sack and two pounds of meal.' Gerrit de Veer gives a woodcut representing 'the exact manner of the house wherein we wintered.' This, it will be remembered, was in 1596. Spring came, and the early summer of 1597. Suddenly the ice broke up, the gallant Dutchmen left their house standing,  
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left their ship immovably frozen in, and took to their boats; and after many adventures reached home.

No one ever sailed to the desolate shore for two hundred and seventy-eight years. Then, in 1871, a Norwegian captain, Elling Carlsen, sailed for the first time, as he believed, into the bay. Barents's house was standing as the builders had left it. The clock, silent for near three centuries, was in its place, the bath in its corner, the bed-places against the wall. The halberd and muskets were in their old places, and strewed about were the carpenter's tools, the drinking-vessels, the instruments, the books, and a pair of little boots that had belonged to the ship's boy, who formed one of the company, and who died during the winter. The relics are all carefully preserved in the Naval Museum at the Hague, where a house, open in front, in exact imitation of Gerrit de Veer's engraving, has been built to receive them.

On Henry Hudson, an English sailor, descended the mantle of Barents. He followed the polar ice from Greenland to Spitzbergen. His voyages were commercially of vast importance, for they opened out the whale fishery in the Spitzbergen seas.

Discovery and enterprise were mainly confined to the Greenland and Spitzbergen seas for 200 years after the time of Hudson. Whalers and sealers went every year along the edge of the polar pack. Experience, as time went on, taught them the best position for pursuing their fishery at different times of the year. But though hundreds of vessels, making in all probably thousands of voyages, pressed up to the edge, not one ever penetrated far beyond the edge. The floating mass sometimes pushed a few leagues to the south, in some years it retreated a little to the north. But in 1827, it occurred to Sir Edward Parry to use his ship merely as a base of operations, and to start across the Palæocrystic ice in sledges. Sledge-travelling, which has since been reduced to a science, was then comparatively unknown. Sir Edward Parry was its pioneer. He started, leaving his ship, the 'Hecla,' in lat.  $81^{\circ} 5'$  on the north coast of Spitzbergen. He attained a very high latitude: nearer the Pole than any man has ever since attained, till Markham beat it in his wonderful sledge journey from the 'Alert,' in Sir George Nares's expedition of 1875. Parry would have gone much further, had it not been for the circumstance that at the time of their journey the whole ice-field on which his sledges were travelling drifted towards the south, so that in proportion as, with incredible toil, they advanced towards the north, the very ground beneath their feet, so to speak, carried them south at the rate of four miles a day. When they turned home-

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wards, they had travelled over 292 miles of ground, but were only 172 miles from their ship.

Foiled in this attempt, discoverers accepted the defeat of Parry, and turned their attention in another direction.

Then began what we have called the second period of Arctic exploration. It was thought that sooner or later a practicable way would be discovered among the straits and islands of the Arctic Archipelago, by which a passage north-west from the Atlantic waters to the Pacific might be accomplished. A glance at the globe was enough to show that if a channel could be found, by means of which a ship could pass from the Atlantic across or near the Pole to the Pacific, an enormous saving of distance, amounting to near two-thirds of the whole, would be effected. Already in 1819 Parry had led the way along this route as far as Melville Islands, where he was stopped by the Palæocrystic ice.

Many geographers believed, some indeed still believe, that there is open water at the Pole; and whether there is open water or not, communication of some kind certainly exists. Of this there was ample proof: whales struck by harpooners in the Greenland seas had been more than once killed, with the harpoon still sticking in them, in the Pacific, under circumstances and at dates which rendered it certain that the animals could not have pursued the known course round the Horn or the Cape of Good Hope. Some enthusiastic mariners still to this day declare that the North-West passage is practicable. Among them the name of Captain Sir Allen Young must be honourably mentioned. But be that as it may, and even granting that under exceptional circumstances of ice, in some especially favourable year, a single ship may make the passage, it is clear that it can never become one of general use. The investigations of the search vessels for the relief of Franklin settled that point. The cluster of islands near the magnetic pole, which was discovered by Sir James Ross in 1831, can be approached with comparative ease, either from the east, through Smith Sound, or from the west, through Behring Strait, but in the narrow passages between them lie heaped up miles of ice, which, in ordinary years at least, are impassable for ships. These islands, which lie north-west of Greenland, stretch up far to the north, and form by far the nearest land approach to the Pole which is known to geographers: but for that very reason they oppose a barrier to the east-going current which runs along the northern shores of America. The consequence is that broken ice from the west blocks them up, and the whole mass forms an ice-block which has never yet been

been known to open. But in the fourth decade of the present century this had not been proved, and the truth of the opinion which affirmed it was denied. After the return of Sir John Ross from the voyage made famous by the discovery of the north magnetic pole (1829-1833), the coast line of North America was traced by Deane and Simpson. Arctic exploration now languished, but a time was coming in which effort was destined to be stimulated by the spur of a great disaster. Sherard Osborn, the biographer of Sir John Franklin, and himself one of the most intrepid of Arctic officers, tells us that in 1844, Sir John Barrow, Beaufort, Parry, Sabine, Ross and Sir John Franklin himself, expressed strong opinions in favour of another attempt. The Royal Society urged that any expedition that went forth should be under the direct authority of the Government and the Admiralty. Two ships, the 'Erebus' and 'Terror,' were fitted out with all the appliances then known, and placed under the command of Sir John Franklin, who, if we remember rightly, surrendered the post of Governor of Van Diemen's Land to take command of the party. Whether he actually resigned for the purpose or not, he had just returned from his government, and gladly sought in the resumption of the active duties of his profession relief from the uncongenial labour in which his life had lately been spent.

In May, 1845, the expedition set sail with its full complement of men and officers. In July it was seen by the crew of a whaler waiting for an opportunity to get through the ice in Baffin Bay. Not one soul of all the expedition was ever seen again alive.

It was not till 1847 that public opinion in England became seriously alarmed at their prolonged absence. From that time until 1854, when the fate of Franklin was finally ascertained, a succession of expeditions were sent forth, which, if they failed in the primary object of finding Sir John Franklin, at least added much to our knowledge of the geography of the unknown region; and Maclure's voyage from Behring Strait to Banks's land, in 1850, reached a point only severed from Parry's winter quarters in 1820 by an ice-blocked strait.

We now know that the commander of the expedition died in the second year of his absence, after being driven down, enclosed in the ice, from Barrow Strait to a position near the magnetic pole. In 1854 Dr. Rae, an official of the Hudson's Bay Company, brought home intelligence that when he was engaged in the survey of the Gulf of Boothia he had fallen in with natives, who told him that a party of Europeans, subsequently identified with the survivors of the Franklin expedition, had

had died of hunger near the mouth of the Great Fish River. McClure and Collinson sought him from the west by way of Behring Strait. Many, among whom Sir Leopold M'Clintock, in the little steam yacht 'Fox,' was pre-eminent for his discovery of the record of his fate, sought him from the waters of Baffin Bay. But though the tracks of the searchers often overlapped each other in respect of longitude, and though the two ends of the thread were twice joined, when Franklin from the east, and McClure from the west, reached points attained by other voyagers from the opposite side, and so virtually discovered the North-West passage, yet the ice piled up in land-locked channels has hitherto effectually prevented the passage of a ship.

It will be well understood that the information thus acquired, though it came too late to save Franklin, gave us a thorough knowledge of the Arctic Archipelago. All its turnings are now surveyed, and it is generally admitted, that as a practicable passage the way through, the Archipelago must be definitively abandoned as useless.

It is this conviction, now perfectly established, and received as proved by all interested in Arctic geography, that renders a proposal which has been lately started by retired Commander Cheyne, R.N., so utterly chimerical. It is not that he proposes to go, at least part of the way to the Pole, in a balloon. That would not be a fair or complete description of his project. It is true that he proposes to use balloons, and that proposal gives at first sight a certain air of wildness to his plans; but they need not be rejected peremptorily for that reason alone. It is quite possible that there may be a great future for ballooning, though probably not in the first instance at the Pole; but the real reason why those who are best qualified to judge disapprove of Captain Cheyne's proposal is, that he ignores what is now the very A B C of Arctic exploration. Like all other tentative sciences, the method of ice navigation and ice sledging has advanced by slow degrees and by numerous failures. The man who rashly rejects the stored-up wisdom of a host of predecessors is not properly described as adventurous, but as unwise. If there is one thing better established than another, it is that a man might as well try to sail to the Pole through the Isthmus of Panama, as through the Sounds of the Parry Islands. Yet this Commander Cheyne proposes to do. Again, it is known that if, owing to exceptional conditions of the ice, a ship is pushed too far into the fissures and channels of the polar pack, it will be cut off from retreat. It follows that no commander would risk his men in an attempt to push far into the polar pack unless he had a second ship established in some convenient spot to fall back upon. But Captain Cheyne expressly declares



declares that he 'intends to establish no depots in case of failure.' This is not enterprise, but foolhardiness. If Captain Cheyne chooses to risk his own life, and if others who from education and reading are able to appreciate the chances against them choose to share the risk with him, let them do so; only let all who have the opportunity tell the uneducated sailors who would form the rank and file of the expedition, that Captain Cheyne's is not one of the expeditions in which science has provided all that human foresight can do for attaining success, if success be possible, and in which provision is made against disaster in case retreat should be necessary. Let the poor sailors at least be told that the expedition is one in which, humanly speaking, success is almost impossible, and in which failure means certain and terrible death.

We should not perhaps think it worth while to say so much about so wild a project, were it not that Captain Cheyne seems to have enlisted in his project powerful advocates from whom one might naturally have expected more common sense. The Earl of Derby, of all people in the world, heads the subscription list. And as part of the plan is to induce the Government to lend a ship for the voyage, it is as well that men should know that the robust common sense for which the noble Earl's countrymen give him credit has on this occasion not been brought into play so freely as usual. Captain Cheyne's paper, issued on the authority of his Committee, says: 'No expedition since that of Franklin has been lost, or has suffered any serious casualties.' That is quite true. But it is because, till now, no expedition has neglected ordinary precautions. Captain Cheyne's proposals have been circulated far and wide, and have formed the basis of discussion at scores of meetings, from Mansion-house meetings, with a Lord Mayor in the chair, to local gatherings of the 'sixty Arctic Committees,' which we learn 'are formed in the chief towns of England.'

There is one sentence of Captain Cheyne's paper which we cannot help commending to the particular attention of the sixty Arctic Committees, and of those to whom they apply for subscriptions: 'By no means would it be desirable to return to England by the same route, even after the discovery of the Pole, which would be a barren result comparatively to what a lawful ambition would lead me to prosecute; therefore I should have left *no depots in view of retreat.*' Does Captain Cheyne think that the immunity from disaster which has distinguished Arctic exploration since the time of Franklin, would have been so complete if they had gone upon this plan of providing no depots in view of retreat? We commend this one sentence to the sixty committees. They need not ask their friends to read any more.

The



The prospect of being landed from a balloon at the Pole, alone, and with no depots to fall back upon, has such a tragic side to it, that we cannot avoid letting our imagination dwell upon it a little longer. 'Whether three balloons will act in combination, or free of each other, will be determined by a Balloon Committee.' So says Captain Cheyne. This sounds as if all the details of the scheme had hardly yet been worked out. And certainly they do not seem to advance very quickly towards maturity, for this sentence about referring the details of ballooning to a committee occurred in the first edition of Captain Cheyne's paper, which was sent to us last January, and the same sentence remains in the latest edition, which was forwarded to us a few days ago. Possibly the Balloon Committee is still what is vulgarly called *in nubibus*. Indeed, a Balloon Committee may well be more difficult to form than the existing sixty committees, 'eight of which are ladies' committees.' Suppose that the balloons reach the Pole, it is a liberal concession to assume that the ship of the expedition will reach the highest latitude ever yet attained, namely,  $82^{\circ} 24' N.$ , if so, when the balloons reach the Pole, the ship will be 456 geographical miles away; and that way lies over the Palæocrystic ice. In the Expedition of 1875, under Sir George Nares, the 'Alert' and 'Discovery' were manned by the very pick of our sailors. They were provided with every appliance that could be imagined for the successful prosecution of their enterprise. Sledge-travelling, reduced by Osborn and McClintock to a science, and thought out in all its details, had been learned by them as a matter of naval drill. They knew all about it, and started with every advantage. As soon as the sledging season commenced, three of our smartest young officers led parties from the ships in different directions. Beaumont led a party to the east; Markham, one to the north; and Aldrich, one to the west. A few miles of Palæocrystic ice broke down every party irrecoverably. One by one, the men succumbed to disease brought on by the severity of a labour that is literally killing. There is nothing in naval story more striking than the pertinacity with which those gallant men struggled on, with their sledges laden down with sick and dying men. When at last they came to the end of their powers and turned homewards towards the ships, it was only by timely aid from relief parties sent to meet them that they were able to get back alive. These men had relays of comrades; ship behind ship to fall back upon. Commander Cheyne tells us that he will have no depots to fall back upon. Markham's men broke down after a few miles of advance. Cheyne would be hundreds of miles from succour, and with no depots; the prospect before him would be some 500 miles of Palæocrystic ice to

to traverse, and a succourless ship jammed up among the Parry Islands to reach if he could. Sir George Nares and Stephenson had their men under the strictest naval discipline. Cheyne's would not be in that condition. However great might be the personal influence of the commander, and we willingly give a veteran companion of Sir James Ross credit for all seamanlike qualities, the men of a private expedition could not be under naval discipline. Grave was the warning which was addressed to Congress by the Secretary of the United States Navy, in his report on the fate of the 'Polaris' in these very seas. Writing with that horrible tragedy in his mind, Mr. Robeson said, 'experience has confirmed me in saying that there is little of either success or safety in any trying distant or dangerous enterprise which is not organized, prosecuted and controlled under the sanction of military discipline.' It is for this reason, and because we believe that brave but ignorant men would be led to certain death, that we lift up our voice against a plan which is being persistently puffed into notoriety.

When, in 1850, the fate of Franklin was definitely decided, and the several expeditions sent to search for him had settled the practicability of a North-West passage, English Arctic expeditions were discontinued, and the third period of Arctic exploration began. Explorers of several maritime nations devoted themselves to the solution of problems nearer to their hands, which the increasing demands of science brought yearly into greater prominence. Scarcely a year has passed since 1850 without some carefully equipped scientific band going forth from one or other of the North European ports, but still many of these problems remain unsolved.

It is almost—we dare not say quite—proved that the opinion pertinaciously held by Dr. Petermann, the great German geographer, is erroneous, and that there is no open sea at the Pole itself. But it is not yet certain whether Greenland is or is not an island. Nor is it known what land or island may exist to the north and north-east of Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya. It is possible that a chain of islands, or even a great continent may stretch away to the very Pole itself in that direction. But even setting aside these greater mysteries of the unknown region, which will doubtless some day yield to the united ardour of cosmopolitan searchers, there are magnetic observations to be made, the direction and nature of circumpolar currents to be established, mysteries of ice to be elucidated; for the Arctic regions may be looked upon as a survival of the glacial epoch which once covered all Europe with glaciers and ice-fields. And there are geological and astronomical problems

problems to be worked out; for under the ice and in the very neighbourhood of the Pole, lie coal measures and other remains of tropical vegetation—do all these coal-fields belong to the tertiary formations of geology—as some of them certainly do, or are they evidences of tropical climate at the Pole in ages immeasurably more remote? The flowers and shrubs, the lichens and ferns, and the beasts and birds that live on them, are all strange, and afford a wide field for investigation and enquiry. And no one will require much proof that there is ample opportunity for the study of meteorology, and climate in its condition of lowest temperature. These then were the problems attacked during the third period of which we have spoken. England rested on the laurels she had won, the Germans, the Swedes, and the Austro-Hungarians took up the task. Among the most remarkable efforts was that of the Germans in 1869. Two ships, the ‘Germania’ and the ‘Hansa,’ were sent to explore the east coast of Greenland, and, if possible, reach a high latitude from that country. The expedition was commanded by Captain Koldewey, and among his scientific staff was Lieutenant Payer, who afterwards, as second in command of the Austro-Hungarian Expedition, assisted in the discovery of Franz Josef Land. Koldewey on his return from Greenland acknowledged that he had been carried away by Dr. Petermann’s opinion, constantly and confidently affirmed in his ‘Geographische Mittheilungen,’ that it was possible by following a northerly line of coast to penetrate by ships far into the Arctic regions, and thence make way to the Pole. A winter among the Pendulum Islands, high up in East Greenland, and careful examination of the mighty masses of ice, their movements and formation, ‘radically cured me and all my companions of this idea.’ In this expedition the ‘Germania’ became separated from her consort, the ‘Hansa,’ and those on board the latter vessel experienced one of the most extraordinary voyages on record. The ‘Hansa’ was caught in the ice, which finally crushed her to pieces. The crew, left homeless, built with patent fuel and fragments of the wreck a house, in which they passed the winter on a floating island of ice. The wreck happened in October; by the end of December they had floated on their iceberg halfway between Greenland and Iceland. Soon after Christmas the floe split and ruined their house, and they took to their boats; but they afterwards returned to the ice, and on it floated back again towards Greenland. On January 3rd, 1870, they were close to the coast. Spring and summer brought them no relief; by May they had drifted 1100 miles. It was not till the 14th of June that they arrived in their boats at

the Moravian Mission Station of Fredriksthal, near Cape Farewell. This expedition added but little to geographical knowledge, for, with the exception of exploring a fiord which extends to an immense distance into the interior of Greenland, their whole energies were necessarily devoted to secure their own lives.

The voyage had, however, the effect of inoculating one of the voyagers with that passion for Arctic exploration which seems so strange to lookers-on. An 'old Arctic' is always ready to return and confront the old dangers once more. Cheerless winters, nights of many weeks in duration, cold, frost-bite, and hunger, have no effect in driving one from his pursuit who has once experienced the fascination of Arctic travelling.

Lieutenant Payer had no sooner got home than he began to organize a fresh expedition. Though Koldewey was 'radically cured' of his idea of an open polar sea, Payer was not. His plan was to follow the Gulf Stream into the supposed polar basin, by going north to the eastward of Spitzbergen. He was joined in a preliminary voyage by Captain Weyprecht, and from it the two returned with proposals for an Austro-Hungarian expedition, having for its object to reach the Pole, or if that were found impracticable, to make the 'North-East passage' along the shores of the two Siberias to Behring Strait. The command of the new expedition, which was speedily decided on and handsomely equipped, was conferred on Captain Weyprecht, and Payer was to have the lead in all exploring and sledge parties on shore. The intention was to round the north-eastern shore of Novaya Zemlya and press eastward to the most northern point of Siberia, where they would winter, continuing their journey to Behring Strait. This plan was actually executed by Professor Nordenskiöld last year, but Weyprecht and Payer were not destined to accomplish it. They, however, did something equally, if not more, remarkable. They were caught in the ice, and remained in it two whole years; and were drifted, still locked up in the ice, to the shores of an undiscovered land, where their vessel, the 'Tegethoff,' left her bones.

When, in January 1877, we gave in the pages of this Review, an account of the scientific results of Sir George Nares's expedition, which had then just returned, we received, as the sheets were going to the press, a copy of the book in which Lieutenant Payer gave an account of the adventures of his party.\* We had just time to notice a few of the more prominent incidents.

\* *Die Oesterreichisch-Ungarische Nordpol Expedition in den Jahren 1872-4.* Wien, 1876.

We said then, as we say now, that to be floated, during a two-years' voyage, on to the shores of a great undiscovered country (for Franz Josef Land is as large as, if not larger than, the whole Spitzbergen group), is a feat—or fate, if the reader pleases—absolutely unprecedented.

In this memorable voyage, which surpasses even the wonderful voyage of the 'Hansa' which we have just described, the 'Tegethoff' started from Tromsø on the 14th of July, 1872, and was at first accompanied by Count Wilczek in his yacht, the 'Isbjörn'; but on the 23rd of August the 'Tegethoff' was seen for the last time by Count Wilczek forcing her way through the ice by means of her steam power round the northern point of Novaya Zemlya. For two years Weyprecht and Payer were heard of no more. For many months they were in almost hourly danger. 'We were exposed,' says Payer, 'to fearful pressure from the ice; many a time we were summoned to be ready to save ourselves in case of the vessel foundering; and all this in the midst of a polar night, and without knowing whither to turn for safety.'

We are not writing a record of adventure, and therefore refrain from pursuing further the proceedings of the 'Tegethoff' and her crew. It will be sufficient to say that they passed the winter in the ice, and the whole of the succeeding year. In August of the second year of their imprisonment—

'we were surprised at the sudden appearance of a mountainous country about 14 miles to the north which the mist had hitherto concealed from our view. At that moment all our past anxieties were forgotten; impulsively we rushed towards the land, though aware that we should not be able to get further than the edge of the floe. For months we were doomed to the torments of Tantalus. Close to us in fact, almost within our reach, was a new polar land rich with the promises of discovery, yet drifting as we were at the mercy of the winds and surrounded by open fissures, we were unable to get any nearer to it.'

It was not till the end of September that they were able for the first time to set foot on the land in lat.  $79^{\circ} 54' N$ . Here they were overtaken by the winter, and here they passed a second polar night, 125 days in length. This was the winter of 1873. In March, 1874, they commenced their sledging expedition to examine the new land, which they called Franz Josef Land, in honour of the Emperor of Austria. The adventures encountered in these sledge journeys are well worth perusal. Payer had been specially instructed by Sir Leopold M'Clintock in the science of sledge travelling, a part of Arctic lore which M'Clintock had made peculiarly his own; and it is

to the knowledge thus acquired that Payer attributed the success which was attained. With characteristic generosity, Payer telegraphed to McClinton immediately on his return that by following his advice he had reaped endless advantage, and had succeeded in discovering land 200 miles to the north of Novaya Zemlya.

The reader will see that now by slow degrees a general knowledge had been acquired of the Arctic area. Payer's journeys, first with Koldewey on the Greenland coast, and afterwards with Weyprecht to Franz Josef Land, disposed with almost absolute certainty of the belief long cherished, that open water would be found at the Pole. Each expedition, from whatever quarter they entered the unknown region, found at last the Palæocrystic ice, and each commander in succession avowed his belief that, by his route at least, nothing like an open polar sea was attainable, and that nothing like it existed. But some geographers were still unconvinced. They still urged the trial of some other route: it was always, 'Peradventure thou shalt find it me from thence.' Payer nearly put the finishing touch to the work. But a new element arose, which renewed the theoretical geographer's hopes. While Payer and Weyprecht were discovering Franz Josef Land, an American expedition was advancing towards the Pole on the other, the western, side of Greenland. Captain Hall, the leader of this party, had lived for years among the Esquimaux, and had become thoroughly acquainted with their manners and language, and had even adopted their customs. He obtained great influence with Mr. Robeson, the Secretary of the American Navy, and by his assistance was placed in command of a wooden gunboat, of 387 tons, called the 'Periwinkle,' which he rechristened the 'Polaris.' Captain Hall was not a seaman, and no naval officer accompanied the expedition. He had not the advantage of a liberal education, but he was a man of considerable intellectual ability, and, though not a sailor by profession, he was an expert navigator. His iron frame, and his readiness to adopt the customs and food of the Esquimaux, which he did with a completeness that would have been impossible to a man more delicately nurtured, made him in many respects an admirable leader for such an expedition. His weak point was that he was no disciplinarian. He died at the winter quarters of his ship, which he had taken up to the highest latitude ever attained till that time. But before his death his want of firmness had sown the seeds of dissension among his followers, which after his death bore bitter fruits. Poor Hall himself believed, it would seem, that he died of  
poison.



poison. The court of investigation which was held on the survivors emphatically rejected this view, and we note the circumstance only for the purpose of recording the acquittal of those implicated in so horrible a charge. We have, after the leader's death, a sad story of disorganization. The crew broke up into parties, without organization or cohesion, and after great privations were rescued from imminent starvation by an English whaler. Upon the records brought home by the survivors was founded a map, which has been the subject of much adverse comment. We ourselves had occasion in this Review to animadvert strongly upon it. As it left the hands of Hall, it would appear to have been truthful, and remarkably accurate. Dr. Meyer, the scientific officer of the expedition, is likewise not open to blame. That officer's draft chart is prefixed to the official report, and bears no names north of Cape Union, which, though placed somewhat too far north, was actually seen by the 'Polaris' expedition.

But the chart, when issued by American authorities, contained a series of names, of sounds, bays, and headlands, eighteen or twenty in number, stretching away far north of the northernmost point of the 'Polaris,' in the direction of the Pole. As we said at the time—

'it is as great a crime against the unwritten law of nations to publish false charts as it is to exhibit false lights to lure vessels to destruction. We know what was the claim put forth in the modest American chart when it left the hands of those who did the work and reported its results. To whose credulity, or imagination, does it owe its subsequently completed form?'

But though we now know that the chart of the 'Polaris' was untrue, the world had before it, in 1875, nothing to disprove its authenticity. There were, moreover, statements made, with every appearance of truth, that there was an open sea to the north of lat. 84°. It was naturally said that if a mere river steamer could in a single season go so far to the north, a well-appointed expedition could probably go to the Pole. At any rate it behoved England to make the attempt.

It had been felt after the death of Franklin that when the penalty for non-success was so terrible, the most assured prospect of success alone would justify another attempt. It was felt, too, that to reach the Pole was an object hardly of sufficient importance to justify the loss of valuable lives. It would be a source of legitimate pride to any commander to plant his country's flag on the axis of rotation of the earth; but the certain

\* 'Quarterly Review,' Jan. 1877.



cost, and equally certain suffering, would hardly be repaid by the honour and glory even of complete success. But the asserted success of the 'Polaris' changed the tide of popular opinion; and moreover, in 1875, all the conditions of Arctic navigation had changed from what they were in the days of Franklin. Steam had replaced sails in the navies of the world, and diminished the dangers of Arctic voyaging, while it greatly increased the chances of success. It was now shown that a ship might penetrate in a single season far into the icy seas of the north, and return with certainty from waters which at the approach of the Arctic winter would have shut in the old sailing-ships for ever. Another change, too, had been gradually effected. The old explorers went forth into an unexplored desert of ice; where they saw open water they pressed on, often into a *cul-de-sac*, from which there was no retreat. But in course of time the Arctic regions themselves became less of an unknown region; maps and charts multiplied and increased in accuracy year by year, as search-vessels, explorers, and whaling-ships added, here a little and there a little, to the maps that already existed. Other nations, too, pressed forward to share the adventure which formerly had been almost monopolized by England. Swedes, Norwegians, Germans and Italians, all sent their flotillas, and all obtained a certain measure of success. Each gallant band added to the general stock of knowledge, and threw their carefully obtained experience as a contribution on to the rapidly accumulating cairn. It was under these circumstances that the English expedition of 1875 set forth. The orders of Sir George Nares were to reach the Pole, and the expedition was more costly and complete than any which had ever previously been equipped. The adventurers returned, after an absence of sixteen months, with a hardly-earned reputation for heroism, and with the cordial applause of their countrymen. Though they failed to reach the Pole, they approached nearer to it than was ever done before, and the voyage of Nares and Stephenson seems to have set the practicability of reaching it at rest.

We have now given a rapid sketch of the field of Arctic exploration, in which Professor Nordenskiöld was destined to take so high a place. From very early youth Nordenskiöld threw himself with energy into the task of exploration. Mr. Leslie's book gives us the records of nine expeditions in which he was either the leader or occupied a prominent place. The first was as early as 1858, and the last of the series was the successful North-East passage of last year. His first expeditions, though aiming at results valuable to science, were not of a character to  
excite

excite world-wide attention. For many years he devoted time and energy to the completion of the survey of Spitzbergen. Though the usual ice-perils had to be encountered, they were not usually of a character which proves fatal to well-appointed expeditions. He enriched geology, botany, and geodesy with numerous details; he investigated with industry and success the inland glaciers of Greenland; and though he made no new discoveries, he gradually amassed an experience of Arctic navigation which has rarely been surpassed. Three or four years ago Nordenskiöld became tired of the comparatively narrow limits of Spitzbergen and its islands. He determined to strike out a new line. An open North-West passage had been tried for in vain. He would search for and give to the world a North-East passage.

His idea was to coast the northern shores of Siberia, instead of losing his time, and possibly his ships, among the Parry Islands. No ship from the west had ever sailed eastward round Cape Chelyuskin. But Nordenskiöld believed that it could be done, and he has carried his belief into execution.

A few words will not be out of place on the personal history of the man who has thus been crowned by success. An autobiographical sketch, published in Bejer's '*Swedish Biographical Lexicon*,' is reprinted in Mr. Leslie's book, of which we find it by far the most amusing part. Born at Helsingfors, the capital of Finland, in 1832, Nordenskiöld seems to have fitted in but indifferently with his surroundings. Proud of the ancient independence of his country, he appears to have grown up in a state of more or less active antagonism to the Russian dominion. We have no direct notice of politics in Professor Nordenskiöld's autobiographical sketch, except the record given in a half-amused tone of several boyish '*scrapes*,' which, as we infer, were the real reason of his ultimately taking service with Sweden. We can hardly wonder at this attitude of mind, when we remember the position of his native country on the cession of the Grand Duchy to Russia. The ancient constitution of Finland was preserved to her by the special grant of Alexander I. This reservation was confirmed by the late Emperor Nicholas and the present Sovereign. The right of legislation and of general taxation is nominally in the hands of a national parliament, but in reality it is exercised by a senate appointed by '*the Emperor Grand-Duke*.' In 1812 a Russian Governor-General of Finland was appointed by imperial ukase, and in him the whole executive power is vested as representing the Sovereign. It was therefore, not only probable, but certain, that the high-spirited youths of a country formerly free, and intensely proud of their freedom,

freedom, would feel the peculiar paternal supervision of a Governor-General accustomed to the iron system of Russia, as an intolerable grievance; nor can Englishmen fail to sympathize deeply with this attitude of mind. Read by the light of this explanation—for which, as usual, the reader is not indebted to Mr. Leslie—the autobiographical sketch of Professor Nordenskiöld is interesting, not only as a record of his own youth, but as an unconsciously vivid picture of the state of affairs in Finland in his college days. He came of a family devoted for generations to mineralogy and natural history. His father, Nils Gustaf, well known as a mineralogist, was a government inspector of mines in his native country, and at the time of his death, in 1866, was a Councillor of State, and head of the mining department. The childhood of Adolf Erik was passed at a country mansion called Frugord, situated in a forest-crowned valley in the department of Nyland in Finland. Life in this home is described as being modelled much on the old Norse type, and the Councillor impressed his own very strong character and individuality on all around him. Books and natural-history collections accumulated at Frugors, and Adolf when a boy was allowed to accompany his father on his tours as a mining inspector. This, and the office which was very early assigned to him, of curator of the large collections of minerals and insects belonging to his family, gave young Adolf from his earliest years that keen eye as a mineralogist which laid the foundation of his after success.

In 1849 Adolf Nordenskiöld entered the University of Helsingfors, where he devoted himself to the study of chemistry, natural history, mathematics, and physics—above all, to mineralogy and geology. After taking his degree he remained at his University studying hard, and also, it would appear, mixing himself up with politics in a manner which somewhat embroiled him with the authorities. All his life, or at least the greater part of it, appears to have been affected by the events of that time. Nordenskiöld was in constant hot water. There is no indiscretion in thus discussing a man still living and flourishing among us, for he tells us all about it in his autobiography with most amusing *naïveté*. It is foreign to our present purpose to give an account of the various ‘scrapes’ in which he was involved with the authorities. Suffice it to say that in consequence of a patriotic toast which he gave at a supper party in 1857, he was deprived by Count Von Berg, the Russian Governor-General, of a small post he held in the Museum, and likewise of the right of ever holding office in the University.

It is from the time of this supper party, 1857, that Nordenskiöld's Arctic exploration begins to date.

In our general sketch of Arctic Exploration, we omitted all mention of that part of the shores of the Arctic Ocean which lies northward of the two Siberias. It is along that coast that Nordenskiöld's great voyage has been made; and we felt that the proper place to look at the northern shores of Siberia as a whole would be when we came to Nordenskiöld's successful voyage along them. In doing so we do not propose to follow Mr. Leslie. We shall go rather to the narrative of Lieutenant Palander, the Naval Commander of the Expedition, and to the Memoir of Professor Nordenskiöld himself, which we use or paraphrase as occasion serves.

The expedition which sailed from Gottenburg on the 4th of July, 1878, achieved a success which has been attempted in vain during three centuries. For the first time a ship has sailed round Cape Chelyuskin, and emerged after coasting along the whole extent of the Siberian shores, by Behring Strait. The Kara Sea, which is reached immediately after passing Novaya Zemlya, has long been supposed to oppose an impassable barrier to the navigator. But the Norwegians have the credit of discovering that the sole secret of overcoming this difficult obstacle lay in choosing the right season of the year for the attempt. Carlsen, a Swedish whaling captain, sailed in 1869 across the Kara Sea, to the mouth of the Obi River, and returned by way of the Matotschkin Shan,\* a tortuous and landlocked channel, running east and west, which divides Novaya Zemlya in twain. Since that time the Kara Sea has annually been frequented by the Norwegian fishermen.

When in 1878, Nordenskiöld started for his successful exploration, he was already a past master in Arctic navigation. He had served in six Arctic expeditions, besides sledging journeys and a land exploration of Greenland. His two last voyages, namely, those to the Obi and Yenissei rivers in 1875 and 1876, clearly showed him that the attempt to pass the last remaining obstacle, Cape Chelyuskin, the northernmost point of the old-world continents, could be successfully made. The success which attended the voyage of 1878 was therefore no mere lucky chance, but the result of well-considered and deeply thought-out plans.

Nordenskiöld tells us, in his Memoir to the King of Sweden, the degree of importance which he himself attaches to his exploit. As a generally available route for the commerce of

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\* The name of this strait is spelt in a dozen different ways. We follow Professor Nordenskiöld.

the world, the North-East passage could never have any great importance, even if no obstacle was offered to its free navigation by ice. Before the opening of the Suez Canal it would have been important—since then it does not offer any great advantages to general commerce; its real and main importance lies in the outlet which it affords to the northern coasts of Europe and Asia.

The great Siberian rivers, as he points out, run north into the Arctic Sea. Their upper waters lie, in each instance, through forest lands and districts of great agricultural value. They form natural navigable canals, and place the interior of Asia and of Siberia in communication with the icy sea. The lands they drain have little access to the rest of the world. The routes thither are so difficult, that no commerce with them has been possible. It is therefore difficult to overrate the importance of water communication between the gulfs at the mouths of the Obi and of the Yenissei with the Atlantic on one side, and the lower waters of the Lena with the Pacific, on the other.

‘Des relations maritimes utilisables,’ he writes, ‘entre les golfes d’embouchure de l’Obi-Jéniséj et l’Atlantique d’un côté, entre l’issue de la Léna et le Pacifique de l’autre, ouvrent la moitié d’une partie du monde au commerce, rendent possible l’exportation de produits agricoles, forestiers et de ferme, d’immenses régions remarquables par leur fertilité, et donnent par ce fait à leurs habitants les moyens d’échanger les productions de leur sol contre les produits industriels de l’Europe et de l’Amérique, ces conditions d’aisance et de bien-être actuellement nécessaires au plus pauvre individu de la race européenne. Il sera toujours difficile d’introduire, sur une grande échelle par une autre voie, jusqu’au cœur de la Sibérie, les machines pesantes, engins agricoles, bateaux à vapeur, etc., qui constituent, de nos jours, les leviers de la civilisation d’un pays.’

Before starting on his voyage, Nordenskiöld, in addition to the practical trial trips we have mentioned, made himself thoroughly acquainted with the history of previous attempts. He himself explored the route as far as the mouths of the Obi and Yenissei, and he tells us that a century and a half ago a few attempts had been made by the Russians. The northern extremity of Asia was discovered by a land-sledge journey by Lieutenant Chelyuskin in 1742, and the cape received his name. Though the Cape had never been doubled by a ship, Nordenskiöld found nothing in previous accounts to make him despair of accomplishing the task. He found that to the east of Cape Chelyuskin the Russians had made several expeditions, starting from the Lena, on which river their vessels were built. In one of them, that of 1835, the leader, Lieutenant Prontschicheff, and his

his young wife who accompanied him, lost their lives in winter quarters from scurvy. Attempts to round Cape Chelyuskin had been as unsuccessful from the east as from the west.

It was different with regard to the country between the Lena and Behring Strait. Here numerous explorers had passed. The coast had been, in part at least, surveyed by land, and ships had visited the islands near the shores.

Nordenskiöld then came to the conclusion that, where failure had occurred, it was owing rather to the imperfections of the vessels employed than to insuperable difficulties offered by the ice; and his final conclusion was that a well-found steamer would penetrate where sailing vessels had failed. It is not our intention to follow Professor Nordenskiöld at any length in his adventures. They were the usual incidents of an Arctic voyage, and, as the autumn closed in, there were the usual hopes and fears as to the possibility of reaching navigable water before the vessel should be finally frozen in. The 'Lena,' a small vessel destined for service on the river of that name, acted as tender, and was usually sent forward to explore and sound for a passage. The Kara Sea was passed without difficulty, and on the 19th of August the Old World's most northerly cape, Chelyuskin, was rounded, 'the "Vega,"' as Lieutenant Palander reminds us, 'being the first vessel which has succeeded in so doing. At 6 P.M. we anchored in a creek on the eastern side of the above cape. The national flag was hoisted and a salute given; while on the shore stood a large Polar bear to bid us welcome. That night and the following forenoon were employed in deciding the position of the cape, which was found to be lat.  $77^{\circ} 36'$ , long. E.  $103^{\circ} 25'$ .

On the morning of the 28th September the task was almost accomplished; only 120 miles separated the 'Vega' from Behring Strait. The four thousand miles which constitute the length of the Old World's northern shores had been performed with that exception. But though a change of weather might in a moment have released them, the cold increased, the new ice formed daily stronger around them, and they were compelled to defer the remainder of their journey till the following year.

It will be seen that, as a journey of Arctic adventure, the voyage was not particularly remarkable. Nordenskiöld himself had a hundred times faced greater difficulties. The main interest lies in the fact that he was the pioneer of a new route, and the performer of an enterprise hitherto unaccomplished.

The route round Cape Chelyuskin throws light on several scientific questions that were in debate. Before Nordenskiöld's voyage we had no knowledge of the vegetable and animal life of the sea that lies north of Siberia. In the Siberian Polar Sea  
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these consist mainly of survivals from the glacial period. This is not the case with other parts of the Arctic Ocean, where the Gulf Stream distributes its waters and carries with it types from more southerly regions. There was also much to be cleared up with regard to the Mammoth period of Siberia; and much was to be done in the investigation of the real geological significance of the so-called 'Noah's wood,' half petrified or carbonized vegetable remains from several geological periods. On all these points the scientific staff of the Swedish Expedition were employed with excellent results.

Perhaps, however, the most important service rendered by the Expedition is that connected with the Kara Sea. Professor Nordenskiöld himself tells us that this is the most valuable part of his voyage. He has established the fact that the Kara Sea is under certain conditions, which will every year be better understood, available for commerce. In winter it is covered by continuous ice. This ice breaks up early in the spring, and entirely disappears during the course of the summer; so that at the end of summer it would be entirely free, were it not that a north-east current, coming from the icy Pole, drifts fresh masses of ice along the coast of Novaya Zemlya. It is true that the polar current in the south of the Kara Sea is partly counterbalanced by warm streams from the west and south, due partly to the feeble branch of the Gulf Stream which penetrates to the Sea of Kara by the Matotschkin Strait, and partly to the enormous masses of water that flow across the Siberian tundras through the Obi and Yenissei channels.

It thus happens in most years that the autumn, the time when the feeble skiffs that have hitherto navigated this sea seek the refuge of ports for the winter, is just the time when the sea is freest, and most easily navigable.

The reader who has accompanied us thus far will see the exact position occupied by Professor Nordenskiöld as an explorer. The English and Americans have reached nearer to the Pole than he: mainly by English exertions the Archipelago west of Greenland has been explored. A thousand navigators have followed the edge of the same impenetrable pack from the east coast of Greenland to Spitzbergen. The Austro-Hungarians, under Weyprecht and Payer, have followed it to Franz Josef Land. It has fallen to the lot of Professor Nordenskiöld to take up the missing link, and to sail from the North Cape of Norway to Japan.

Englishmen may well be proud of their share of Arctic exploration, and cordially welcome the success which has fallen to the lot of their friendly rivals in the Swedish Expedition of 1878.

ART.



ART. V.—1. *Correspondance Secrète entre Marie-Thérèse et le Comte de Mercy-Argenteau, avec les Lettres de Marie-Thérèse et de Marie-Antoinette.* Publiée par le Chev. A. d'Arneth et M. A. Geffroy. Deuxième édition. 3 vols. Paris, 1875.

2. *Le Comte de Fersen et la Cour de France. Extraits des Papiers du Grand Maréchal de Suède, Comte Jean Axel de Fersen.* Publiés par son Petit-neveu, le Baron de Klinckowström. 2 vols. Paris, 1878.

LIKE Mary Queen of Scots, her prototype in catastrophe, Marie-Antoinette has been painted in glaringly discrepant hues. All the mass of anecdotes handed down through the medium of reporters furnish, however, but a flaccid image of Marie-Antoinette as she really was, by the side of the traits preserved in their full freshness in the publications before us. The first is an authentic register of Marie-Antoinette's doings during her first ten years' life in France, taken down at the time, and standing as it was written, free from subsequent manipulation. The second publication contains Marie-Antoinette's utterances to the individual who alone acquired her full confidence. We now know that her trust in Count Fersen was by no means confined to the preparations for the flight arrested at Varennes. The present volumes contain records of a mutual confidence which was without reservation, at least in regard to political matters.

At the time of her marriage Marie-Antoinette was only fifteen. Sent forth from the nursery into the strange world of Versailles, with its countless impurities and its slippery intrigues—there to be wedded to a shy, an awkward, and a torpid youth, lacking in every manly qualification that might make a young girl look up to him with respect—Marie-Antoinette was watched with an anxious heart by her mother. Though reasons of State had induced Maria-Theresa to concur in this premature contract, she was fully alive to its risks, and desirous to secure good guidance for her child. To this end she invoked the services of Count Mercy d'Argenteau, a tried diplomatist, possessing great discrimination, and thoroughly at home in the society of France. The task entrusted to him was one of extreme delicacy. He was to hover around the Dauphiness, and proffer counsel on all occasions. The Empress besides demanded minute reports of all her daughter's doings—even as to domestic relations with the Dauphin. Stringent precautions were provided to ensure the absolute secrecy of these reports, and it was promised they should

should be burnt after perusal,\* an engagement which, happily for posterity, was not observed. They were discovered in the once jealously closed Archives of Vienna by M. d'Arneth, who has given them to the world with an introduction that makes his volumes a model of good editing. The same cannot be said in regard to the Fersen correspondence. Notwithstanding the inadequacy of Baron Klinckowström's performance, the intrinsic value of his volumes is so great, that it must be hoped the Fersen papers will be submitted for thorough investigation to some one with more critical faculties and a due knowledge of the period.

Axel Fersen was the son of Field-Marshal Fersen, by birth and wealth the first nobleman in Sweden, and a prominent leader in the party conflicts culminating in the stroke of power whereby, in 1772, Gustavus III. overthrew the oligarchy which had reduced the Crown to a cipher. Swedish politics were then directly influenced by foreign Courts; rival factions declaring themselves the avowed partisans of rival Powers, and openly relying on the flow of foreign subsidies. The Field-Marshal was the recognized chief of the aristocratic faction—nicknamed the Hats—which stood identified with the French interests, so that from childhood Fersen was brought within the range of French sympathies. At this period French letters and the French language were largely cultivated in Swedish society, and in the circles in which Axel Fersen was reared French culture and French interests were in special favour. In 1770, as a lad of fifteen, he went on a grand tour, the Field-Marshal having obtained for him an honorary commission in the French regiment, Royal Bavaiois. Equipped with ample introductions, Fersen travelled through Germany, Switzerland, and France; stayed a while at the military academies in Brunswick and Turin, and visited the principal Courts of Europe. At this time he commenced a diary, which we are told was kept with methodical regularity to the day of his massacre in the streets of Stockholm, in 1810. Extracts show him to have been a shrewd observer beyond his years, and attest his having been at once admitted to the choicest salons in Paris. Madame du Deffand allowed the stripling to wait on her in her sanctum; the Comtesse de la Marck (Marie Anne Françoise de Noailles)

\* 'Ce dont j'ai voulu vous prévenir, c'est que, par surabondance de précaution pour le secret, je n'ai pas voulu même que Neny les voit . . . étant une chose si délicate . . . je les brûlerais moi-même, devant contenir des particularités qui pourraient rendre des malheureux.' Maria-Theresa to Mercy, May 24, 1770, vol. i. p. 8. Fiehler, the Empress's most confidential attendant, was alone aware of a secret correspondence with Mercy, but was never allowed to see it.

a lady as illustrious by lineage as by character, addressed notes full of charm and grace to the young foreigner; while Madame de Brionne, renowned for beauty and for ambitious intrigue—by birth Rohan-Rochefort, by marriage wife of Prince Louis of Lorraine, by affection bound in tender ties to the Minister Choiseul,—let the handsome Swede sit familiarly by the side of her toilet-table while she went leisurely through the mysteries of the cosmetic art. Fersen received even higher favours. An entry in his diary proves that he had already attracted the notice of Marie-Antoinette :—

‘January 30th, 1774.—At nine o’clock Creutz [the Swedish Envoy] and I went to sup at Madame D’Anville’s, whom I left at one to go to the Opera ball. There was a crush, Madame la Dauphine, the Dauphin, and the Comte de Provence came, and were there for half an hour without their presence being observed. Madame la Dauphine accosted me a long time without my recognising her; at last, on her making herself known, a number of persons pressed around and she withdrew into a box. At three I left the ball.’

When Fersen left, Creutz wrote thus to his Sovereign :—

‘Young Count Fersen has just started for London. Of all the Swedes who have been here in my time, he is the one who has been best received by the great world. By the royal family he has been treated with extreme kindness. It would be impossible to have a better and more becoming carriage than his. With the handsomest figure, and with great intelligence, he could not fail to have success in society: and this he has had thoroughly.’

In his own country Fersen became an intimate companion of Gustavus III. and took a prominent part in the pageantries and festivities which distinguished the Court of that restless and theatrical prince. An irresistible impulse drove him, however, to seek foreign parts, and, after some months’ sojourn in London, Fersen again visited Paris in August 1778.

Great changes had happened since his last stay in France. Louis XV. had been taken to his fathers, and the frigid staidness of Versailles had given place to an incessant series of unceremonious gaieties at the Trianon, under the graceful presidency of Marie-Antoinette, in the bloom of beauty and the full throb of youthful delight in frolic and amusement. Across this beaming background of laughter and merriment there lay, however, streaks sufficiently dark to create anxiety in those who were not wholly absorbed in a giddy chase after dissipation. War had been declared against England; a costly expedition in support of the insurgent colonies in America was fitting out; while the load of financial burdens was already pressing sorely on the country, and popular misgivings had been sensibly quickened

quickened by the abrupt dismissal from the King's Council of Turgot and Malesherbes under circumstances that pointed at hidden influences behind the throne. Outwardly, however, Paris wore an aspect radiant with gaiety. It was a season of incessant dancing and play, of thoughtless laughter and giddy distraction. Fersen was welcomed by the choicest circles of fashion and of rank. The highest in the land hailed him as a returned friend. On his appearing at Versailles for a formal presentation, the Queen broke through the barriers of etiquette and exclaimed, 'Ah, c'est une ancienne connaissance!' Writing to his father he says:—

'The Queen, who is the prettiest and most amiable princess I have ever known, has had the kindness to inquire after me; she asked Creutz why I did not attend her *jeu* on Sundays, and, having learnt that I had been one day when it did not take place, she addressed to me a kind of apology.'

And again:—

'The Queen treats me on every occasion with kindness; I often wait on her at her *jeu*, and she always addresses to me some words full of graciousness. . . . She is the most charming princess I have ever known.'

The favour vouchsafed to Fersen extended to his being enrolled amongst the Queen's daily companions. In this intercourse was laid the seed for the extraordinary confidence ultimately reposed in him. To understand the kind of tie which could thus spring up between the young foreigner and the Queen of France, we must realize the singularly unceremonious tone of the society with which Marie-Antoinette liked to surround herself. This Mercy's reports enable us to do, for in them Marie-Antoinette's life stands photographed with realistic precision.

It has already been said that Marie-Antoinette, at her wedding, was but a school-girl. By nature bright and graceful, lively in manner, but petulant and even imperious in humour, she betrayed defects which might then have been taken as the mere marks of an unformed character. She exhibited a child's dislike for serious occupations, and particularly for the restraints incumbent on the exigencies of court state. Maria-Theresa had entrusted her daughter's education to preceptors too obsequious to be severe with the waywardness of an august pupil. To this culpable weakness it was due that at fifteen the Archduchess had acquired the merest varnish of instruction; those most essential lessons for princesses, to keep whims under control, and to acquiesce graciously in the trammels of etiquette, having been

been left wholly untaught. Grace and youth threw, indeed, a charm of playfulness around her unceremonious freaks, but the undress fashions, which suited the homely tone of Schönbrunn, were quite out of harmony with the punctilious ways of Versailles. Marie-Antoinette had no idea of putting up with anything irksome, or of not freely indulging in fancies. Not that she was a person of really warm affection. Marie-Antoinette was cold at heart, though she had an easily excited surface sensibility, which made her hasty and impulsive. Maria-Theresa writes anxiously and tenderly: Marie-Antoinette's letters exhibit only the frigid phrases of glib conventionality. There is no true warmth in her expression. This constitutional coldness was probably a lucky accident under the circumstances which marked the early years of her wedded life. If Marie-Antoinette did not feel deeply, she was, however, given to quick likes and dislikes, which she indulged with petulant vehemence. Marie-Antoinette's friendships were merely a child's delight in a toy, that engrosses for a season, but subsides as soon as the sport has lost its attraction. Her successive favourites were successive companions in sports, the warmth of favour being exactly concurrent with that of the pursuit after these sports. When the pursuit flagged, the favour also waned. The same impulsiveness was visible in the Queen's aversions, which were never concealed. Amongst Marie-Antoinette's most dangerous qualities was a proneness to sarcasm. Though her manner towards those she liked was radiant with graciousness, there was a vein of haughtiness, which often caused much offence. She had also inherited the Hapsburg fibre of obstinacy, so as to prove stubborn when chafed by opposition in pursuit of some pet fancy. Maria-Theresa was quite aware of this:—

'I am more and more convinced that I have not been mistaken in the headstrong and pleasure-seeking character I have long attributed to my daughter. I have perfectly noticed that, notwithstanding professed deference to your remonstrances, she has never swerved from her course when it was a question of matters for which she had a fondness. I am struck by her behaviour in the business of Aiguillon and of Choiseul, especially the vengeful spirit she showed against the former. At times I even fear little heart—even not thorough sincerity.' (*Maria-Theresa to Mercy*, July 31, 1774.)

The evils consequent on a taste for frivolous amusement were enhanced by the very conspicuous position into which the Queen was brought through the self-effacement affected by Louis XVI. in all that appertained to Court society. Inborn timidity, awkwardness, an engrossing passion for the chase and mechanical occupations, and the irresistible craving for early hours from a

constitutional requirement for much sleep, impelled the King to slip away from the protracted vigils and romping festivities that the Queen ardently delighted in. Marie-Antoinette, radiant in the sparkle of beauty, beaming with the flush of laughter and frolic, stood therefore before the public gaze as the central figure of Court life, and the round of her gaieties furnished daily topics for the gossip of Paris. The impression quickly got abroad, that this beautiful and dashing woman ruled the sluggish and irresolute individual who figured as her husband. No fair-minded enquirer will venture to cast a doubt on the thoroughness with which Marie-Antoinette stood by her husband in the season of heavy trouble. It is, however, beyond question that, in the earlier years of their union, her heart was but little stirred with love for him. Louis XVI. was absolutely incapable of exercising anything like the ascendancy natural to a husband, and the void thus created in the conditions essential to the life of a very youthful wife revealed itself unmistakably. Though Marie-Antoinette is not liable to the charge of criminal actions, she certainly did indulge her vein of sarcasm about Louis XVI. in a manner highly indecorous. That these sallies of levity came from mere thoughtlessness is clear from the fact, that they were ventured upon towards so veteran a servant of her mother's as Count Rosenberg. Here are two instances taken out of letters to him :—

‘My tastes are not the same as the King’s, who cares but for the chase and for mechanics. You will admit I should cut a sorry figure by the side of a forge. I could not be Vulcan, and the part of Venus might displease him much more than my tastes, which he does not disapprove of.’

The next relates to an interview the Queen had with the disgraced Choiseul :—

‘You will have heard perhaps about the audience I gave at Rheims to the Duc de Choiseul. So much has been said, that I should not be surprised if old Maurepas were afraid to sleep at home. You will believe I did not see him without previously speaking to the King, but you will never imagine the art I employed not to seem to be asking his permission. . . . I contrived so well that the poor fellow (*le pauvre homme*) himself arranged the most convenient time for my seeing Choiseul. It seems to me on that occasion I sufficiently put in action woman’s right.’

Maria-Theresa was dreadfully shocked at these words. She sent them to Mercy with this comment :—

‘My confidence in you had need to be absolute to determine me to send you this copy. I confess that I am pierced to the heart. What a style—what manner of thinking! This but too much confirms my anxiety ;



anxiety; she is rushing to her ruin, lucky if in losing herself she still preserves the virtues appertaining to her rank.'

One of Marie-Antoinette's greatest defects, and one most pregnant with disastrous consequences, was her vehement proneness to misplaced favouritism. The first person to become a marked object of the Queen's predilection was the Princesse de Lamballe. A scion of the house of Savoy, wedded when a mere girl to a shameless profligate, this highborn, beautiful, and unhappy lady preserved a character which scandal never presumed to darken, but, like too many of her class, she was provokingly imperious. The peremptoriness with which the Princess insisted on the privileges attached to the post of Surintendante, called out of abeyance in her behalf, much to Mercy's regret, soon wearied the Queen's patience. When Fersen was admitted to the Queen's circle, the Lamballe influence was on the wane. The stars in the ascendant were the Princesse de Guéménée and the Comtesse, afterwards Duchesse, de Polignac—two thoughtless women of beauty and fashion—careless of all but the hour's enjoyment, profuse in expenditure while lacking in private means, avid of dissipation and of money. A yet graver charge lies against them. Of both these intimate associates of the Queen of France it was the accredited belief that they were unfaithful wives. In October 1775 Mercy noted that 'the Queen began to show great affection for the Princesse de Guéménée, who succeeded her aunt as *gouvernante* of the children of France,' remarking that 'she was in the habit of gathering about her noisy company and a number of young people.' The daughter of Marshal Soubise, she was married to a spendthrift cousin, from whom she lived apart, and public rumour pointed to the Duc de Coigny as her lover. Her *salon* was notoriously a haunt for frivolity and a hot-bed of intrigue. That *salon* Marie-Antoinette unhappily took pleasure in frequenting.

'Though H. M. has gone a little less often to the Princesse de Guéménée's, there is still too much of this; it is the most unfortunate habit the Queen has contracted, from the number and quality of the persons who go to the Princess's, and the artfulness with which they lay snares the Queen does not avoid. In this society intrigues of every kind are spun, and every contrivance for dissipation is promoted.' (Mercy, May 16, 1776.)

Ties of blood had connected the Princesse de Lamballe with the Orleans circles. Wise in her generation, Madame de Guéménée leagued with the Comtesse de Polignac—the Queen's fondness for whom was an unmitigated disaster. Her origin,



connection, personal qualities, all combined to make Madame de Polignac a thoroughly unsuitable companion for a gay and indiscreet Princess. Mercy was grievously alarmed at the first indication of a liking for this lady, whose sole merit was beauty. All witnesses are unanimous as to the loveliness of her appearance. The Duc de Levis says her countenance had an angelic sweetness. The brightness of her smile and the grace of her deportment seem to have exercised quite a bewitching fascination. Her talk was distinguished by no particular sparkle, for Madame de Polignac was not clever, but its good-humoured flow reflected a merry and even temperament. The charm of graceful familiarity and the marked absence of stiffness attracted a Queen impatient of etiquette to a lady wholly wanting in solid qualities, and under the direct influence of persons who were open to very discreditable charges.

Madame de Polignac had no political ambition in the true sense; all she panted for was the means wherewith to gratify her boundless extravagance. France was in her eyes a domain on which royalty and its boon companions had the right to fatten. Money, again money, and always money, was the standing burden of her unblushing demands. Mercy was deeply unhappy at doings he saw himself powerless to prevent. His lamentations are many and explicit. He specifies the vast sums which the Queen's infatuated fondness obtained out of the public purse to satisfy the insatiable cravings of her favourite. An income of over half a million livres, partly in great appointments, partly in other emoluments, had been settled on the Polignacs, when they sought to obtain the additional 'free gift' of a fief estimated at 100,000 livres a year, on the ground of the Countess's heavy indebtedness. Notwithstanding the Queen's advocacy, there were still those in the royal closet who, by their firm representations, succeeded in making Louis XVI. shrink from consummating so transcendent a scandal. As a compromise, the Countess was offered 200,000 livres towards her most pressing debts, and an annuity for life of 25,000 livres on her daughter.

'In spite of the amount of this settlement the Polignacs were dissatisfied. . . . After a series of manœuvres too long to recount, it has been arranged that the Countess is to waive her request for the *Comté de Bitche*, but to get 400,000 livres for her debts, the promise of an estate worth 35,000 livres a year, and 800,000 livres in cash as a dowry for her daughter.' (January 17, 1780.)

Even this did not fill the measure of desire. When elevation to the dukedom was in prospect, the favourite pleaded for further grants. 'It is under consideration to attach the title to  
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an estate to be acquired at the cost of the Royal Exchequer,' wrote Mercy, adding: 'few examples are on record of a favour that has become equally lucrative to any family.'

The scandal was aggravated by these moneys being openly squandered in positively profligate pastimes. 'A most untoward circumstance, from the bad effect wrought on the public, and the very serious consequences it may involve, is the Queen's immoderate fondness for games of hazard.' (Mercy, March 18, 1777.) At this period Marie-Antoinette appears to have been without any conception of the value of money. Immediately after her accession to the throne, Mercy became uneasy at the Queen's expenditure. Under the auspices of Polignac—appointed Master of the Horse—her stables were enlarged beyond all precedent. Absolutely superfluous posts were created in the household, solely to secure salaries for friends of the favourite. Her extravagance in the purchase of diamonds was monstrous. From Mercy's statements we learn that, irrespective of large purchases made by the King at the Queen's instigation, she expended more than 2,000,000 livres on diamonds during the first eighteen months. In January 1777 the Queen found herself so involved, that she invoked Mercy's advice. He counselled her to take her husband into her confidence; an advice followed after some repugnance. 'At the first word spoken by the Queen on the matter, the King forthwith and with the best possible grace promised to pay everything. He only asked for a few months' delay, as he wished the debt to be paid from his privy purse without intervention of any minister, a thing,' observes Mercy, 'wholly without example in the previous reign.' This generosity had no restraining effect. The drain of hazard soon reduced the Queen afresh to pitiable straits. We read of 'finances completely exhausted and old debts remaining unpaid.' Occasionally the resolution was taken to eschew high stakes—but it melted at once at sight of temptation. In November 1777 Mercy wrote:—

'As regards play, it is the one point on which the Queen will admit of no remonstrance. On October 25 Her Majesty had lost to her last dollar. Next morning she bade her Treasurer to pay her the coming month's money; in a few days that was all spent, in addition to a loan of 500 louis not yet paid back. . . .'

Mercy drew Maria-Theresa's attention to the unsatisfactory domestic consequences that might ensue from a course of 'continuous dissipation,' which kept the Queen often at the card-table until dawn, while her husband was seeking repose in a lonely bed.

The royal card-table was an old institution at the French Court;

Court; but under Marie-Antoinette its character became materially changed. For an innocent round game, practised with all the gravities of etiquette, she substituted the exciting diversion of pharo, the game played at the notorious public tables in Venice, but prohibited, and quite recently so, by Royal Ordinance in France. Professional players, that is, keepers of gaming tables, were summoned to minister to the Queen of France's desire to indulge in a game proscribed by law. Louis XVI. mildly observed that this would be an ill proceeding in the face of a prohibition from which the palaces of Princes of the Blood were not exempt; but with his usual weakness he yielded to the Queen's insistence, with a proviso that the game should be indulged in but for once. On October 30, 'Bankers came and dealt the cards all night through, the Queen sitting up till five in the morning. Next evening she caused the play to begin again, when she sat up well into All Saints' day. The great evil was,' adds Mercy, 'that this happened on the morning of a solemn festival, as it gave rise to public comment. The Queen excused herself with a joke, saying to the King, that as he had sanctioned one sitting, without determining its duration, it had been quite allowable to extend it over thirty-six hours.' The scandal was not, however, confined to one occasion. The professional players were again summoned into the royal presence, and pharo became domiciled at Versailles. Courtiers of rank began to hold the bank, and even Marie-Antoinette herself went shares in it. Mercy reports (July 15, 1777) how 'the Duc de Fronsac and the Marquis d'Ossun held a large bank in which the Queen had become partner,' adding regretfully that play was growing ever higher and producing deplorable consequences.

'Several persons connected with the Court have become involved; this begets uneasiness in families, and causes much scandal and murmurs among the public. Since some time, the Queen carefully conceals from me her play account; but I know it to be a fact that she loses almost daily. Still worse is the circumstance, that a class of persons obtain access to Court, who through this play acquire means of easy approach to the Queen, and contrive to turn this to account for extracting favours. In the last two months Her Majesty has exacted much from the Ministers of War and Finance.' (October 17, 1777.)

Mercy's apprehensions on the score of the company were fully justified. Scenes occurred in gatherings presided over by the Queen of France which might have been expected only in the haunts of professional sharpers. Altercations were not unfrequent, arising out 'of remonstrances from those who kept the bank with ladies of the Court for their inaccurate mode of play.'

(Mercy,

(Mercy, Sept. 12, 1777.) One evening 'a violent scene' ensued between the Duc de Fronsac and the Comtesse de Gramont, who both claimed the same winnings. An individual was detected in the attempt to pass off a roll of counterfeit louis. On another occasion Count Arthur Dillon had his pocket picked in the royal saloon of 500 louis.

Bad as all this was, it was not yet the worst. Assemblies at Court necessarily remained under some restrictions. These were wholly wanting at the parties the Queen delighted to frequent in Madame de Polignac's apartments. Here play went on madly to ruin; here every kind of intrigue was set on foot by calculating individuals, and here the young and thoughtless Queen was thrown together with spendthrifts and with rakes, a crew of headlong votaries of dissipation. Amongst the names of those who were the familiar *habitués* of the Polignac circle, it will be hard to find one entitled to consideration; more than one was notorious for grave blemishes. The list comprises Vaudreuil and Coigny, Esterhazy and Besenval, the Chevalier de Luxembourg, 'ambitious and evil-minded,'\* and the Duc de Lauzun, 'that most dangerous man from his audacious mind and the combination of every kind of evil quality.' So extraordinarily familiar was the intercourse to which Marie-Antoinette admitted individuals of this stamp, that only the very explicit statements of Mercy can render it credible.

The diary of her doings during the closing days of Carnival in 1777 affords an apt exemplification of the giddy dissipation in which the Queen was wont often to spend her hours away from her husband's side. At midnight of January 31, we find Marie-Antoinette coming in from Versailles to a ball given by the Duke of Orleans at the Palais Royal; at four o'clock she visited the public Masquerade at the adjoining Opera, returning to Versailles at six. On the following Thursday she was again at a ball in the Palais Royal, again to mix in the Opera Masquerade, and again to leave only at six in the morning. On the Sunday we hear 'the Queen once more visited the Opera ball, remaining there until daylight.' On the evening of that same Monday a great ball was given at Versailles in the Palace. Next day, Shrove Tuesday, there was a dance in the Queen's apartments from five to nine in the evening, when the company sat down to supper, after which the Queen drove into Paris, where 'until six on Ash-Wednesday morning' she took part in the Masquerade at the Opera. 'It was high time,' remarked Mercy, 'to get into Lent, for the Queen's health was in

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\* Mercy, Nov. 15, 1775.

a fair way to suffer not a little from so excited a mode of life.' Yet there was nothing exceptional in this round of revelry. Mercy's reports give a long list of doings quite as wild. A ball given in Lent, 1780, by the Countess Diana de Polignac—the favourite's sister-in-law—at which the Queen attended, lasted through the night until eleven in the forenoon.

Such was the giddy world of which Fersen became a member; yet his was certainly not a frivolous nature. No man was less of a fribble. Strikingly handsome in face, of a most noble figure and a dignified carriage, Fersen entered with the zest of youth into pleasure, but never became the slave of dissipation. He was an aristocrat in sentiment as by birth, but with the defects characteristic of the former he mingled the manly qualities proper to the latter. The pride of blue blood showed itself not by arrogance, but by reserve and a distant haughtiness. His resoluteness and discretion could not be surpassed. The passion of partisanship was strong in him, but it did not blind his judgment about individuals. He loved French society, but was keenly alive to the foibles of French character. The reticence and cool daring of Fersen were astounding. A secret confided to him was a secret sunk in the grave. On a par with this secretiveness were the undemonstrative courage with which he matured resolutions within himself, and the unflinching nerve with which he would carry them out. The Duc de Levis, who does not hide his vexation that a foreigner should have been singled out by the royalty of France for special confidence, has given in his *Memoirs* a notice of Fersen, from which a few lines may be quoted.

'Count Fersen . . . was a grand Seigneur, with a tall figure and regular though not expressive countenance. His manners were distinguished and simple. His conversation was not very animated, and he evinced more judgment than wit. With men he was circumspect, with women reserved, serious without being melancholy. His figure and air were exactly suitable to the hero of a romance, though not of a French one; for this he had neither the brilliancy nor the levity.'

The proof of Fersen's discreet conduct is that Mercy never reported anything against him. Yet irrefragable contemporary testimony exists, that the favour shown to him at this time by the Queen was such as to have given rise to remark. Count Creutz, the Swedish envoy in Paris, wrote the following on April 10, 1779, to his sovereign:—

'It is my duty to confide to your Majesty that young Fersen has been seen with so much fondness by the Queen, that this has given umbrage to several persons. I confess I cannot but believe her to have had a leaning towards him; I have observed too positive signs  
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to have any doubts. The young Count behaved on this occasion admirably on the score of modesty and reserve, and particularly by the resolution he formed to go to America. By his departure he has avoided all danger; but it needed firmness beyond his years to surmount such seduction. The last days the Queen could not take her eyes away from him; in looking on him they became filled with tears. I beseech your Majesty to keep this absolutely secret. . . . When the Count's departure became known, all the favourites were enchanted.\*

That Fersen of his own choice should have broken away from the Capuan pleasures of Versailles to seek service in distant lands is eminently characteristic. He served as General Rochambeau's aide-de-camp in America, and extracts from letters to his father show the confidence reposed in him by his commander. On his return, in 1783, Fersen was named proprietary Colonel of the Regiment, Royal Suédois; while Gustavus III. selected him as his companion during a journey through Italy. Fersen's time was divided for some years between his duties in France and Sweden. Still, as often as he could, he hastened to France. Once Fersen had a passing thought of aspiring to the hand of Mademoiselle Necker, but resigned it to his friend Stael with philosophical readiness. 'I thought of it only to give you pleasure, my dear father, and am by no means sorry that it cannot be accomplished.' On the first mutter of the revolutionary thunder Fersen repaired to France, and stayed there from October 1788 until the flight to Varennes in June 1791. His diary during this period is unfortunately lost. Writing to his closest friend, Baron Taube, private secretary to Gustavus III., on receipt of the news that Marie-Antoinette had been beheaded, Fersen says, 'This frightful event makes me the more regret the loss of my Memoirs since 1780; I wrote them day by day. In 1791 I left them in Paris. On my departure I did not dare carry them with me, and the person I deposited them with burnt them from fear that they might be found in his possession.' A laconic note by the Editor states the depositary to have been a Baron Frantz, who died at the Hague in 1795, in the house of Quintin Crawfurd. We have here, however, brief entries made in a pocket-book during the days between June 11 and June 21, 1791, the days of immediate preparation for the flight. Some extracts are also given from the apparently voluminous correspondence with his father, which range over the whole period of his residence in France, and there are letters of great importance to Gustavus, and still

\* This despatch was first published in M. Geffroy's '*Gustave III. et la Cour de France*,' vol. i. p. 359.

more so to Taube, to whom Fersen confided secrets which he had misgivings about communicating to his flighty sovereign.

On one matter a side-light is thrown which deserves notice. In Lord Holland's 'Memoirs' publicity was given to an anecdote connected with the invasion of Versailles by the mob on the night of October 5th, which reflected gravely on the relations between Marie-Antoinette and Fersen. It purported to rest on the authority of Madame Campan, transmitted at second-hand by Talleyrand. The story was subjected in this Review to forcible criticism by Mr. Croker. Lord Holland's proven inaccuracy, and the intrinsic improbability that the Queen could ever have made an assignation on that night of threatened irruption, were enough to stamp the story with a strongly apocryphal character. There was also nothing whatsoever to show that at that time Fersen was anywhere near Versailles. We now learn, however, that Fersen spent the night of October 5th in the Palace; and that he was conveyed into Paris the following day in one of the royal coaches. These facts are incidentally mentioned in a letter written to his father on October 9th. Of course Lord Holland's allegations do not derive confirmation from this circumstance, but the assumed absence of Fersen from Versailles must henceforth be eliminated as a point bearing on the question.

The documents published have a certain sequence from the beginning of 1790. Gustavus III. was then already greatly stirred by events in France. Much displeased with the tone of his envoy Stael, and yet unwilling to recal him, he kept him accredited officially, but made Fersen the depositary of his confidence. The opinions of the latter were not ambiguous:—

'I consider M. Necker to be highly culpable, and foreign or civil war to be alone capable of restoring France and royal authority. . . . If the King once gets out of Paris, a new order of things must arise. . . . His party in the Assembly and the provinces has already grown much, and the courage, firmness and admirable behaviour of the Queen have rallied many persons to her.' (*Fersen to Gustavus*, January 7, 1790.)

Necker's dismissal was to him matter for joy:—

'M. Necker retires; his resignation is offered and has been joyfully accepted. No one regrets him, not even in his own set, and his departure will have no effect. Never has any one more spoilt a splendid existence, or lost more, and been more mischievous from his character. . . . He has been the misfortune of France, he has betrayed the King; and whatever happens he never will be enough punished.'

Fersen then thought matters would right themselves if allowed



to run their course. 'The Assembly must continue its operations without hindrance; it must be left to upset everything; it must even be protected; it will perish of itself; and when the people come to feel still more the misery and evils wrought by the Assembly, then will be the time to act.' He also gave strenuous warning against counsels emanating from certain Royalist quarters. The Comte d'Artois had already left France, and was contemplating a rising in Languedoc; a step which Fersen pronounced 'certain to fail, and which it was earnestly sought to prevent.' The scheme was really due, he said, to the Prince de Condé, who was 'full of ambition, and more actuated by this ambition and the *ennui* he experienced at Turin than by attachment to the King;' and Fersen added, 'The ultra-aristocrats from here egg on to action; these people have never done aught but harm to the King.' This warning against Artois and his friends runs through the whole of Fersen's utterances. The warning was not against the substance of their aims, but against the individuals who pursued them. We have here the note of personal jealousy which vibrated harshly through the Royalist camp, and resulted in discord and disunion. From first to last, the correspondence shows Fersen animated with as uncompromising opinions as the most hot-headed Emigrant at Coblenz—but also bent on effecting the object, that the Emigrant Princes should not be regarded as having authority—that nothing should be done but in concert with the old recognized representatives of the Crown—and for him this meant the Queen. This feeling was thoroughly shared by the Queen herself. Marie-Antoinette resented the influence of her brothers-in-law keenly. We shall revert to this again. It is sufficient to indicate here the early manifestation of a sentiment which had an adverse influence on the Royalist strength by the introduction of irrepressible jealousies into the ranks of the Royalist party. Six months later Fersen had greatly modified his views. He now recognized that there was no hope of reaction. In March 1791, he told Gustavus that Monarchy could find no forces in France wherewith to make an effective stand in arrest of the Revolution. If the Crown was to be saved from destruction, it could be only by rescue from without.

'It is absolutely necessary for the King to get out of Paris; but how and whither is he to go? The King's party is composed of incompetent persons, whose exaggeration and vehemence are such that they cannot be guided, and that nothing can be confided to them which demands slow procedure and great precautions. . . . But all would still prove insufficient without assistance from the neighbouring Powers—Spain, Portugal, the Emperor—and without succour from the

the Northern Powers. . . . Short of this combination, I believe it impossible for the King ever to attempt the recovery of his authority; all springs are broken; all heads gone wild; there is no order, no subordination . . . despondency and fear have taken hold of all minds, and the spirit of revolt is general.'

Here we have that armed coalition of Europe invoked, which was subsequently put in action with such disastrous results. The idea had already for some time been floating before the brain of the fantastic Gustavus, who dreamt of rescuing the King and Queen of France at the head of the hosts of Royalism. Fersen henceforth never wavered in strenuously urging foreign intervention; but he never shared the infatuated lightheadedness which deemed the enterprise of easy performance. The execution, if confined to his hands, would have been very different from that actually set on foot. Fersen was thorough in his views, but his thoroughness was marked by shrewdness and practical vigour. His letters show him to have been a man who, while engaging in desperate ventures, was never clouded by illusions, with the single exception of his over-appreciation of Marie-Antoinette's political capacity.

The same day that the above was written to Gustavus, Fersen made the following communication to Baron Taube:—

'All I have mentioned to the King as a thought of mine, about the King and Queen leaving Paris, the manner of operating a change here, and the necessity for foreign help, is a scheme actually in existence, and which is being actively worked at; all the world is ignorant of it; only four Frenchmen are in the secret, three of these being out of the country. The one here is safe, and not in Paris. I have told the King nothing of this, for I somewhat distrust his discretion, and the matter demands the greatest possible secrecy. . . . Be, above all, on your guard against all Frenchmen, even the best intentioned; they are so indiscreet, that they would spoil everything; if they were to hear anything, they would be sure to write about it at once. In a little while, possibly, I may be able to give you some details. The Comte d'Artois and Prince de Condé count for nothing in this plan.'

This is the first hint of the attempt at flight. From this period no letters are given from or to the Queen, but several between Fersen and the chief agents in the enterprise, Bouillé and Breteuil. The charge which has been brought against Fersen, that he was careless in his preparations, falls to the ground. The failure was not due to his share in the transaction. The letters to Breteuil are specially interesting, as establishing the extraordinarily confidential relations between Fersen and the royal personages. Breteuil was designated to figure as Minister of State on the King's reaching a place of safety. It

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was Fersen who, in the tone of a Premier, instructed Breteuil as to the line of conduct he was to adopt, and directed him to disregard Artois and Condé, as individuals actuated solely 'by ambition and the desire to play the chief part.' These confidential instructions are given from a draft with marginal annotations in Marie-Antoinette's hand. The circumstance is strikingly illustrative. Throughout the Fersen correspondence Louis XVI. is quite in the shade. It is Marie-Antoinette who is taken into council on matters of state; it is Marie-Antoinette whose word is considered decisive. The King's name, indeed, occurs at intervals, but it occurs only incidentally, and for little more than form's sake. The obliteration of Louis XVI. from actual influence has never been so forcibly exemplified as by the contents of these volumes.

The loss of Fersen's full journal, as has been already mentioned, is in some degree made up for by the preservation of a note-book with brief entries of his daily doings between June 11 and June 20, the night of the flight. These entries help to fix points about which there has been much controversy. They confirm the statement, that the date for the flight was several times postponed because of a waiting-woman whose presence in the palace was deemed an obstacle. On June 16 is the entry: 'To the Queen at half-past nine. Carried away myself some articles. They have no suspicion, nor is there any in the town.' On the 17th, Fersen reconnoitred Bondy, the first stage on the road the Royal Family were to take, and Bourget on the cross road by which he himself meant to travel. On the 18th, he was again with the Queen 'from half-past two until six.' On the 19th, he notes laconically, 'Saw the King; took away 800 \* livres and the seals.' That night—the eve of the flight—he 'remained at the Chateau till midnight.' The entries for the eventful 20th are defective. They were written in pencil on loose slips, one of which is lost, so that the first words preserved ('*remarque et demande ce qu'il voulait faire*') begin in the middle of a sentence. The sequel shows that the passage relates to the final preparatory interview. 'In taking leave the King said: "*Monsieur de Fersen, quoiqu'il puisse arriver, je n'oublierai pas tout ce que vous faites pour moi.*"' The Queen wept. I left her at six; she went out with the children. No unusual precaution.' What follows is of capital interest. Mr. Croker has dwelt with force on the perplexing discrepancies in the accounts given by different participators as to the details of the flight. The short but remarkably precise notes of Fersen

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\* Is this not a misprint for 8000?

—characteristic of his coolness and self-possession in critical moments—must set these moot points at rest. They strikingly corroborate the conclusions which Mr. Croker arrived at by the process of critical deduction.

‘I returned home,’ writes Fersen, ‘to finish what I had to do. At seven I went to Sullivan to see if the carriage had been brought there. Home again. At eight wrote to the Queen to alter the meeting-place for the waiting-women, and to instruct them strictly to let me know the precise hour by the Gardes de Corps; took the letter; nothing astir. At 8½ the Gardes de Corps joined me, gave me the letter for Mercy. Instruct them; went home; dispatch my chaise; give them my coachman and horses to start with. Went to fetch the carriage; thought I had lost the letter for Mercy. At 10¼ in the Cour des Princes; at 11½ the children came out; brought through without difficulty; Lafayette passed twice. At 11¼ Madame Elizabeth, then the King, then the Queen. Off at midnight; joined the carriage at the Barrière St. Martin. At 1½ at Bondy; post-horses taken; and by the cross-road at 3 at Bourget and away.’

Early on the 22nd Fersen reached Mons, where were the Comte de Provence and many French refugees. He wrote instantly two notes, one to his father, the other to Gustavus, then at Aix-la-Chapelle. To the former he wrote:—‘This instant I am arrived, my dear father. The King and all the family succeeded in getting out of Paris on the 20th at midnight. I drove them the first stage. God grant the remainder of the journey may be equally successful.’\* In the note to Gustavus, Bondy is expressly mentioned as the point to which he acted as coachman. This proves Madame to have been mistaken in stating that Fersen took leave of the party at the Barrière St. Martin. Pushing eagerly on to Montmedy, where he hoped to join the Royal Family, Fersen, on the 23rd, met Bouillé at Arlon, and learnt what had happened, with feelings of convulsive anguish. ‘All is lost, my dear father, and I am in despair. . . . I start at once for Brussels, to carry the letter and the commands the King gave me for Mercy.’

The Royal Family was led back into the Tuileries on June 25th. On the 28th, and again on the 29th, Marie-Antoinette contrived to despatch some written words to Fersen. The first note ran thus:—

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\* On the eve of the flight Marie-Antoinette handed to Fersen a portfolio containing papers. An entry in his diary of November 9, 1792, proves it to have been then in his keeping, and the value he attached to its preservation. The Editor identifies the draft of the important instructions to Breteuil, already referred to, as being in this portfolio, but gives no grounds for such identification, nor any information as to the other contents of the portfolio, an instance of the unsatisfactory manner in which he has performed his task.

'Reassure yourself about us—we live! The heads of the Assembly appear disposed to act with gentleness. Speak to my relatives about steps from abroad; should they be afraid, then we shall have to come to terms with them.'

The second missive is in a more excited strain; the text has gaps due to erasures by Fersen in his transcript from the ciphered original, which are represented by dots.\*

'I exist. . . . Oh, how anxious I have been about you, and how I grieve at all you suffer from hearing no tidings of us.† Heaven will grant that this may reach you. Do not write to me; that would only be to endanger us, and, above all, do not return here under any pretext. It is known that it is you who got us out from here: all would be lost if you appeared. We are watched day and night; that is all the same to me. . . . Be tranquil, nothing will happen to me. The Assembly is inclined to treat us gently. . . . I shall not be able to write to you any more. . . .'

The first letter from Fersen to the Queen is of June 27, with a postscript dated the 30th, from Brussels. It was in cipher, and is printed from a draft. It is virtually an elaborate memorandum on the situation, with just one touch of personal sentiment at the end. Quite irrespective of any inference from Marie-Antoinette's second note, we cannot but conclude from internal evidence that so unimpassioned a State paper never could have been Fersen's first epistolary effusion after the great misadventure. The document is, however, important in matter and in tone. It commences abruptly thus, as follows:—

'The terrible misfortune that has occurred must wholly change the course of affairs, and should the old resolution be abided by, to make others initiate action, this not being within one's own power, then it is necessary to renew negotiations, and for that purpose to give plenary powers.'

Fersen enumerates three points, to which distinct answers are indispensable:—

'1. Is it intended that action is to be proceeded with notwithstanding whatever commands to the contrary may be received? 2. Is it intended to give full powers to Monsieur or to the Comte d'Artois? 3. Is it intended that he [evidently the person invested with full powers] is

\* The Queen's letters were mostly in cipher, and are printed from fair transcripts by Fersen, who, with his methodical habits, generally marked the date of receipt, and often indicated the channel of transmission. The texts abound in erasures with the pen made by Fersen in the transcripts. From the facsimiles given, one would think a practised Editor might decipher much of what was scored through.

† The obvious inference is that this was written in reply to some communication received from Fersen after the former note had been penned.

to employ the Baron Breteuil, or do you (*on*) acquiesce in M. de Calonne or will you (*on*) leave the selection to him ?

Fersen forwards what he considers an appropriate form of full powers, and concludes thus: 'The full power is to be written in invisible ink, and handed as quickly as possible to the individual who will deliver this letter. I am very well treated here; your sister is good for you and for me.'

There is much that is deeply suggestive in these mutual communications. The style and the tone of familiarity are remarkable, particularly on the part of Fersen. The last barrier that is allowed to drop in intercourse with royal personages is that of style and title. Four months later, on October 31, Marie-Antoinette wrote to Fersen: '*We have read quite well all that was written in white; but henceforth the King dispenses with ceremony; it will be more easy to put simply You.*' Yet we find that in June Fersen had already addressed Marie-Antoinette with the unceremonious *You*; that he even ventured on a liberty which not every prince, but only a princely relative, according to etiquette, was entitled to, when he designated the Archduchess Marie Christine as simply '*your sister.*' Fersen's language is that of one discussing matters with a person with whom he feels himself on a perfect equality. There is no trace of courtly deference in his phrases. Marie-Antoinette's language, again, is no less striking for its thorough familiarity; the distance ordinarily indicated in some form between blood royal and every other blood is nowhere perceptible. These epistolary effusions carry within them also clear proof of previous correspondence between the two in a strictly confidential form. The Queen's first note is dashed off in cipher; but it is out of the question that, under the close watch to which she was subjected immediately after her return as a virtual prisoner to the Tuileries, means could have been found for arranging a cipher with Fersen. Had the cipher been a device resorted to for the first time, some indication of the fact could hardly fail to have been discernible. As it is, no expression warrants the inference, that the Queen was doing aught she was not quite conversant with. There is, moreover, incidental evidence that her entire correspondence with Fersen was not meant to come under the King's eye. We have an unsigned but autograph letter of Marie-Antoinette, dated December 7, 1791, which was carried to Fersen by a M. Lasserre. It is long and of a peculiarly affectionate character; but though not composed in cipher, the text has many gaps due to Fersen's pen. Here are specimens of the Queen's familiar language: 'How is your health? I lay a wager you do not nurse yourself;

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in this you do wrong.' A gap intervenes : 'Adieu ; the idea of chocolate is an excellent one ; it is doubly useful to you, and I will make use of it with prudence, but occasionally this winter ; adieu once more . . .' and here follows another gap. In this strictly intimate letter, the Queen, after referring to the 'inconveniences' surrounding her correspondence with Fersen, says, '*This very day M. de Laporte, who takes everything to the King, happened to give him your parcel.*' The sentence did not finish with these words. Again the discreet Fersen has done his best to obliterate what followed ; but the words left standing are gravely significant. It would be vain to assert that the Queen's letters do not bear the stamp of an intimacy and a confidence that are exceptional.

Fersen's journal, and his correspondence with various persons besides the Queen, furnish from this time forward a tolerably complete view of the schemes at which, in concert with Marie-Antoinette, he worked with unflagging energy. The key-notes of his policy were, rescue through intervention from abroad, and elimination from its direction of the Emigrant Royalist element, as being without valid title to authority. Fersen was a fervent Royalist in principle, but still more the devoted champion of Marie-Antoinette. He laboured indefatigably that the Powers should have regard solely to the King and Queen of France, and dismiss as illegitimate all representations emanating from the Emigrant Princes. The present publication irrefutably proves that Fersen acted with Marie-Antoinette's entire cognizance. What has been often surmised is now demonstrated : Marie-Antoinette directly and passionately urged the invasion of France ; while she deliberately laid herself out deceitfully to cajole individuals who were striving to save the Crown as a limited one. At the same time she weakened the already broken ranks of French Royalism by irrepressible bursts of personal resentment, which in return provoked bitter feelings.

After conferences, first with the cautious Mercy at Brussels, and then with the feverish Gustavus at Aix-la-Chapelle, Fersen proceeded to Vienna with the hope of inducing the Emperor Leopold by personal appeals to co-operate effectively against the revolutionary movement in France. He was empowered to sign an engagement for the despatch of a Swedish force to Ostend by sea, if the Emperor would undertake to move from the other side. The traditional dilatoriness of the Austrian councils, the Emperor's personal vacillation, and the influence of ministers grown grey in established tradition, thwarted Fersen. His difficulties were enhanced by the arrival of the Comte d'Artois in company with Calonne, who affected to repre-



sent the Royalty of France and to discredit Fersen's pretensions to speak as the mouthpiece of the Tuileries. Fersen submitted a proposal, that the annexation of Avignon should be made the plea for convening a Congress in some town near the French frontier, and that, simultaneously, preparations should be actively prosecuted for effective operations in the event of the Assembly not becoming frightened into a milder frame of mind. D'Artois, on the other hand, talked incessantly, 'without listening, sure of everything, speaking but of force, and never of negotiations.' His object was to press the Emperor to recognise 'Monsieur at once as Regent, and to get him to give public orders for the march of troops,' and to obtain his assent to the issue of a Manifesto by the King's brothers and the Princes of the House of Bourbon, proclaiming 'the Regency of Monsieur as devolved on him by right of birth and rendered indispensable by the impossibility of leaving the kingdom any longer without government.' This would have been tantamount to declaring the supersession of Louis XVI., who had just given his sanction to the Constitution. At Vienna there were some who eagerly backed these suggestions. Not a few French Emigrants had flocked to that capital. Fersen found there Polignac, who, 'though possessed of nothing, had with him his cook and his silver plate.' There too was the fascinating Duchess, who flew to embrace her friend Calonne, and surprised him in his nightcap. The procrastinating character of the Emperor, however, was even less disposed to adopt the impetuous suggestions of Artois than the more plausible schemes of Fersen. After two months' stay, Fersen, convinced that nothing effective could be attained in Vienna, turned his steps back towards Brussels.

Fersen's motive in going to Brussels was the hope that there he might find chords more ready to vibrate under his touch than those he had been trying to play upon in Vienna. The Archduchess Marie-Christine, married to the Duke of Saxe-Teschen, was Regent of the Austrian Netherlands, and by her side was Count Mercy. 'From all I hear,' Fersen wrote to Gustavus, 'it is clear that the impulse comes from the Archduchess and from Mercy. I know that everything is communicated to them and passes through their hands; it is on them, therefore, one must act.' To Taube he expressed himself more distinctly: 'As Count Mercy and the Archduchess have confidence in me, I may perhaps be able to make them enter into our views, and accelerate the indispensable preparations.' Fersen reached Brussels on October 6th, and on the same day opened his batteries on Mercy. The cautious Austrian diplomatist did not at first entertain

entertain with favour the plans urged on him, though he is represented as having been ultimately persuaded, by consideration 'of the need of visible measures for putting a stop to the Princes.' Fersen found himself embarrassed by the plea that what he was urging in the name of the French Crown was not really desired by its representatives. Louis XVI. had recently accepted the decrees of the Assembly with much ostentation; and all official communications from Paris expressed acquiescence in the Constitution. The ultra-Royalists denounced what they stigmatized as a base defection from legitimate principles. Louis XVI. and Marie-Antoinette were branded by fanatical Emigrants apostates from the true faith. 'It is alleged,' Fersen notes in his diary, 'that the Queen of France lets herself be led by Barnave; that she is greatly set against the Princes; that she restrains the Emperor. All this is going badly.' Having been cut off, while in Vienna, from communications with Marie-Antoinette, it was of importance to Fersen to be assured that the Queen had not, under pressure of the events which had happened in Paris during the interval, modified her views in regard to the policy that should be pursued. Two days after reaching Brussels, Fersen received a ciphered letter from the Queen, dated September 26th. 'Your letter of the 28th has come to hand,' wrote the Queen. 'For two months I had no tidings of you; no one could tell me where you were. Had I known her direction, I had intended to write to Sophie;\* she would have told me where you were.' A gap of nine lines intervenes: 'Here we are in a new position since the King's acceptance [of the Constitution]; to have refused would have been nobler; but this was impossible under the circumstances. I should have liked the acceptance shorter and simpler, but unfortunately one is surrounded by *des scélérats*.' Another gap occurs, but words left standing indicate the suppressed passage to have had reference to the recovery of some papers belonging to Fersen, whereby the Queen's mind had been much relieved: then the text continues thus:—

'The follies of the Princes and the Emigrants have also compelled our course; it was quite essential, in accepting, to remove every suspicion that this might not be in good faith. I believe the best means for producing disgust with all this is to appear to be quite in it; that will soon make it clear that nothing can go on. For the rest, notwithstanding the letter written by my brothers [the emigrant Princes] to the King, and which, be it said, by no means produces here the impression they hoped, I do not see, particularly from the Pillnitz declaration, that foreign help is ready. Perhaps this is for the best,

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\* Fersen's youngest sister, married to Count Piper.

as the deeper we get the more these scoundrels (*ces gueux*) will become sensible of their sufferings, so as perhaps even themselves to come to wish for foreign intervention.'

Then comes a remarkably characteristic passage:—

'Vous ne sauriez combien tout ce que je fais dans ce moment me coûte, et encore cette vilaine race d'hommes qui se disent attachés et qui ne nous ont jamais fait que du mal, sont-ils enragés dans ce moment; il semble qu'on a l'âme assez basse pour faire avec plaisir tout ce qu'on est obligé, encore est-ce leur . . . \* et leur conduite qui nous a entraînés dans la position où nous sommes.'

The importance of this letter lies in its date, September 26, exactly eight days after Louis XVI. had solemnly sworn to the Constitution, after repeated consultation with certain confidential advisers. Madame Campan narrates how she secretly introduced Barnave at night into the Tuileries. The Fersen papers fully corroborate the relations between this Revolutionary politician and the Queen. Barnave and his associates, Lameth and Duport, may be regarded as statesmen of inferior stuff, but their action at this conjuncture certainly merited some gratitude. Yet we have it now under the Queen's hand, that her heart was all the while brimming over with bitterness and treachery against the men she was luring on with assurances of her confidence, and that *cette vilaine race d'hommes* and *enragés* are the epithets she applied to individuals who were risking their lives in an effort to save the throne from destruction. Fersen replied in a letter containing a report of his Vienna experiences, and entering fully into the policy to be pursued. This document, written with the purpose of eliciting distinct instruction as to the royal wishes, is remarkable for the omission of all reference to Louis XVI., as if he had not at all to be consulted:—

'Here I am back at last,' Fersen begins. . . . 'I pity you for having been obliged to sanction, but I feel your position; it is horrible; there was nothing else to be done. . . . Is all hope lost? Do not give way to despair if any remains. If it is your wish to be helped, I hope you will be so; but for this it is indispensable to know your wishes and your plans, so as to moderate or to stimulate the good intention of the King of Sweden and the other Powers, for under all circumstances the Princes must be mere auxiliaries.'

Fersen states in the plainest words what might be expected from the various sovereigns. Of Marie-Antoinette's brother he says: 'The Emperor is the least willing; he is weak and discreet; he promises everything, but his ministers always keep him back.' Fersen explains the measures he had counselled

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\* Erasure by Fersen.

at Vienna—meeting of a congress—demand, ‘in terms of the Pillnitz declaration,’ for the liberty of the royal person—advance of forces towards frontiers, and the landing at Ostend of Swedish and Russian troops. This was, however, subject to what the Queen, with her superior knowledge of the situation in France, might deem expedient. Fersen accordingly demanded categorical replies to three questions:—

‘1. Is it your intention sincerely to throw yourself into the Revolution, and do you believe that nothing else can be done? 2. Do you wish to be helped, or do you wish all negotiations with the Court to cease? 3. Have you any plan, and what is it?’

In a postscript Fersen added, ‘Don’t let your feelings carry you over to the *enragés*, they are wretches (*scélérats*) who will never do anything for you; one must use them, but be on the guard against them.’ The Chevalier de Coigny carried this letter to Paris; and on October 19 Marie-Antoinette replied in emphatic terms. ‘Reassure yourself; I do not let myself take part with the *enragés*; if I see and have relations with some amongst them, it is only to make use of them; they all inspire me with too much horror for me ever to let myself take part with them.’ And then she added: ‘The French are atrocious in every respect; one must take great care that, if those here keep the upperhand, and we have to live with them, they should not be able to reproach us with anything; but it must also be borne in mind that, in the event of those abroad again becoming the masters, we ought to be in a position not to displease them. . . .’ A fortnight later the Queen wrote again, ‘Be quite at ease, never will I let myself take part with the *enragés*; one must use them to prevent greater evils; but as regards good, of that I perfectly know them to be incapable.’ These words conveyed to Fersen the assurances he longed for. Freed from doubt as to the Queen’s mind, he proceeded with renewed energy to promote that armed rescue from abroad, which he believed must result in the restoration of the Kingly authority. Amongst the Royalist Emigrants Fersen, however, had not a few enemies:—

‘Many blame my conduct and say I have acted only from ambition, and that I have lost you and the King. . . . I had the ambition to be of service to you, and it will be a source of regret all my life not to have succeeded; I wished to acquit myself of a portion of the obligation which it is sweet to me to have to you; and I desired to show that one can be attached to persons like yourself without having a selfish interest. . . . I know you have seen my valet’s wife; what kindness! But to such I ought to have been accustomed.’ (Oct. 28, 1791.)

Two days later, Fersen wrote to Taube :—

‘The Queen intimates that, being left wholly unsupported, the King of France necessarily could not evade acceptance; that she will press for the congress . . . and that on the meeting of the Plenipotentiaries means will be forthcoming . . . to arrive at an understanding about operations. . . . Meanwhile I cannot repeat too often that one must not let oneself take part with the Princes, for that would be against the King of France’s wish. . . . During the interval the King and Queen will continue to cajole the people with the view of causing a belief that they are in good faith, of inspiring confidence and of securing the means for action: but, as I have already stated, they are determined not to act through the Princes, being resolved to work by themselves and in concert with the foreign Powers, and then employ as an instrument the Princes and the Emigrants.’

The intensity of the Queen’s jealousy of the Princes, and the profound disunion between her and Madame Elisabeth, are graphically revealed in the following bitter ejaculations, written on October 31st :—

‘The letter of Monsieur to the Baron [de Breteuil] has astounded and revolted us; but patience is necessary, and at this moment one must not show anger too plainly; still I will make a copy to show to my sister. *Our home (intérieur) is a hell; there is no possibility of saying a word even with the best intentions in the world. My sister is so thoroughly indiscreet, so surrounded by intriguers, and, above all, so under the domination of her brothers abroad, that it is absolutely impossible to converse with her, or one would have to quarrel all day long.*’

What a weird gleam is here flashed into the mournful dreariness of this palace-prison, torn, even in that season of desolation, by irrepressible animosities and ungovernable passions!

The restless Gustavus chafed impatiently at what he termed the truckling attitude of the French King and Queen.

‘The action of the French Court has most certainly exceeded in cowardice and ignominy all that could be anticipated or that the past can show,’ wrote Gustavus to Fersen; ‘but still more deplorable is it that, after having so greatly lowered its dignity, it still further strives to thwart the efforts which its brothers and the Powers, sincerely interested in its fortunes and in the French throne, are ready to make for its help. . . . I deem it my duty to tell you it is most essential you should represent to the Queen of France the tremendous harm she is doing herself by the line of action she has adopted, not merely through ill wrought to the common cause, but likewise through the hatred she is drawing on herself from all who have sacrificed or compromised themselves for her sake.’

Fersen, who never lacked decision, addressed to the Queen a memoir, in which nothing was concealed.

‘The.

'The Emperor is deceiving you. He will do nothing for you, and under the specious pretext of your personal safety, and the fulfilment of your intentions by not acting in concert with the Princes, he is abandoning you to your fate and letting the total ruin of the kingdom be consummated.'

Fersen bluntly told the Queen how it was said that

'a desire to rule, and a dread of being ruled, makes you prefer to act through the Constitution and to employ the factions, rather than be indebted to the Princes and Emigrants for a re-establishment of your authority; that you would sooner lose the Kingdom than a fraction of that authority, and a thousand tales of this kind, each more absurd than the other. These notions have been circulated amongst the nobility, and are believed; very sensible persons, and who were attached to you, are even disposed to adopt them. . . . In the position you are in . . . you must seek to put a stop to these reports. . . . For this it is indispensable to decide on a plan and pursue it with all possible activity. Here is one I propose to you.'

Assuming that no initiative could be expected from the Emperor, Fersen urged an appeal to the Northern Powers and Spain, with the view of forcing Prussia and the Emperor into a coalition. Gustavus had offered to act as intermediary in Berlin, but this Fersen deemed open to objection.

'The King of Sweden's offer, though well-meant, cannot be accepted. The bustling and restless spirit of this prince inspires distrust, and at the present moment that distrust may injure your interests; without assigning this reason, you must thank him for the offer and say you would rather write yourself to the King of Prussia, as this is more calculated to stimulate his zeal and good will . . . and you will finish with those charming things you know better than any one how to say. . . . Your letter to the King of Prussia will be short. You will thank him for his message through M. de Moutier; you will tell him that necessity obliged you to sanction [the Constitution], but that you are resolved to change the position in which you are,' &c.

Fersen winds up in terms of uncourtly plainness:—

'Your position is becoming every day more critical. . . . You have already seen the reports incessantly spread about you abroad, with the view of alienating the attachment of the nobility; efforts are even made to dishonour you at the Courts by representing all your steps as so many acts of weakness, and unless you promptly extricate yourself from the situation you are in, you will be abandoned by all parties, and left entirely at the mercy of the factions and the Republicans. . . . Coblenz apparently is quite determined, and if you do not act, it will do so.'

To put the Queen still more on her guard against those whom he calls the 'factions,' Fersen enclosed a copy (which  
is

is not given) of a letter written by Lafayette, and concluded thus:—

‘From all I have communicated, you see how necessary it is to decide at once and to give me instructions. You cannot continue as you are, and you have everything to fear from Coblenz and the Emigrants. . . . Answer me without loss of time, I entreat, what resolution you mean to take; it is absolutely indispensable to write to the different Courts. . . . Not a moment is to be lost. . . . Yesterday I received your long letter. . . . What you say as to your home (*intérieur*) grieves but does not surprise me; you have to undergo all possible misfortunes at the same time.’

Marie-Antoinette complied eagerly and thoroughly with every suggestion from her friend. She wrote to Spain and the other Courts exactly as Fersen prompted. The advice in no degree to be drawn in good faith towards any revolutionary section—notably not towards Lafayette—was responded to with impassioned vehemence.

‘The letter of *sans tort* [a nickname given to Lafayette] was not wanted for me to have him in horror . . . he is the most dangerous of all—and perhaps the only one really to be feared.’

Then the Queen burst into the following exclamation, ‘Oh, the accursed people, how melancholy is it to be obliged to live with them, and to be bound to render them service!’ There is something still graver in the Queen’s reply. It contains evidence of her confirmed duplicity at a most critical conjuncture towards the King’s official advisers and most sincere friends. This letter was written on December 7, 1791. The Assembly had just voted two decrees of capital consequence—one imposing on the clergy an oath to the Constitution, the second calling on the Electors of Treves and Mayence to disarm the Emigrants in their states. Religious scruples emboldened the vacillating Louis XVI. to veto the former decree. To counteract the danger from revolutionary agitation at this step, the King went to the Assembly, and, with studied parade of earnest language, professed in the face of the nation his hearty concurrence in the other resolution, which was virtually a declaration of war against the two Princes of the Empire. This proceeding had been determined on after mature deliberation with his Cabinet, which comprised men with special claims to the royal confidence. In that Cabinet the Minister of War was Narbonne, at that time Madame de Stael’s lover, brilliant, dashing, and perhaps flighty, but certainly no Jacobin: it contained Bertrand de Molleville, a pronounced Royalist, and Delessert and Tasché,—men who strenuously desired to protect the Crown from



from violence. By addressing an ultimatum to the Electors, these politicians hoped to satisfy popular feeling; by not including the Emperor in it, they hoped to confine operations within limited proportions; and by a successful campaign against a feeble foe, they fondly hoped to effect a diversion that might be beneficial to the throne. The whole scheme may well seem to us intensely chimerical. It was one of those straws which only drowning men clutch at. Such as it was, the project had been fully made clear to the mind of the King, who, both in public to the Assembly and in private to his advisers, made use of terms calculated to create the impression of his being in cordial union with the views of the one and of the others. At the same moment, however, we find the Queen writing in these terms to Fersen:—

‘Since yesterday Count Louis de Narbonne is at last Minister of War; what glory for Madame de Stael, and what a delight to have the whole army to herself! . . . Like you, I hold that evil cannot by itself work out good; for this reason it is indispensable to have a foreign force operating from without; but if you think that the French reflect, and are capable of following a system, you do them too much honour. . . . *We are about to declare war, not against a Power strong enough to cope with us—we are too cowardly to do that—but against the Electors and some German princes, in the hope that they cannot defend themselves.* These idiots do not see they are serving us in this, for if once we begin, all the Powers must take part from the motive of common self-defence. *Therefore it is essential they should be thoroughly persuaded that we are acting only under compulsion, and that the best way to help us is to fall on us in full force.* . . . Oh, what happiness if some day I may be enough myself again to prove to these scoundrels (*gueux*) that I was not their dupe!’

The context removes all doubt as to who were the *scoundrels* in question; they comprised not merely individuals in the Ministry who were doing their best to serve the Crown. Marie-Antoinette was at this time keeping up active clandestine relations with Barnave and his friends, and was professing to lean on them with a most confiding trust. They also knew of the military movements in contemplation, and, in the interest of the Crown, they too concurred in the paramount importance of inducing Leopold not to rush into the conflict. Madame de Stael, who, from her intimacy with Narbonne, had access to excellent information, was aware of this clandestine intercourse, though she was mistaken as to its details. She knew of a Memoir from the pen of Barnave, which was sent by the Queen to Leopold. She, however, erroneously supposed this Memoir to have been reproduced in the terms of the Austrian despatch of February

February 12, 1792, which, on being made public in France, proved the match which lighted the torch of war. The present correspondence reveals the whole history of this Memoir. It was composed by Barnave and his associates with the view of deterring Leopold from striking in with the Electors—it was composed in concert with the Queen, who, with every profession of concurrence in its tenor, undertook to have it transmitted through Mercy to Leopold—but, simultaneously with its despatch, sent through Fersen to the Emperor the assurance of her utter repudiation of the sentiments expressed in the Memoir, and of her earnest prayer for action in the contrary sense. A more glaring piece of double-dealing all round than is thus brought home to Marie-Antoinette cannot be conceived. The letter to Fersen bears date January 4, 1792:—

‘I write but one word to you. . . \* The individual who brings you this will tell you and make you understand our position as it really is. I have in him absolute confidence, and he merits it by his affection and good sense. He is the bearer of an absurd Memoir which I am obliged to send. *It is indispensable the Emperor should be thoroughly convinced there is in it not one word of our own or of our way of viewing things*; yet he must give me a reply as if he believed this were my manner of looking at them, and which I can show, for here they are so suspicious that they will exact a reply. The bearer of these papers does not know through whom I have them, and you must not tell him. The Memoir is badly drawn up, and one sees the scoundrels (*gueux*) are alarmed; for our personal safety we must still keep in with them, and, above all, allay their suspicions by our conduct. All this will be explained to you, as well as why I often cannot inform you beforehand of what is about to be done.’

An entry in Fersen’s diary on January 8, the day this paper reached him, is conclusive as to its authorship:—

‘Memoir of the Queen to the Emperor, detestable, *drawn up by Barnave, Lameth, and Duport*, meant to frighten the Emperor, to prove it is his interest not to make war, but to preserve the Constitution, lest the French should disseminate their doctrines and seduce his soldiery. One sees, however, they are themselves not at ease.’

At this conjuncture Fersen did a deed which only unbounded affection could prompt, and only a nerve of iron would have ventured on. In the face of proscription and all its dread consequences in the event of detection, Fersen dared to steal into Paris for the purpose of conferring with Marie-Antoinette. In such secrecy has this expedition remained buried, that no hint of it transpired before the present publication. The conception

\* Here is an erasure by Fersen.

of this bold feat was due to no sudden impulse. In cold blood Fersen formed the design, and with imperturbable coolness he prepared all for its execution. We can trace his arrangements from their inception. The first indication is in a letter of October 30, 1791, to Baron Taube, to whom he confided his earnest purpose of seeing the King and Queen of France, 'so as to be able to represent to them their true position, inform them of everything, and concert something with them.' Fersen begged for two passports, with blank dates, for Cabinet messengers, purporting to travel from Stockholm to Madrid; one was to be for himself, the other for Baron Reutersvärd, a Swedish officer then at Brussels, who was his companion on the journey. In order to be able to get back across the French frontier, he requested to be furthermore provided with another courier passport, signed by the Swedish Minister at Madrid. Fersen at the same time apprised Marie-Antoinette of his intention. 'Answer me,' he wrote, November 26, 'as to the possibility of my coming to see you quite by myself and without a servant.' Marie-Antoinette's womanly fears became vehemently alarmed at the suggestion, and her peremptory words caused the undertaking to be postponed. 'It is absolutely impossible for you to come here at this moment,' she wrote, December 7, 'and when I say so it may be believed, for I have an extreme desire to see you.' Fersen, however, renewed his instances, and under January 21 there is this laconic entry in the diary—'The Queen has consented to my coming to Paris.' Twice again, however, letters from the Queen made him defer his departure, measures of increased stringency having been instituted for the arrest of Royalist emissaries at the frontiers, till at last, on February 11, in company with Baron Reutersvärd, but unattended by any servant, Fersen started 'with a courier's passport under feigned name.' At Tournai the Austrian commandant warned the travellers, whom he took for Swedish messengers, that, notwithstanding their Cabinet passports, they must expect to be stopped continually, and not to reach Paris under a fortnight. They were, however, so lucky as to encounter no impediments. On the afternoon of the 13th of February Fersen was in Paris. The leading incidents of this journey are recorded in the diary, and in letters written to Taube and Gustavus immediately after the return to Brussels. Between the statements in these there are curious discrepancies. In a ciphered letter to Taube, of February 26, we read the following:—

'I am back here, my dear friend, since four in the morning of the day before yesterday. . . . I left this on the 11th, and reached Paris without difficulty on the 13th at six in the evening. *I saw both their*  
Majesties

*Majesties the same evening and again the following evening at midnight.* I left again, and to evade suspicion I was obliged to go as far as Tours and come back by Fontainebleau. On the 19th I was again in Paris at six in the evening. I did not dare run the risk of going to the Château. I wrote to know if they ("on") had any orders to give me; and the 21st at midnight I started. As I had been warned of difficulties in getting out, in consequence of passports being demanded by the Municipalities, though I had not the King's [Gustavus] sanction I determined to let the Chargé d'Affaires know of my journey, and I got a courier's passport, together with one from M. Lessart [Minister of Foreign Affairs]. This delayed my departure, and I remained hidden in the interval. Several times I was stopped but not recognised, though closely examined; and in a small village I was on the point of being arrested because my personal description was wanting on the passport, and it was only by dint of repeating that we were couriers and foreigners, that they let us pass, after nearly four hours' detention. But it is impossible my journey should ever be known.'

Here it is affirmed that, on the day of his arrival, Fersen saw both the King and Queen—that he did so again on the following day—and that on his return to Paris, after the roundabout journey he took to throw the Revolutionary authorities off the scent, he never ventured again to approach the Palace. These statements are diametrically contrary to what we read in the diary, the entries in which have all the appearance of having been made at the time. There is a blank, we cannot tell whether due to omission or to leaves having been lost, for the interval between the 14th and the 21st—the days spent in the journey round by Tours from and back to Paris. But for all the other days the notices, though brief, are marked with the definiteness characteristic of Fersen's general habits. He states that, after having dropped Reutersvärd at the Hotel des Princes, he at once, on arriving in Paris, went in search of Goguelat, a confidential agent of the Queen's, whom he found after some delay, a letter to apprise him of Fersen's coming not having been delivered in time. With his habitual precision, Fersen notes the hour he found Goguelat—seven o'clock—and then adds, '*Went to the Queen—passed by my customary way, afraid of the National Guard; did not see the King.*' No clue is given as to what was the '*customary way,*' but it plainly refers to some private entrance through which in former times he had had access to the palace. It will be seen that in the following entry Fersen makes special note of how on that occasion, after taking leave of the King and Queen, he was let out by the '*great door.*' Here we come to a really perplexing discrepancy between the diary and the letter. Nothing can be more explicit than Fersen's statement

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statement to Taube, that on his return visit to Paris he never went near the Tuileries. In his diary he says the very contrary :—

‘Tuesday, 21st. Went out at six, found Reutersvärd, with whom I made all arrangements for starting at midnight. Accompanied Gog. to take leave of the King and Queen. The Queen informed me that the reply to the bad Memoir sent by her to the Emperor, and composed by Barnave, Duport and Lameth had just come, and was detestable. I took tea and supped with them. At midnight I went away. Frantz let me out at the great door.’

Why should Fersen have made deliberate misstatements in regard to his interviews with the King and Queen to so trusted a friend as Taube? With the materials before us it is impossible to suggest any explanation. Perhaps a more critical inspection of the manuscripts might throw light on this matter.

The passages relating to Fersen’s conversations with the King and Queen are of capital importance. Gustavus, inflamed by the incessant stimulant of hot-headed Royalist suggestions, was feverishly bent on counselling wild and fantastic schemes. One was for the escape of the King and Queen on board the Swedish squadron which he was resolved to send to Ostend. Fersen’s shrewdness recognized the impracticability of flight in the condition of affairs at Paris.

‘The King will not and, indeed, cannot go, owing to the strict watch set on him. The truth is, he entertains scruples, having so often promised to stay, for he is a man of honesty. He has, however, agreed, when the armies are come, to go with smugglers through the forests and to have himself met by light troops. . . . “Ah,” [said Louis XVI. to Fersen,] “we are alone and so we can speak. I know I am charged with weakness and irresolution; but never was any one in my position. I know I missed the moment; it was the 14th of July. I ought then to have gone, and I wished it; but how to do so when Monsieur himself begged me not to go, and Marshal Broglie answered, ‘Yes, we can go to Metz, but what shall we do when we are there?’ I missed that moment, and have never found it since. I have been abandoned by everyone.”’

To Gustavus, Fersen wrote :—

‘A point on which I deemed it of interest to be satisfied, was the latitude of action the King felt disposed to allow the Powers whilst he continued in the hands of the rebels, and the degree of regard that was to be paid to the safety of himself and his family, if he remained in their keeping. I deemed it incumbent to represent to him all the dangers he might be exposed to . . . at the same time representing how much, in my opinion, these dangers were lessened by the indispensableness of his preservation for their getting a better capitulation.

tion. . . . On all these points the King agreed with me, and said that, in the event of his being unable to get out of Paris by flight or otherwise, he wished the Powers to have no thought for his personal danger. Like me, he saw that his safety lay in the interest the rebels had in his preservation.'

This belief in the importance of the royal lives recurs frequently, and was shared by Marie-Antoinette. More than once she expresses herself as perfectly assured of her personal safety because of her intrinsic value as a hostage. Only quite late did it dawn on her mind that the Revolution might possibly lay violent hands on so sacred an object. Fersen fully explained the scope of the intervention that Gustavus contemplated; and the difference between the response elicited from the King and the Queen is deserving of attention :—

'I declared to the King from your Majesty your intention, in conformity with that of the Empress of Russia, not to tolerate in France the establishment of a mixed government, nor to treat with the rebels, but to re-establish Monarchy and the kingly authority in all its plenitude. *The Queen seized this idea with ardour, but the King, though liking it, seemed to fear it might be difficult of attainment.* I had, however, no trouble in proving to him that, through foreign help, and by his having assured me he neither could nor would come to terms with the rebels, nothing would be easier; in the end he was persuaded, and gave me a pledge of his intention not to come to terms with the rebels, of whom he said, some cannot and others will not do what is right.'

This interview coincides with the precise point of time when Barnave's friends were being continually admitted to consultations of a very confidential semblance by Marie-Antoinette. Here is Fersen's report of the sentiments the Queen gave expression to about these men :—

'The Queen told me she was in the habit of seeing Alex. Lameth and Duport, who never ceased saying that . . . they had gone much further than they ever intended, and that the follies of the aristocrats alone had caused their successes. . . . They kept talking of the aristocrats; but she is of opinion that it is the effect of hatred against the present Assembly, where they are nothing and have no influence, and of fear, as they see all this must change, and they would willingly make a merit for themselves beforehand. Notwithstanding this *she believes them to be evil-minded—does not trust them; but makes tools of them, which is useful.*

Inspired by his personal certitude as to Marie-Antoinette's mind, Fersen had just returned to Brussels, and was working with renewed energy to ensure prompt intervention, when unforeseen events disturbed the whole order of his efforts. On March 1  
Leopold

Leopold was carried off by a sudden illness ; on the 16th Gustavus fell by an assassin's hand ; while Louis XVI., after having, on the 10th of the same month, abruptly dismissed Narbonne, was obliged on the 15th, in deference to the clamours of the tumultuous Assembly, to accept Dumouriez as Foreign Minister—a nomination involving war, not merely with the Electors but with the Empire. The French Ambassador at Vienna, Noailles, received instructions to address a categorical demand that the Austrian forces in the Netherlands should be reduced. Instantly Marie-Antoinette sent warning to Fersen :

'The reply to Dumouriez' letter is all that is waited for. This I have already let M. de Mercy know. The plan of operations is to attack through Savoy and the territory of Liège, in the hope of being able to effect something, as in these two quarters there are insufficient forces. Turin has already been put on its guard by me three weeks ago.'

When Fersen received these lines, efforts were being made to cause his removal from Brussels. The new Regent in Sweden was especially indisposed to look with favour on those who had been the friends of Gustavus. Fersen was deprived of official position, but he stubbornly refused to obey the summons home.

'I am determined, my friend,' he wrote to Taube, 'not to go back to Sweden at present, as I alone hold the threads of all matters ; and as all those appertaining to their Majesties pass through my hands, I could not absent myself without their suffering and even being wholly broken.'

To the Queen he wrote :—

'My father is urging me to return and give up everything ; this I will never do, even were I to be reduced to misery. I have enough to subsist on by the sale of my goods. . . . I am determined nothing in the world shall be able to induce me at the present moment to give up everything.'

Like a champion knight in the days of chivalry, Fersen felt it a point of honour not to fail in the hour of darkening trial the lady of his heart's devotion.

The reply of the Imperial Court laid down three conditions as indispensable for the continuance of good relations with France—1st, Compensation to the dispossessed Princes of the Empire in Alsace ; 2nd, Compensation to the Pope for Avignon ; 3rd, Guarantees ensuring to the Executive in France the forces needful to inspire neighbouring states with a sense of security. On its publication the popular feeling was lashed into fury. Nothing short of instant war would satisfy the nation. On April 20 Louis XVI., in a voice half-choked by emotion, said

to



to the Assembly: 'It has been my duty to exhaust every means for the maintenance of peace. Now I come to propose to you formally war against the King of Hungary and Bohemia.' On the day immediately preceding this announcement, which opened a period of bloodshed unparalleled in duration since the Thirty Years' War, Marie-Antoinette, trembling with fear lest calculations of prudence might yet induce foreign Powers to stave off a conflict which she was invoking with passionate ardour, despatched to Fersen hurried words, in which at this distance of time there still vibrates audibly the throb of her eager longings:—

'To-morrow the Ministers and the Jacobins make the King declare war against the House of Austria, on the plea that by its treaties of last year it has violated the alliance of '56; and that it has not replied categorically to the last despatches. Ministers hope this measure will inspire alarm, and that in three weeks there will be negotiations. *God grant this may not be so, and that at last vengeance will be taken for all the outrages received from the country.*'

There is something terribly tragic in the infatuated lightness of heart, with which the Queen deliberately rushed forward to assist in firing with her own hand the pyre whereon she and her husband were burnt to death.

Events thickened fast, and, as the circle of fire grew closer around the Tuileries, communication with friends abroad became increasingly difficult. Correspondence was carried on for a while in the disguise of commercial letters with cant terms, but letters soon shrank into brief notes. Some of those given are of deep interest. They furnish incontrovertible proofs, that to the last Marie-Antoinette vehemently urged on the invasion of France, that she was directly privy to the Brunswick Manifesto, and that it was she who determinedly set her face against the entertainment of Lafayette's proposal for carrying the Royal Family to Compiègne, and thus by her influence ensured the rejection of the last feasible scheme whereby the lives of her husband, her children, and her own self might have been saved.

On June 5, Fersen was informed of 'orders having been given to Luckner's army to attack without delay; he himself is against this, but the Ministers are peremptory. The troops are deficient in everything, and in the greatest possible disorder.' The Queen also warned him against an agent '*sent by my Constitutionalists,*' and bearer of a paper he had received out of the Queen's own hand. Fersen was admonished to speak and act in public 'as if the views of these Constitutionalists were in accordance with the Queen's wishes and desires'—a continuation of the old game with

with Barnave and his friends. The Queen relied wholly on rescue from abroad, and never for an instant did her confidence falter, even when the Tuileries had been invaded by the mob on June 20th. 'Our position is terrible,' she wrote after that event, 'but do not alarm yourself too much. I feel courage, and I have something which tells me we shall soon be happy and saved. This one idea bears me up.' Even more explicit is an important though undated note, written partly in cipher and partly with invisible ink. 'Do not worry yourself on my account. Believe me, courage always imposes on men. The decision we have just taken will leave us, I hope, time to wait; but six weeks more are very long. I dare not write more to you; good-bye; hasten as much as you can the help promised us for our deliverance.' The remainder was in invisible ink, and ran thus:—

'I exist still, but it is a miracle. The 20th was a horrible day. It is no longer me they menace most, it is the life of my husband; they do not hide this. He showed a firmness and strength which for the moment inspired awe, but the dangers may recur at any instant. I trust you are in receipt of tidings from us. Farewell. For our sake take care of yourself, and do not worry yourself on our account.'

Grievously as the Queen's judgment was at fault, the bravery of the woman must command acknowledgment, who, in a situation so desperate, could write so boldly. The 'haughty Austrian,' grossly traduced in foul lampoon and ribald caricature, never evinced the mettle of her spirit more grandly than when, in presence of dire peril that might have unnerved the stoutest heart, she uttered these fearless words. Fersen's methodical habits of registration fix the receipt of this note to July 8; and that date determines what was the decision referred to. It can only have been the rejection by the Court of Lafayette's first offer of his services when, after the occurrences of June 20, he suddenly appeared in the Assembly. It rests on unimpeachable authority, that at this period six weeks were reckoned ample by the Generals of the Coalition for effecting a victorious advance as far as Paris. We therefore have here proof that Marie-Antoinette was in possession of the calculations on which the Allies relied, at the time when Lafayette's first offer was declined. It must be admitted that events augured well for the Allies at this time. At Quiévrain and at Tournai the raw French levies had been so signally worsted, that they seemed a mere rabble that would fly before a troop of Austrian hussars. The public agitation in Paris at the tidings of these reverses had exhibited itself in a novel form. The sense of national peril checked of a sudden

the frenzy of faction in the Assembly, and, on the motion of Lamourette, eternal brotherhood was voted with passionate enthusiasm, all the members—Jacobins, Girondins, Feuillants, and Royalists—hugging each other in violent embraces. This melodramatic scene occurred on July 7, on which day Marie-Antoinette instantly wrote to Fersen:—

‘The different parties in the National Assembly have this day united. On the part of the Jacobins the union cannot be sincere; they simulate in order to cloak some project of theirs. A likely one is to make the King demand a suspension of hostilities, and to induce him to negotiate for peace. *It is essential to warn you that every official step in this sense will not be the King’s real intention.*’

A few days later, the Assembly decreed the country to be in danger. Armed legions of Federalists were announced to be on the march to Paris from Marseilles and other cities. The 14th of July was fixed for the Feast of the Federation, when in presence of the King the armed nation, assembled in the Champ de Mars, was to swear devotion to Liberty and to France. At this supreme moment, notwithstanding the rejection of his previous advances, Lafayette again offered to attempt a rescue. He undertook to surround the Royal Family with a picked force, to escort them to Compiègne, and thence to convey them to his army. Every project of rescue was necessarily attended with risk, but this one decidedly presented reasonable chances of success. In making the offer, Lafayette certainly gave proof of a sincere desire to save the King. Louis XVI. not merely declined the proposal, but couched his reply in cutting terms. ‘The best advice to be given to M. de Lafayette is always to act as a deterrent to the factious, by fulfilling his duty as a general.’\* That this refusal was greatly due to the Queen has been often surmised. A note written to Fersen, July 11th, partly by the Queen herself, and partly under her dictation by Goguelat, furnishes proof that the rejection of Lafayette’s proposal was actually forced by Marie-Antoinette upon the feeble King, who was desirous to close with it. Here is this important passage:—

‘In combination with Lafayette and Luckner the Constitutionals wish to carry the King to Compiègne the day after the Federation; for that purpose the two generals are coming here. *The King is inclined in favour of this plan, the Queen is combatting it. It is uncertain what will be the issue of this great venture, which I am very far from approving.*’

\* Lafayette’s plan and the King’s reply are given in the Appendix to the second volume of Thiers’ ‘History of the French Revolution.’

Persistent in her determination to depend for assistance solely on foreign hands, Marie-Antoinette then unwittingly struck away the last plank across which it might have been possible to effect an escape. Within a fortnight from this time, the ill-advised Manifesto, with the Duke of Brunswick's name attached to it, fell upon the seething populace of Paris with the results that attend [an incendiary projectile hurled into a powder magazine. The present publication throws a fresh light upon the origin of that untoward document. Henceforth it will no longer be possible to exonerate Marie-Antoinette from complicity in the composition of its most objectionable passages. Mallet du Pan recounts how he left Paris secretly in May 1792, charged to concert with Austria and Prussia measures for the rescue of the royal family, having received instructions for his mission from the King himself. As credentials, he carried an autograph note from Louis XVI., still preserved by the descendants of Mallet du Pan.\* At Frankfort Mallet treated with the Austrian and Prussian Ministers as the accredited mouthpiece of Louis XVI. In that capacity he spoke as with authority, and drafted a Manifesto to be promulgated on the opening of the campaign. The document was framed in studied terms, with the view of avoiding whatever might give a handle to the Jacobin agitators. This draft was approved of by the Ministers, and Mallet left headquarters for Geneva in the belief that the Manifesto as agreed upon would be issued. Three days after his departure he was startled to hear of a wholly different Manifesto having been published. This substitution Mallet ascribed to the influences of the Emigrant Princes, and of Calonne in particular. Entries in Fersen's diary, together with the following extract from a letter he wrote on July 30 in cipher to Baron Silferstolpe, put it beyond question that a different hand directed the pen on this untoward occasion ;

'It is I,' writes Fersen, than whom no man was less given to vain boasting, 'who caused the Duke of Brunswick's declaration to be composed by M. de Limon, the man formerly with the Duke of Orleans, and it has been adopted with very slight alteration.'

The evidence, however, extends beyond Fersen, and distinctly implicates the Queen. On July 4 Fersen wrote in his journal :—

*'The Queen demands that in the Manifesto Paris be rendered responsible for the King and his family.'*

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\* 'La personne qui présentera ce billet connaît mes intentions ; on peut prendre confiance en ce qu'il dira.'—*Mémoires de Mallet du Pan*, vol. ii. p. 305.

And on the 18th of July these words occur in a letter to the Queen :—

‘The Manifesto is being worked at. I have had one composed by M. de Limon, which he has given to M. de Mercy without its being known to him that it is from me. It is very good, and such as one would wish. It promises nothing to any one . . . and it renders *Paris responsible for the safety of the King.*’

It is therefore a now demonstrated fact that, at the time the Queen was putting pressure upon the King to reject Lafayette’s proposals, she was, without the knowledge of Mallet du Pan, an active party to the composition of a violent Manifesto, which was being clandestinely forced upon the Allies behind his back by an emissary of her own. How eagerly the Queen looked for the publication of this Manifesto, and how grievously she miscalculated its effect, is shown by what she wrote as late as July 24.

‘Tell M. de Mercy, the life of the King and Queen are in the greatest danger; that a day’s delay may produce incalculable dangers; that the *Manifesto must be despatched at once, that it is being waited for with impatience; that it will perforce cause a number of persons to rally round the King, and will ensure his safety; that otherwise no one can possibly answer for this twenty-four hours. The band of assassins is perpetually on the increase.*’

The Manifesto, dated July 25, reached Fersen on the 28th; he wrote at once to the Queen :—

‘This instant I receive the Duke of Brunswick’s declaration; it is excellent; it is that of M. de Limon, and he it is who sends it me. To avoid all suspicions, I do not send it; but Mr. Cr[awford] sends it to the English embassy to Lord Kerry, who will transmit it safely to M. de Lamb[esc]. This is the critical moment, and my soul trembles. May God protect you all! that is my prayer. If it were expedient for you ever to hide, do not hesitate, I beseech you, to take the step; it might be necessary to afford the time to reach you. *In that case there is a cellar in the Louvre, attached to the apartment of M. de Laporte, which I believe to be little known, and safe. Of this you might make use.*’

When the Queen received these lines, she had herself become sensible of the supreme peril on the brink of which she was standing. The last letter from her in the collection bears the date of August 1st. While writing it, Marie-Antoinette was plainly alive to what she might be exposed to at any moment. The catastrophe which happened on the 10th of August is unmistakeably foreshadowed in her closing words; yet there is no tone of faintheartedness in the poignant exclamation in which the brave woman pathetically describes her situation:

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'By my last letter you have been able to judge how important it is to gain four-and-twenty hours. I will but repeat the same again to-day, adding that *unless they* ("on") *arrive quickly, Providence alone can save the King and his family.*'

With this cry of agony, the correspondence between Marie-Antoinette and Fersen terminated. No direct intercourse between the two appears ever again to have taken place. The rigour of the Queen's confinement proved too stringent, for even the unrelaxing exertions of the devoted Fersen to elude the lynx-eyed vigilance of the jailers. The selections given from Fersen's correspondence and diary come down to the end of 1793; but they relate principally to topics of general politics, and not to direct relations with Marie-Antoinette. Faithful to his affections, Fersen stayed on near the French frontier, in the hope that he might still prove of assistance to the object of his devotion. Fersen's position, however, had been materially changed. He had no longer any official rank. He had become a mere political dilettante. Still from his many personal connections Fersen knew much, and his diary abounds in interesting notices. Fersen's shrewdness fully recognized the ineptitude of those intrusted with the direction of the operations against France. Vainly did he try to induce prompter and more vigorous action. Seeing that the victory which might have been achieved over raw levies was become hopeless, Fersen concentrated his efforts on trying to save the Queen's life. The diary has many entries relating to projects for that end, which was hoped might prove successful by means of money. One of the agents principally employed was a banker. There was an idea of bribing Danton. Mercy entered with slow caution into the scheme. Fersen threw himself into it with the eagerness of devotion. A man named Ribbes, who had once lent Louis XVI. 600,000 livres, undertook to go to Paris and make offers to Danton, but, owing to Mercy's procrastinations, it ended in his writing instead of himself proceeding to Paris. A few days after, and all further efforts were too late. On Sunday, September 20, tidings came of the Queen's condemnation. 'The certainty of this has prostrated me,' and on the following day there is this other entry: 'I have been unable to think of anything but my loss; how horrible to have no positive details: she may have been alone in the last moment, without consolation, with no one to whom to speak, to whom to give her last wishes. Oh, how horrible!'

The intrinsic value of the two collections we have been reviewing is unquestionable. With their aid, we follow Marie-Antoinette as she moved along from her first arrival in France through that blaze of gaiety and revelry out of which, in the virgin

virgin brilliancy of her beauty, she shone on Burke as a thing of light, 'glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendour and joy,' down into the chill passages that landed her in distress, in suffering, and at last in an inexorable catastrophe. Buoyant with spirits that had never been checked, bright with a sprightliness full of charm had it but been under some discipline, Marie-Antoinette was thrust upon the great stage of France without any training whatsoever for the difficult part she was called upon to perform. Everything in the circumstances surrounding her was unfavourable. Had Louis XVI. been only endowed with something akin to the vigour possessed by Fersen, her career might have been very different. As it was, Marie-Antoinette was ushered a mere child into the slippery world of Versailles, with absolutely no natural prop whereon to lean. Then fell upon her the heavy trials of her later years. These came too abruptly, and were altogether of too extraordinary a character, to be understood by one so absolutely a stranger to serious thought. But the sufferings that attended these trials suddenly made a woman of the giddy girl, and converted into a dignified Queen her who till then had been a Princess bent merely on frolic and frivolity. The Marie-Antoinette of the Revolutionary period, standing augustly by her husband's side, and watching with matronly tenderness over her children, must bespeak sincere respect. But as Queen of France, the influence she exercised from beginning to end in the domain of politics was simply disastrous. To the last moment she remained hopelessly blind to the forces in operation. With all the strenuousness and vehemence—and also the duplicity—of passion, she urged on a policy which was the one most calculated to lash the nation into frenzy, and to envelope the King, herself, and her children in ruin. In her sadness and in her tragedy the woman commands sympathy; but the verdict of history on the Queen cannot be other than condemnatory.

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- ART. VI.—1. *Suggestions on Academical Organization, with special reference to Oxford.* By Mark Pattison, B.D., Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. Edinburgh, 1868.
2. *Report of the Royal Commission on Scotch Universities.* 4 vols. 1878.
3. *The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge Act, 1877,* 40 & 41 Vict. chap. 48.
4. *Proposed Statutes for Cambridge University, communicated by the Cambridge Commissioners to the Council of the Senate, under Section 31 of the Act. Published by authority, 17th December, 1879.*

IF the rapid succession of Commissions proves an awakened interest in any given subject, our Universities would appear to run no risk of neglect. If the readiness to demand and to institute such Commissions proves a corresponding number of abuses, these Universities must stand in dire need of having their houses set in order. Finally, if in the multitude of such Commissions there is wisdom, we should by this time have arrived at a very definite idea of what we wish our Universities to do, of what lines their reform should follow. Within little more than a quarter of a century we have had two sets of Commissions, both in England and in Scotland. The first of these revised very thoroughly, as was then thought, the whole University system both north and south of the Tweed. In the case of the Scotch Universities, the whole government of each was, by the Commissioners of 1858, entirely changed. The patronage of the principal chairs was re-adjusted; fresh conditions of graduation were instituted; a new governing body was established; and one of the two Universities which had till then existed at Aberdeen was abolished. These were no timid or half-hearted reforms; and they were justified by results. No one can deny that the two-and-twenty years, which have elapsed since that Commission did its work, have been years of unexampled prosperity to the Scotch Universities. Their students have multiplied; many of their chairs have become, to a greater extent than before, posts of coveted emolument; and graduation has largely increased. In Glasgow the University has moved from her ancient, but begrimed and confined home, to an ample and palatial residence, which has been secured at a cost of not much less than half-a-million. Edinburgh has been but little behind her rival in a successful appeal to public generosity for help to secure extended accommodation. St. Andrews is contemplating the annexation of a larger constituency in Dundee.

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On the whole a reform of the most drastic kind had rapidly produced good results, without much of the attendant evil which might have been feared. If any circumstances could have induced a quiet and persistent perseverance in a course of prosperity, we should have thought these circumstances were present in the case of the Scotch Universities.

Yet so urgent seemed the need for further reform, that a new Commission of Inquiry was appointed in 1876. So rapidly did it follow upon the heels of its predecessor, that the chairman of the Commission of 1858 held the same post in 1876, and the secretary of the Commission was the same. The Commission seemed to be composed of fairly representative elements. It reported in 1878, in four bulky volumes, which were awaited with very considerable interest. With the appearance of that Report the interest very rapidly waned. So far as we know, it has been condemned with a unanimity that is surprising. Those whose crotchets are represented find them carried so far as to be travestied. No one has been able to trace any consistent principle from beginning to end of the Report. Those who agree with some of the suggestions find them hopelessly entangled with others which they consider fatal. The thought seems never to have been present to the mind of the Commissioners, that it was desirable to maintain anything distinctive of the institutions with which they had to deal. They have sought suggestions from various sources, and have linked these together with no idea of their compatibility. They have adopted what is at most an experiment elsewhere, and they propose to introduce it, in an even more empirical method, in the Scotch Universities. Their suggestions have deserved their fate. It is rare indeed that a verdict is so unmistakable as that which has been passed upon the series of recommendations made in the Report now before us.

In England the course of events has been analogous, with the difference only that the interests affected were vastly greater. Widely diffused as is the influence of the Scotch Universities, they in no case touch so closely the life of their students as do those of England. In England the impression of the University is fixed indelibly on the character of almost every man who passes through it. It is not too much to say that, next to the great institution of the Church—if even to a less degree than that—the Universities of England have helped to mould the national character. We say this with all confidence; because so large has been the influence of the Universities, that they may well afford to overlook both eccentricities within and those attacks from without, that are prompted mainly by that spirit in English politics

politics which lives by embittering, so far as it can, the feeling of class against class. It is no wonder, then, that any remodelling of the Universities should, when once it is recognized, excite interest beyond as well as within their own circle. It is to the latter, of course, that such interest is at first confined. It is not only natural, however, but thoroughly healthy, so far as the Universities themselves are concerned, that proposals of change should be carefully canvassed by a wider constituency than that professionally connected with the Universities. We propose to set before that larger constituency some data for a verdict.

The chief regulations, according to which the work of the Universities is now carried on, date only from 1853-56. There are none now living who can remember the institution of the Honours system at Oxford, early in the century. But that system was materially modified in 1854. It was then that the examinations were recast, variety of studies was introduced, and modern subjects were recognized side by side with that classical school which had given, and still continues to give, its character to all that is best in Oxford. Just at that time the virtues of the competitive system had reached a standard of estimation, which is hardly confirmed by the teaching of experience. But, under the full impression of the prevailing ideas, that system was introduced at Oxford. It gave a healthy and a much needed stimulus; but its further results were exactly such as an impartial observer might have predicted. Knowledge began to be valued too often only for the emolument it might bring. The pursuit of scholarships and fellowships was followed upon much the same principle as that which might inspire the race in any ordinary calling. The real acquisitions which had to be gathered on the way were valued in themselves no more than the attorney values the legal phrases whose meaning he has to learn, or than the actuary values the tables to which he has to refer. The ancient languages were instruments in the use of which a certain facility had to be acquired; but they might well be discarded when that facility had served its mercenary purpose.

This exaggerated form of the evil was, it may be hoped, of exceptional occurrence. It need cause no special alarm, and we will revert to the remedy which, as it seems to us, might be applied for its mitigation. But what we wish to point out here is that, after so radical a change, the University might well have been allowed a period of rest. In no sphere is want of settlement so entirely baneful. Work is disturbed; the minds of men entering on life, and anxious to make the best use of three  
or

or four critical years, are perplexed and worried, and their time is spent in that which is most certain to be useless—nerveless doubt and inactivity. The wrong we do to a rising generation by such restlessness can hardly be exaggerated.

But what has been the case? Hardly any three years have passed since the statutes of 1854, without some fresh changes being introduced into the system of university study at Oxford. The subjects of study, the date and value of examinations, the proportion of classics, and history, and philosophy, have each been varied. No one certainly knows what relative value his examination will have ten years hence. The teaching body at Oxford is broken up into an endless variety of cliques, each bent on securing some further recognition to its own subject. To invent a title for a new professorship, or to devise a subdivision of some already specialized study, is an accepted sign of university acumen. The School of Law and History—to take only one example—was founded in 1853. The exclusive study of modern history and law, as a fitting material for a liberal education, is open to very grave doubt. It has hardly as yet been calmly debated, and it has certainly not yet had the advantage of a fair experiment. It has certainly led to many a degree being obtained on the narrowest possible basis of knowledge, and it has stamped with the nominal honours of the University men who have carried away as little of her culture as it was possible to imbibe during a residence of four years. We doubt whether, to take a lower point of view, it is a subject which satisfactorily serves the test of an examination. The best argument which its supporters could adduce for its retention—and it was an argument of which we are bound to admit the force—was that it should have an adequate time of trial. But instead of this, before another twenty years were gone, a further specializing was undertaken. History was separated from Law, and a degree can now be taken in either. Such a separation was a thoughtless folly, which cannot but work harm to the University. The university study of law is defended on principles that can move little else than ridicule. Our statesmen, we are told, are to be more liberal-minded, our publicists are to smooth over the rough places of international law, our public men are to be more competent legislators, because undergraduates have attended a few lectures on law in the University. The truth is, that such a study, unless based upon practical knowledge, tested by practical experience, and kept fresh by daily contact with its realities, becomes little else than a flimsy pretence. At most, such a study is useful only if based upon some culture acquired through more arduous means, and necessitating

sitating more thorough and systematic training. As an education of the mind, it can lead by itself only to vague and baseless generalizations. As a professional study it can, fortunately, only move ridicule. The Law School at Oxford flourishes to some slight extent, because a few undergraduates are misled into thinking that such a study may give them an advantage in the start on a professional career. If it were so, then Oxford would be degrading her own functions by ceasing to be a place of liberal education, and doing the work of chambers. But that it is not so, let the verdict of any professional lawyer in London be a sufficient testimony.

This is only one among many instances of the mischievous desire for empirical reconstruction, which has for some years prevailed at the Universities, and which it now behoves the wider public who are interested in these as national institutions very narrowly to watch. This fidgetty and nervous restlessness prompted much of the feeling which resulted in the University Act of 1877. An antiquity of less than a generation appears already to require renovation; and those features of the Universities, which the innovations of 1854 left untouched, are now to be remodelled after the most recent ideals of University reformers.

We have now some indications of the way in which the Commissions, thus brought into being, intend to go about their work. On this we shall have certain criticisms to offer. We will endeavour to see how far any consistency of aim, or proof of mature and settled principle of action, is to be evolved out of a comparison of the almost simultaneous action of the Scotch and English Commissions. But before we proceed to deal with their recommendations, it may be of some interest to enquire what is the source of all this abnormal appetite for change; what are the plain and straightforward functions of the institutions upon which it is exercised; and how far they have hitherto fulfilled those functions.

It must be admitted that to some extent there was a general and real demand for certain modifications in our University system. The strongly ecclesiastical bias which their history had naturally impressed upon them, had become alien to the spirit of the age. Up to a certain point this was an honest demand, and came from those who might be counted the best friends of the Universities. But just as certainly it was exaggerated and distorted by those who had no such interest. The Universities were attacked by all the virulence of political dissent, for no other reason than that they seemed to be outposts of the Establishment, and to express by their continuity with

with a dignified and historical past the traditions of the Conservative party. The classical studies of the Universities were attacked by a self-asserting clique of scientific men. Nothing that existed in the Universities could by any possibility be right: their studies were antiquated, their spirit narrow, their life one of idleness, and their social tone servile and degraded. They were not only wasting uselessly the best years of their own students, but they were impressing upon all English society a servile adulation of rank. Those who knew the Universities knew how ludicrously unlike this picture was to the original. Those who had settled down into the beaten ways of professional life, who had, in spite of themselves, caught the tone of society and the catchwords of a political party, looked back upon the whimsical Radicalism of their undergraduate days, and listened to these charges against their University with something of astonished amusement. But those who had remained to carry on the work of the University, not having perhaps the same materials for comparison, and suffering possibly from some ignorance of the world, were not so well able to gauge the worth of these attacks. They accepted the picture of themselves and their studies as drawn by the pencil of the political dissenter and the physicist, and believed that this caricature was the expression of the feelings entertained concerning them by Englishmen at large. They became in consequence nervously doubtful as to their own position. They attempted to shun the storm by outbidding the reformers outside in their demands. Studies were to be modernized, the life of the University was to be changed, no practical considerations were allowed to intervene in the way of innovation, and a model for the future of Oxford was to be sought anywhere but in Oxford herself. Thus might they recover their hold upon the nation, and thus only avoid engulfment in that stormy onset which sounded so alarming to ears unaccustomed to any noise more strident than that of academic wrangles. Men who were wont to weigh the real force of a political party by other considerations than that of noisy agitation might smile at such alarm. But it was not, after all that we have seen, surprising that the University nerves were moved.

The call for reform, then, came from within the Universities themselves. The reform began at the wrong end. Changes were introduced, not where the shoe pinched, but where there was a preconceived idea that it ought to pinch. We question whether the motive power in the agitation was the pressure of any ascertained wrong calling for a remedy. Had it been so, we should have found less of the empirical in the remedies proposed,

posed, we should have found some sort of agreement in the plans for the future. In the noisy attacks of enemies from without, and in the nervous timidity which succumbed to these attacks within, prudence and moderation were too often lost sight of. It was forgotten how delicate and complex were the institutions to be reformed. Their long history, their manifold associations, their unbroken traditions of English life, were utterly disregarded. Reformers forgot that, though they might modify ecclesiastical arrangements, and specialize studies, and meet the requirements of the midland manufacturing towns, and apply the stimulus of competition, there was yet one thing they could not do. They could not create the *genius loci*; they could break, but they could not renew the hallowed past of the University. We may have, before half a century is past, thriving and popular colleges in every manufacturing town. We may lecture to, and examine, and cram with useful information, half of our population. We may produce adepts in a dozen scientific specialities, and free ourselves from the thralldom of classical culture by decreeing its banishment from our schools. But once destroy Oxford in any main and essential feature, and we have lost something that can never be restored. We may gain from the wreck some scattered endowments, equal perhaps to what the liberality of three or four mercantile towns would contribute in six months. We may carve out some new system, and elaborate some fresh branch of administration at once costly and precise. We may meet the views of dissenting cliques, and of mechanics' institutes, not by raising them to the University, but by bringing the University down to them.

But all thought of such consequences was disregarded in the feverish anxiety for change. Having lost the courage of their own position, having been the first to sound their own condemnation, the intra-University reformers naturally lost respect outside. All that was *not* found in Oxford and Cambridge was for that very reason admired. The Scotch Universities were held up as models of disinterested learning brought within the popular grasp. The German universities were quoted as types of that high thinking and plain living, which a few years ago embodied the Teuton to English minds. By our University as by our school reformers, nothing was so prized in their controversies as a German technical term. Translated into their English synonyms, as to all intents and purposes they might well be, such terms would have lost half their force in the controversy; no one was entitled to a hearing who could not sprinkle his discourse with a plentiful intermixture of foreign words. The *Privat-docent* became as familiar a figure in the University discussions



discussions as the *Realschule* in the discussion of our school-reformers.

About the time when such discussions were most rife, the book appeared which we have quoted at the head of this article, and which is on many accounts a favourable specimen of the views which have for some years been current in certain circles. Mr. Mark Pattison holds an important as well as pleasant post in the University of Oxford; and we may presume that his exertions have raised the college over which he presides to the highest pitch of excellence consistent with the laws under which it is administered. But how is it that he speaks of his University? What is the future aim which he proposes should be hers? When Mr. Pattison wrote, the young school of political doctrinaires was in its highest hopefulness; and he appears to bring to the discussion of University affairs the spirit which they endeavoured to import into politics. Interesting as are many of his remarks, the first feeling suggested by the book is the slight weight given in it to any practical considerations. Had Mr. Pattison been employed in the construction of a constitution for some new university in the centre of Salisbury Plain, he could not have more entirely ignored the bearing of the past upon the future. He professes himself anxious for 'a change in the aims and objects of Oxford.' He would retain hardly any existing feature, and would remodel the existing relation between the colleges and the University. According to his view the University exists, not for education, but for research. It is no longer to be a school for liberal education, but an Institute of Science. Whatever may be the case with other reformers, Mr. Pattison cannot be accused of any ambiguity as to his aims, or of any reticence in his statement of them; and it is just for this reason, as well as for his high reputation at Oxford, that we have chosen his book as an outspoken proclamation of certain principles.

But Oxford is not only to cease her functions as a place of liberal education; she is, if we read Mr. Pattison aright, rather to stand in the way of such liberal education being pursued beyond a certain point. That general curriculum, which long experience has proved to have the best effects in liberalizing the mind, ought, according to Mr. Pattison, to be completed at school. Young men are to come to Oxford, not to continue and widen it, but to concentrate themselves upon one branch of special knowledge, and to become members of the select band endowed for the pursuit of research. In this desire to crowd too much into the early years, and to store rather than to educate the mind, we see the influence of that teaching of Mr. Mill on education,

education, against which there has been so strong a reaction during recent years. Even were it possible, few would now desire such a system. But unless the mind of the nation changes, we do not believe it to be possible. There is no demand more unmistakeable than that which now calls for simplicity in education, in place of that all-embracing and distracting multiplicity which Mr. Mill advocated with so strange a misapprehension of its effects upon himself. Our schools must again narrow and concentrate their aim; our Universities must remain the sphere of Liberal Education; and research must pursue its objects under the ordinary rules of supply and demand.

The ideals aimed at by Mr. Pattison and other University reformers of his type, are sought sometimes in Scotland, but still more frequently in Germany. We would not be taken to suggest that no useful examples may be found in the arrangements both of the Scotch and of the German Universities. In the former, however, we shall presently find that some of the features quoted with approbation by Englishmen are not entirely accepted in their own home. For the latter, it is surely enough to point out that we must borrow from them with the chariest hand. It is not too much to say that, the better they are for Germany, the more likely they are to be bad for England. How far are the circumstances parallel? Is there anything in national character, in position, in the conditions of life, in the spirit and aim of our literature, which creates a close analogy between Germany and England? Above all, is there any university there which has a history so illustrious as that of Oxford, and which would not feel some astonishment at learning that Oxford could only provide for her own future by forgetting her past, and copying a German model?

Such, then, are the aims and objects of those who have for some years been agitating for a sweeping University reform. Their nervous restlessness was first stimulated by exaggerated fears of interested attacks from without. Instead of meeting these attacks in a spirit of dignity and self-respect, instead of relying upon the long and close tie between the Universities and the main stream of English life, the timidity of our Universities led them to yield too submissively to the attacks, to put on sackcloth and ashes, and to be the loudest in proclaiming their own defects. Setting about schemes of reform, they could only rush into extremes, and they sought their ideals for the future of Oxford and Cambridge in the arrangements of institutions which had little in common with Oxford and Cambridge except the name of Universities.

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This internal agitation is now beginning to bear very definite fruit. But before we consider the schemes that are now propounded with the authority of Royal and Parliamentary Commissions, and how far they repeat the avowed objects of these theorists, it may be well to ask what have been the real functions of our Universities in the eyes of the nation, which has obviously a deeper interest in these institutions than any single generation of University men; and how far these functions were adequately fulfilled.

It is one of the peculiarities of the Universities that, while preserving the interest and associations of the past, they have, to a surprising degree, adapted themselves in each generation to the present. Certain anomalies no doubt exist, and a few years ago they were much more numerous. But these institutions, which met one need of the nation in the days of Wickliffe, met other and different needs in the days of Hooker and of Laud, of Samuel Johnson and of Adam Smith, of Wesley and of Keble. Their present function is not difficult to define. In a society so complicated as ours, in which each profession and calling has its life apart, there must needs be some influence which may serve to maintain a common ground of sympathy between the various divergent cliques and professions. In a younger nation such sympathy may be kept up by a common call upon the energy of each individual in the public interest. This acts in the colonies; but England can perhaps too easily dispense with any individual interest in active public life on the part of her citizens. In an aristocratic nation, where the strata of society purposely keep apart, no common bond of sympathy is needed. But such a society is not found in England. More than in almost any other country, the aristocracy of rank and that of intellect meet on equal terms. Each influences the current of national life by almost the same means. Neither can assume the stiffness of condescension towards the other, without violating the commonest rules of good breeding. On all the greater stages of English life there is a common ground upon which men of different ranks, of different professions, of different intellectual calibre and tastes, may meet, provided only that they conform to the unwritten, but none the less well understood, laws of English society. At times these laws show signs of rude handling, but they still prevail. They are based upon what we may perhaps call, for want of a better word, a certain culture, a certain sympathy with, if not the possession of, those higher interests in literature, in science, or in arts, which hold men back from having recourse to the harsher frictions of life. To what influence do we owe this more than to that of our Universities? They

They would lose half their value, if they were restricted to any special class, as is in the main the case with our greater public schools. They would equally lose, if they were confined altogether to men training for professional life. They would be without influence at all, if they failed to bring about the close and familiar intercourse of college life. They would be also without that influence, if they failed to keep alive amongst the bulk of their students the after-interest which makes his college life that memory which a man is most loth to lose. To do the work they have to do, it is essential that they should preserve, in miniature, that representation of English life which they now contain. To say that they are open to abuse, and admit of the entry of many faults, is only to say that, as institutions, they are human. But on the whole they perform well the functions which the public weal requires of them. The status of the University and the traditions of English life induce the wealthy to spend there years which would be worse spent elsewhere. The endowments of the University enable those who would otherwise be forced to enter early on professional life to linger at the University, and to acquire there that non-professional culture which would otherwise be impossible to all but the specially gifted. The training which the University, rather than her professional teachers, gives in the ways of men, enables even those who are intended for mercantile pursuits to spend some years there without injury to their future. The history of statesmanship shows that for the training of the public man no atmosphere could be more suitable. All this, no doubt, is the brighter side of a picture which is by no means without its darker shades. But these darker shades were, we contend, in the accidents, not in the essentials, of our University institutions. If pride of purse were beginning to extend its influence, it might surely have been checked by some judicious ridicule. If competition were driving out the pursuit of learning for its own sake, it was surely nothing in University institutions that was to blame for this, but rather the recent exaggeration of the competitive mania. If Oxford and Cambridge did not increase with the population, surely this was proof rather of the unfortunate hurry of modern life, and of the overstrain which shortened the time of non-professional training; it did not constitute a reason for the Universities meeting that tendency half-way.

Let us turn now to the Scotch Universities and the work they had to do. The contrast is complete. They were adapted to the wants of a comparatively poor nation, to which Oxford, with all her endowments, is not so adapted; because experience proves that poverty is only partially met by endowments. Give

higher education without cost, and you still exact from the student the most valuable of all prices, that of time. Oxford is not attended by the mass of the middle class, because, in spite of scholarships, that middle class cannot afford to be cut off for four years from the pursuit of business life, and only the few who can rely upon themselves for compensation will venture to pay such a price. You must meet the needs of that class by some other agency, and the means are abundantly at hand. In a country teeming with endowments, there can be no valid reason for diverting to other purposes endowments which at Oxford and Cambridge meet certain valuable ends. But in Scotland it is otherwise. There the Universities have been obliged to meet the students more than half-way. They have lessened their requirements as to attendance to a minimum. For the middle class they are intended to provide, and they do provide admirably. Fees are infinitesimal, as they may well be when classes of 300 are not unknown. The least possible hold is kept over the student. An hour or two of attendance in the morning leaves him free to devote the bulk of the day to remunerative employment. During an unbroken vacation of six months he can earn enough to support him through the ensuing session. Scholarships, or, as they are called north of the Tweed, bursaries, are often trifling in amount, but they are almost too numerous. The student commits himself to nothing when he enters the University. He becomes, by payment of a trifling fee, a matriculated student of the University for six months, and no more. As regards attainments, his mind may be an absolute blank. No examination is passed by him at entrance, and he may cease his connection with the University at the end of the session, or may renew it annually for a dozen years without anything more being required of him than of a spectator at a theatre. In certain classes, no doubt, he is understood to perform the customary exercises; but their non-performance entails no penalty, and, indeed, contravenes no written law. A professor might perhaps reject his fee and forbid his attendance; but such an exertion of power would be difficult, even if legal. No demands could be less, whether as regards time, or discipline, or payments, or work. In spite of all this, the Scotch Universities fill their own place. Their standard is not high, but, such as it is, it is widely diffused. Sweeping changes will only injure them. They are good where they are; but no will-o'-the-wisp could be more misleading than the example which is now and then held up to Oxford and Cambridge from the Northern institutions.

Only an amazing amount of ignorance with regard to the circumstances

circumstances of the two countries could have prompted any one to cite such an example. But the ignorance is so widespread in England, that it may be well to refer to one or two important points, that must not be lost sight of in any comparison. Mr. Gladstone, during his political campaign last autumn, visited the University of Glasgow in the capacity of Rector. With a strain of compliment not without precedent in his academical orations, he took the opportunity of flattering that University by a comparison damaging to the English Universities. We are glad to learn that the compliment was not altogether enjoyed by those who had the real welfare of the Northern University at heart. It would have surprised those who have much acquaintance with the spirit of independence hitherto possessed by Scotch students, had Mr. Gladstone's statistical references to the private circumstances of individual students been accepted as in good taste. But in truth Mr. Gladstone spoke in entire ignorance of the subject. He attributed the large numbers of students at Glasgow University to the greater ardour for learning which prevailed, and held up the example as a reproof to the luxurious idleness of Oxford. He was no doubt ignorant of the fact, that attendance at certain classes at the University is a necessary passport to certain of the learned professions in Scotland, and the most natural passport to the rest. Work may be slight, and attendance even may be little more than nominal; but if a man can only present the necessary certificates of attendance at a certain number of University classes, he is released from more than one burdensome examination. Such attendance may not have led to his attaining any academical status. It may lead to little more than a bare acquaintance with the meaning of the studies which he has nominally pursued. But its practical use in his future life is undeniable, however slight the tincture of letters which he may carry with him. In the case of aspirants to clerical orders, in whatever Presbyterian body, attendance is compulsory, and can be shirked by no examination. It is evident, on the one hand, that this gives a practical monopoly to the Universities, of far greater value to them than any endowment. Extra-mural teaching is recognised only within the very narrowest limits, and that solely in the medical classes. For the rest, whatever may be the merits of the professor of Greek, or Latin, or Mathematics, or Philosophy, his class-ticket, and his alone, admits through the portals of the learned professions. And, on the other hand, it is evident that such a motive detracts greatly from the credibility of that disinterested love of learning, which Mr. Gladstone assumes. In any or in no state of preparation; with the



object of pushing a professional career or of avoiding a troublesome examination ; with little interruption to ordinary pursuits ; from some passing taste or interest ;—under conditions and with aims like these, many of the students who appeared in Mr. Gladstone's statistics swelled his numbers. In short, little more is implied in the case of many than is implied in attendance at a course of lectures in the theatre of the Royal Institution.

As a misunderstanding of the true position of the Scotch Universities has led to their example being thus cited as a guide for Oxford and Cambridge, it may be well to state plainly another fact. That much solid and meritorious work is done at the Scotch Universities, that their professorships are, as a rule, held by men of the most eminent qualifications, no one would for a moment deny. But it is none the less the fact that their aim is grievously circumscribed. So humble is much of their work, that the secondary schools of Scotland complain that they are starved by the Universities poaching on their ground. They cannot find pupils so long as the University condescends to teach the Greek alphabet. Yet such is now the case ; and, still more unfortunately, we can aver it to be the fact, that a student, entering upon the study of the Greek alphabet on the benches of the Greek class at a Scotch University, can in less than three years carry off the highest honours which the University grants for proficiency in that language.

All this must be remembered when a comparison, offensive to the English Universities, and misleading when applied as a guide in their reform, is instituted between the Scotch Universities and Oxford or Cambridge. We repeat what we have said above as to the clear difference between the functions of the Universities in each country, and the adequacy with which on the whole they have hitherto fulfilled these functions. Now let us hear in turn the deliverances of those appointed to sit in judgment in each case.

The Report of the Royal Commission of Inquiry on the Scotch Universities is before us *in extenso*, and was made in 1878. No action has as yet been taken upon it, and the reception it has met with from all quarters, as we have already stated, renders it both unlikely and unadvisable that any action should be taken. The Commissioners have marred the advantageous suggestions which they have made, by errors both of timidity and of excessive zeal for change. The course which they have chosen to take has most likely postponed indefinitely the much needed grant of money, the want of which seriously cripples the Scotch Universities. The Commissioners

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for Oxford and Cambridge, on the other hand, possessing executive powers, have not yet reported formally. At Cambridge a draft of proposed statutes has been published, and communications have passed between the Commission and the various colleges. At Oxford, only those separate communications have as yet been divulged. We are not, therefore, in a position to pass in complete review the effect of the latter Commissions. But enough, even in the case of Oxford, has been indicated, to render it necessary to state very plainly our opinion on the proposals now promulgated; and we may hope that the sounder elements in both Commissions may so far modify the present tendency of these proposals, as to render the veto of either House of Parliament unnecessary.

One observation applies in common to the results, so far, of all three Commissions. We look in vain for any consistent principle, for any object aimed at throughout, for any unity of scheme in the proposed reform. In no case do the Commissioners appear to have asked themselves the question, What object have we to achieve, and what means may most directly achieve it? The past history, the traditions, the peculiarities of the different institutions into which they were to enquire, appear never to have delayed them. They are consistent neither in preserving the same aim, nor in preserving a clear distinction between the different aims which they may have selected. The Scotch Commissioners borrow, fitfully, from England: the English Commissioners borrow with an equally unsteady hand, and with no clear understanding of the circumstances, from Scotland. They apparently agree in this only, that they must subvert.

First, as to the Scotch Report. One of the most disheartening features of the Scotch Universities has hitherto been the small number of students who take degrees. It bears testimony to the fact that, wide as is the contact of the Scotch University, its lasting impression is and must be slight. On the other hand, one of the features least to the credit of these Universities, is the absence of any entrance examination. We admit the difficulty in Scotland of instituting such an examination, and we are ready to recognize some advantage in the free admixture of a certain untrained but, perhaps, ambitious and independent element, with the more regularly prepared students. But were the recommendation of the Commissioners followed, the difficulty would be increased, and its only advantageous aspect destroyed. They propose an entrance examination for those who are to take their degree, and a free entrance for those who wish no such distinction. From the gates of the University

sity two classes of students are to be created, and marked as apart. The work is still to be clogged by the presence of utterly untrained youths; and the stimulus of ambition is to be removed from them.\* A selected class of students will grow up, tending to narrow the University: and yet the presence of a large and profitable class of mere hangers-on will keep her work on the same low level as before. The proposal is indeed ingenious in its perversity.

But the most serious proposals are those which relate to graduation. It is not too much to say, that these, if followed, would upset the whole relations of the Universities to the country. Hitherto, the M.A. degree in Scotland has borne a very definite and well-ascertained value. It is recognised by the Education Department as taking the place of a professional certificate for teachers. It proves such a general standard of attainments as fairly marks the status of the professional man; and it has spread a good type of fair average scholarship over the country. It must be taken too early in life to denote any very special aptitude or prolonged study; but it has, hitherto, had the merit of avoiding anything like professional narrowness. This it is proposed entirely to change. One would fancy from the Report that the sole object of the Universities was not to give knowledge, but to invent means of dubbing knowledge with a title and degree: as if the reproach of Persius were to the full applicable to Scotland and her students:—

\* *Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter.*

Under the new scheme we are afraid to say how many various modes of attaining the degree are open to the student. Almost from the outset his studies are to be specialized. The studies hitherto existing are to part company, and new ones are to be introduced. The scheme has been borrowed from Oxford; but it has not been borrowed entire. At Oxford specializing has been carried too far; but even there it has never prevailed except in the honours school. In Scotland it is to prevail equally for the pass degree. A man is not to be allowed to attain a definite modicum in some subjects, and seek to distinguish himself in others which are more to his taste. Perforce, he must submit to be ranked, not in class, but man by man, with his fellow students in each and every subject which he may pursue. Cambridge is hesitating over the individual classification, long grown to a custom, of her honours school; but here is a proposal which applies the principle where it is unknown, to an

\* A provision is no doubt made for exceptional treatment, but, if exceptions are to be frequent, the rule is useless.

extent hitherto unthought of even at Cambridge. Many a man who will shrink from the ordeal of individual classification desires to attain a degree as a passport in life. It has hitherto been possible to do this by a pass. Honours have been avoided, because, we are told by the Commissioners, Scotchmen disliked to be placed in the second class, and preferred the obscurity of a plain degree. How would such bashfulness esteem the new proposal?

This specializing is advocated to an extent which is amazing, and yet with an inconsistency which is perplexing. The arrangements for the medical degree appear to be made with the view of enabling the medical curriculum at the University to be purely and entirely professional. The mind of the student is to be distracted by no variety of studies. But the legal studies, it appears, are not to be so specialized. Why this difference? If a little law is a good thing to the general student, would not a little medicine be equally useful? If, on the other hand, no man is to enter the medical class except to prepare himself as a doctor, why should he be encouraged in the dangerous practice of dabbling in law? If general culture is useful to the lawyer, why is it to be denied to the physician?

Another of the Commissioners' proposals—strange enough when we compare it with those of the English Commissioners—is to establish a class of tutors, furnished with a small endowment and recognized by the University, who are to supplement the work of the professors. In other words, the professorial system has been found wanting; and a leaf is borrowed from England to supply the want. We do not think the arrangement will bear transplanting, good as it is on its present soil. But we shall see presently how it is dealt with by our own Commissioners.

We turn now to the proposals of the Cambridge Commission. Of these it may be said, in the words of the representation which is supported by the bulk of the governing bodies of the University, that their general object is 'to substitute a new academical system for the established system of collegiate education and discipline.' They repeat only too many features of those schemes which have had their origin in the unpractical theories of university reformers. But they fail even to do this with consistency. They begin by requiring a contribution from the colleges, which within a few years is to reach a minimum of 25,000*l.* a year. So intricate are the calculations upon which the proportions of this sum are allotted, that we believe the Commissioners themselves have admitted it to be impossible

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to explain them satisfactorily. To the uninitiated mind it is absolutely baffling to seek for any consistent principle. The percentage varies with each college. Yet surely those colleges which have the largest incomes may be expected to have a proportionately large expenditure to meet. If Downing is to pay only 4*l.* for every 1000*l.*, why is Trinity to pay 229*l.*? Is the income of Downing only 1-57th of that of Trinity, or is the work of Trinity in education only 1-57th as advantageous as that of Downing? There may, doubtless, be some hidden principle underlying the elaborate scheme propounded; but it would surely have been satisfactory to have had some indication of its purpose and its meaning.

How then is the money obtained from the colleges, of which 25,000*l.* a year is to be the minimum amount, to be applied? First of all, incomes are to be assigned to no less than thirty professorships: incomes in no case sufficient if the professors are to be burdened with any serious work of gratuitous teaching, but superfluous if they were to have a large number of pupils paying fees. The incomes are differentiated on a scale in which we have failed to discover any guiding principle. Not only so, but in some obscure and ill-defined manner, what are called 'professorial fellowships' are to be attached to such posts; and the revenue thus carved out of the remnant of college funds is to be at the disposal, apparently, of the University, or some one of its many Boards. Next, a series of thirty readerships, tenable during good behaviour, are to be created; and to these are to be attached fixed incomes of 400*l.* a year. For some inscrutable reason, readers are all of one value, while professors—we do not boast of being able to tell the lines of demarcation between the two—vary infinitely. But professors and readers do not exhaust the varieties of novel functions now to be called into being. Besides these there are to be an indefinite number of lecturers (thirty at least), who are, apparently, to do anything which professors and readers between them fail to do. These lecturers are to be connected by some loose and ill-defined tie with the colleges. A man cannot be a University lecturer on any subject, unless his college already pays him 200*l.* a year to lecture on that subject. No one can lecture on Telugu, unless his college has already engaged him to lecture on Telugu for at least 200*l.* a year. Tolerance of pluralities is questionable policy; but we never before heard of a proposal to tolerate nothing but a plurality: in other words to pay no one to do what he is not already paid for doing.

It would be needless and tedious to examine seriously proposals so ill-digested in their details, and so aimless in their leading

leading principles. The rest of the proposals relate to the organization of endless University Boards, armed with the most diverse powers. They may exercise an inquisitorial authority over the work of the teaching body, or they may cloak the most serious dereliction of duty on the part of particular professors. It is a proverbial truth, that no machinery yet conceived can be at once so inquisitorial, and so culpably and unfairly lax, as a University Board. None is agitated by such virulence of party spirit, or allows that spirit such irrational display. Limit and excise those that exist, if possible; but to bring new boards into existence we should have conceived a stretch of perverse ingenuity which could not have occurred but as a joke. By the agency of such boards the hold of the colleges over their own affairs is to be seriously restricted. In other words, the distinctive feature of English University education, and of English University life; the pride, the corporate spirit, the social training of the colleges—all these are to be interfered with. And for what? To build up in their places an ideal engendered in the brains of theorists, harmful if it were realized—unjust in the processes by which it seeks creation—and full of inconsistencies even as presented on paper, much more when it is sought to give it practical effect. It is proposed to change what now makes the Universities what they are: may we not fairly require the Commissioners to tell us plainly what they wish them to be?

Such are the proposals which, if not modified by the saner portion of the Commission, or at later stages before they become law, threaten the very essence of our English University system. The Oxford proposals may be more moderate; but there are not wanting those who there also are eager to pursue a policy of ill-considered change. There is something almost contemptible in the eagerness with which new spheres of action are sought, with a view to building up some apology for existence. One week some scheme of affiliated colleges in local centres is discussed. The next week, a plan is propounded for giving certificates to teachers, and it is urged that to throw it out would be 'to go against public opinion.' Such a spirit invites condemnation. The proposals, accordingly, which would meet the views of this party and which are already proclaimed at Cambridge, begin with confiscation; they proceed to construct a system inconsistent with itself, grounded on no past experience, expressly opposed in many points to matured opinions. What is to be the fruit of this destructive process? Is the undergraduate to be denied, hereafter, all those associations which have hitherto been most distinctive of English University life? Are these professors, readers, lecturers, to be there to teach or for study?

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If for study, are you prepared to tell the nation that the funds, which have hitherto been educational, are now to be applied to endow research and enable those who pursue it to reach the stars by other than an arduous course? If to teach, then all experience shows that the certain result of your new system will be, to lower the standard of attainment amongst your students, or to create discontent amongst those who are induced to hold such posts. Large classes involve a low average and make individual supervision impossible. But only large classes yield an attractive income. Have you the means of attaining such classes in your power, even if you desired them? In Scotland the professors are endowed with a practical monopoly of teaching; can you so endow them here? At Oxford and Cambridge, professors' lectures have hitherto been neglected; they will be neglected still; but the tutorial system that more than filled their place will be killed by the starving of the colleges. Much is said about the waste of labour which that system involves. But surely this is urged under a misapprehension of the functions of the tutors. The lectures of the young men who in the main act as tutors in the colleges are not, and cannot be, the product of mature and special study, of which it is necessary to conserve and centralize the available amount. Nor is it imperative that they should be. For even the best of the undergraduate class, it is not necessary to have the lectures of a Gaisford or a Bentley. The distinction between the product of long and special study, and that of competent and accurate acquirement, they cannot appreciate. What is required is the individual attention which a tutor ought to give, and which can be given in no other way.

It is not surprising that these proposals have caused some flutter in college circles, and have alienated from the cause of University reform some who were before its friends. Circumstances do, indeed, make us change our comrades:—

*ἡ κάρτα πολλοὶ νῦν φίλοι καὶθις πικροί.*

Reform is very well in the abstract; it is not so pleasant in the concrete. Nowhere has its discussion been more welcomed than in the Universities, nowhere are its visits in corporeal shape more disliked. It was the favourite topic of that youthful but hopeful band of philosophical Radicals already referred to, whose period of greatest elation was reached about twelve or fourteen years ago. There was no end to the wonders they were prepared to work, both within and beyond the Universities. They were ushered to the hustings under the excitement of the new millennium of 1868. Their success at the hustings was not all that could be wished. The reformed constituencies did not

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at once learn to disdain the common things of practical experience, and to follow the maxims of doctrinaire Radicalism. But the Ballot, it was still hoped, would admit of the unimpeded working of those general laws to which the existence of the doctrinaires had a close affinity. Meantime, the energetic and sweeping destructiveness of the Administration of 1868—the Ministry of All the Theories—kept their spirits up. The election of 1874 was still more fatal to their hopes. On the approach of the late election, with the comprehensive theories and ideal generalizations which it brought into play, this school showed some symptoms of revival. We have already seen some of the ideals melted into thin air by the sobering effects of office and responsibility. Will this ideal of reform in the Universities share the same fate? Or will the school which formerly advocated it turn from concrete reform in disgust? The proposals of the new Commission are not palatable to this school. Sinecure fellowships are now found by them to possess virtues unrecognized before. Their ideal schemes have not been realized, but their past associations are threatened with destruction. They knew not how dear these associations were, how little fit to be dealt with by the rough hand of a Parliamentary Commission, until at last the attack came.

They forget that these proposals are but the end towards which they themselves have been working. The fate of the Universities has, indeed, been hard, vexed as they have been within and attacked from the outside at once. It is only twenty-six years since a new system was introduced at Oxford. Certain evils in that system grew apace. Overstrained competition destroyed the peace of the place. Endowments intended as a means towards higher education were sought as ends in themselves, and higher education was lowered into a means of pursuing these ends on purely commercial principles. Instead of mitigating these evils, the authorities seemed to be bent on allowing them full scope. New intricacy and pretentiousness was sought after in the examination papers. Questions were set to youths of one-and-twenty which it would have required a lifetime adequately to discuss. They imposed upon outsiders; but a little initiation taught the trick of repeating a series of second-hand and adaptable formulæ.

Then came attacks from the outside, met not by dignified self-confidence, but by a weak and nervous self-abasement. All that was said against her Oxford admitted to be true, and much more. She herself confessed the need of cleansing her Augean stable. No wonder that the Universities were taken at their word? Parliament cannot enquire too minutely into University affairs. It believed all that was said about antiquated abuses. It could



could not set aside confessions of shortcomings so perseveringly reiterated. Commissions were appointed, and their action is now impending. The Universities themselves are discomfited; and it now behoves a wider public to consider how far this tinkering can be allowed to go.

First and foremost, the nation has the right to demand that these institutions be in the future, as they have been in the past, primarily places of liberal education. There must be no tampering with this principle. If men are to be endowed that they may carry on research, let it be under no false colours. If the Universities are true to their past, if they rise to their better traditions and forget periods of sloth, they need no new machinery to make them homes of science and of letters. But their duty to the nation is first and foremost to educate, and the nation will not release them from the task.

And in order to educate well, the intra-mural discipline, the tutorial supervision, the healthy social contact of the college system, cannot be allowed to perish. We are not prepared to see our English Universities modelled after the Scotch, with their unwieldy classes, their lower standard, their popular but comparatively superficial influence. They must be the homes of training in the future that they have been in the past, or a valuable adjunct of English life will be lost.

Lastly, the evils of overstrained competition must be checked. Here, indeed, there is work for a Commission that chooses to set itself to the task. Studies must be simplified, not multiplied. The aim of the Universities must be more clear and better defined. We must no longer be duped by a display of rhetorical and sophistical devices for simulating knowledge. In the upper, just as in the lower education of the country, the most imperious demand at this moment is for simplicity. The reaction against the aim after variety, lately pursued to an extreme, is rapidly growing in force. Under its influence the educative power of the classical languages is recognized, after a period of unthinking neglect.

We trust that if not virtually abandoned, the proposals now broached by the Cambridge Commissioners may be so modified either by the Privy Council or by Parliament, as to lose their most distinctive and objectionable features. If this be done, the work of the Commissioners will not have been in vain. It will have shown how much of immaturity, how little of consistency, how little even of sincerity, there has been in the constant agitation for University reform. And it may be hoped that, when their period of office closes, as it must at furthest with the end of 1881, the Universities may then be allowed to enter upon that course of undisturbed and simple work for which they have so long sought, but sought in vain, the opportunity.

ART.

ART. VII.—*Around the World with General Grant: a Narrative of the Visit of General U. S. Grant, Ex-President of the United States, to various Countries in Europe, Asia, and Africa, in 1877, 1878, 1879. To which are added certain Conversations with General Grant on Questions connected with American Politics and History.* By John Russell Young. With eight hundred illustrations. 2 vols. quarto.

WHATEVER difference of opinion may prevail in the United States as to General Grant's title to a third presidency, his countrymen are agreed in awarding him a very high (not quite the highest) place amongst their worthies. He has been by turns compared to Hannibal, Napoleon, Wellington, Moltke, and we know not how many other great captains: and, with peculiar reference to his combined merits as a soldier and a statesman, his ardent admirers insist that apt parallels for him are presented by Cromwell in the Old World and Washington in the New. American historians and biographers have done their best to diffuse his fame, but the Atlantic is a broad barrier: exploits performed in one hemisphere are but vaguely bruited and imperfectly known in another: a campaign on the Potomac is not followed by European readers like a campaign on the Rhine: the names of his battle-grounds have not for us the familiar and spirit-stirring sound of Austerlitz, Waterloo, or Sadowa; and the surrender of Lee at the Appomatox Courthouse, a scene of surpassing interest to our transatlantic brethren, contrasts faintly, from the French or English point of view, with the surrender of Napoleon III. at Sedan or the abdication of the great Napoleon at Fontainebleau.

We learn from Mr. Russell Young that the General's voyage 'Around the World' partook largely of the nature of a royal or semi-royal progress: that in all the countries which he visited, civilized or uncivilized, honours commonly reserved for crowned heads were showered upon him: that his name was an open-sesame to palaces, whether in London, Berlin, Constantinople, China, Siam, or Japan: that popular enthusiasm, wherever there was a fair opening for it, kindled at his approach and broke out in congratulatory and complimentary addresses of the most effusive kind. Yet we cannot help thinking that these receptions were accorded rather to the ex- and probably future President, to one who had been and might be again the representative of a great, growing, far-reaching, and proudly self-asserting community, than to the victor of Shiloh and Chattanooga, the captor of Fort Donelson and Vicksburg. By way of introduction, therefore, to the remarkable book before us,

us, we propose to give a rude outline of General Grant's military career—to which he frequently reverts in the conversations reported, Boswell-like, by his companion and friend. These conversations, indeed, will be esteemed by many the most valuable part of the publication, and they can only be appreciated by those who possess some prior knowledge of the General's life.

He has one point in common with Cromwell, the onewhile brewer of Huntingdon. He was carrying on a trade, the trade of a tanner, when the civil war broke out. But it was as a retired officer, who had received a regular military education, seen service and earned distinction. 'In a small one-story cottage, still standing in Clermont County, Ohio, on the banks of the river, on the 27th day of April, 1822, a child was born, who is now known to this world as Ulysses Simpson Grant.' His father was a tanner, and the manner in which he was brought up may be collected from an incident of his boyhood. He was sent with a waggon to meet men who were to load it with logs. He drove to the appointed spot, but failed to find the men, and, after waiting a short time, he unhitched his horses and managed to get the logs loaded by horse-power. Seeing him returning with the logs and unattended by the labourers, his father asked what had become of the men. 'I don't know and I don't care,' was the reply; 'I got this load without them.'\*

There was too much hard work to do in conquering the soil and wresting from it the means of living by labour, remarks a biographer, to give him leisure for the luxuries of learning. It was only by snatches, or during the winter months, that he could attend the village school, but he made the best of his limited opportunities; and when, at the age of seventeen, he was nominated to a cadetship in the military academy of West Point, he was found fully equal to the preliminary examination; which luckily for him did not extend beyond reading, writing, and decimal fractions. He was admitted on the 1st of July, 1839, and graduated in the summer of 1843. He stood twenty-first on a list of thirty-nine, and neither the professors nor his fellow-students appear to have been impressed by his talents or capacity. 'I remember him,' says one, 'as a plain, common-sense, straightforward youth: quiet, rather of the old-head-on-young-shoulders order: shunning notoriety: quite contented whilst others were grumbling: taking to his military duties in a very business-like manner. . . . He was then and always an

\* 'Lincoln, Stanton and Grant. Historical Sketches.' By Major Evan Rowland Jones, United States Consul, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. London and New York, 1875, p. 155.

excellent horseman. He exhibited little enthusiasm in any thing: his best standing was in the mathematical branches and their application to tactics and military engineering.'

He joined the army in July, 1843, as second lieutenant in the Fourth Infantry, a regiment actively engaged in the Mexican war of 1846-1848. He was present at almost every battle during this war, and repeatedly attracted notice by his courage and conduct. In the official report of one affair, he is mentioned as having 'acquitted himself most nobly:' and on two other occasions as having 'behaved with distinguished gallantry.' He remained in active service till July, 1854, when, having been promoted to a full captaincy and seeing slight chance of further promotion during peace, he flung up his commission and settled upon a small farm near St. Louis. He had married in 1848, and had now a wife and three children to support upon a scanty income, which he endeavoured to eke out by acting as a collector of debts, an auctioneer, and a house-agent. In 1859, none of these occupations proving sufficiently productive, he left the farm to become a partner with his father and younger brother in the business of tanners and leather-dealers at Galena, Illinois. This business answered his very moderate expectations, and he was living contentedly in a small house as a family man, when the cry of Secession was raised in right earnest, and (April 15th, 1861) the President, Lincoln, made his first call for troops. In less than a fortnight Grant had organized a company of volunteers, taken them to Springfield, the capital of Illinois, and placed himself at the disposal of the Governor, saying that 'he would esteem it a privilege to be assigned to any position where he could be useful.'

He was first employed in the administrative department, but an efficient officer being suddenly required to take charge of the 21st Illinois Volunteers, he was selected for the colonelcy. 'In less than ten days (reported the Governor) Colonel Grant filled the regiment to the maximum standard, and brought it to a state of discipline seldom attained in the volunteer service in so short a time.' His training and experience gave him so marked a superiority, that the raw colonels with whom he was brigaded begged him to act as brigadier-general, which rank was regularly confirmed to him, and on the 1st of September, the command of a district, including part of Kentucky, was assigned to him under General Fremont. Kentucky was much divided, and the Secessionists, whilst making open professions of neutrality, were taking steps to secure and fortify the most important positions: amongst others, Paducah, a town at the mouth of the Tennessee river. Grant resolved on anticipating them.

them. Early on the 5th of September, he telegraphed to Fremont: 'I am getting ready to go to Paducah. Will start at half-past six.' Again, later on the same day: 'I am now ready for Paducah, should not a telegram arrive forbidding the movement.' At half-past ten he was steaming down the river with a competent force: at nine the next morning he was in possession of the place: and the day following he received a telegram giving the required permission, 'if he was strong enough.'

He here exhibited on a small scale the qualities which afterwards so eminently distinguished him on the largest—energy, decision, and readiness to accept any amount of responsibility. The affair of Belmont was another example, although the risks he ran went far to justify the current imputation of recklessness. He had attacked and taken a camp of the Confederates on the Mississippi, when his troops fell to plundering, and the enemy, landing in force, interposed between him and his transports. He stopped the plundering by ordering his staff-officers to set fire to the camp, and he had only just brought his men into something like order, when an exclamation arose, 'We are surrounded.' 'Well, if that is so,' was his remark, 'we must cut our way out, as we cut our way in.' Gallantly led, they broke through and reached the transports. The last man that embarked was the General. He had paused upon a rising ground, an easy mark; but wearing a private's overcoat, he was taken for a common soldier, and disregarded. 'The rebel fire was now hot, and the transports were about pushing off, leaving him ashore. He, however, rode rapidly up, and a plank was put out for him, over which he trotted his horse aboard under a heavy musketry fire.'\*

The theory on which he persistently acted was that, in a contest between inexperienced commanders and raw levies on both sides, the best method was to take the initiative and attack at once, without any over-nice calculation of numbers or position: *de l'audace, toujours de l'audace*: and the almost uniform success of his tactics, if they can be held to merit the name, supplied the ready answer to the martinet objections they provoked. At the head of those who disputed his qualifications for command was General Halleck, the departmental commander under whom he was placed when he planned the expedition against Fort Henry and Fort Donelson. Fort Henry having surrendered to the commander of the gunboats, Commodore Foote, after a short bombardment, half an hour before the arrival of the troops for the investment, Halleck officially

\* 'Military History of Ulysses S. Grant,' by General Badeau.

assigned all the honour to the Commodore. The capture of Fort Donelson after hard fighting by land was undoubtedly the work of the General, the gunboats having been compelled to draw off. Before the investment was complete, the garrison made a desperate sally, and threw the front lines of the besieging force into confusion. On riding up with his staff to effect a rally, Grant ascertained that the Confederate soldiers had three days' rations in their haversacks, and he at once exclaimed: 'They mean to cut their way out.' Reforming and reinforcing his broken lines, and bringing all his reserves to bear, he effectually checked the outward movement, and before night his troops occupied a position somewhat in advance of that from which they had been driven. The Commander of the Fort, vowing that *he* 'would never surrender to the Yankees,' took his departure at early dawn in a steamboat with a portion of the garrison, and Grant was preparing to renew the conflict, when the white flag was displayed, and a note arrived from the second in command, Buckner, proposing an armistice to settle the terms of a capitulation. Grant's answer has become historical:

'Headquarters, Army in the Field, Camp near  
Donelson, Feb. 16, 1862.

'Yours of this date, proposing an armistice and appointment of Commissioners to settle terms of capitulation, is just received. No terms other than an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works.

'I am, sir, very respectfully,

'Your obedient servant,

'U. S. GRANT.

*'To General S. B. BUCKNER, Confederate Army.'*

Buckner replied that circumstances left him no alternative but to accept 'the ungenerous and unchivalrous terms which you propose.' But the terms actually imposed were neither ungenerous nor unchivalrous. The officers and men were allowed to retain their side-arms and personal property, and Buckner told them publicly to bear gratefully in mind the treatment they had received from their conqueror.

The capture of Fort Donelson was the first telling blow struck by the North, and the popular voice assigned the honour and glory of the exploit to Grant, who was christened 'Unconditional Surrender Grant' by acclamation. But Halleck, in the teeth of the clearest evidence, wrote to Stanton, the Secretary of War, to recommend General C. F. Smith, a divisional commander, as the true victor: 'Smith, by his coolness and bravery at Fort Donelson, when the battle was against us, turned the tide and carried the enemy's outworks. Make him a Major-General.



You can't get a better one. Honour him for this victory, and the whole country will applaud.' The very day this telegram was received, Stanton recommended Brigadier-General Grant to be Major-General of Volunteers; and directly afterwards, in one of the stirring bulletins by which he sought to kindle and sustain enthusiasm, he said: 'What, under the blessing of Providence, I conceive to be the true organization of victory and military combination to end this war, was declared in a few words by General Grant's message to General Buckner, "I propose to move immediately on your works."'

Halleck, however, within whose military department Grant's command lay, was bent on discrediting him, and in less than three weeks after the capture of Fort Donelson, we find him telegraphing to McClellan, then Commander-in-Chief:

'I have had no communication with General Grant for more than a week. He left his command without my authority and went to Nashville. His army seems as much demoralised by their victory of Fort Donelson, as was that of the Potomac by the defeat of Bull's Run. It is hard to censure a successful general immediately after a victory, but I think he richly deserves it. I can get no returns, no reports, no information of any kind from him. Satisfied with his victory, he sits down and enjoys it, without any regard to the future. I am worn-out and tired by this neglect and inefficiency.'

These accusations were contradictory as well as unjust, for it was an excess of zeal that had hurried Grant to Nashville, and on Halleck's calling him personally to account, he replied: 'My going there was strictly intended for the good of the service, and not to gratify any desire of my own. Believing sincerely that I must have enemies between you and myself who are trying to impair my usefulness, I respectfully ask to be relieved from further duty in the department.' Lincoln is reported to have said of Grant: 'I judge he is not easily excited, which is a great element in an officer.' He was at length thoroughly excited by the persecutions of Halleck, who was given to understand in language there was no mistaking that there must be an end of his censures and complaints, unless he was prepared to justify them before a Court of Inquiry. Then Halleck changed his tone, and wrote (March 13th):

'You cannot be relieved from your command. There is no good reason for it. I am certain that all which the authorities at Washington ask is that you enforce discipline and punish the disorderly. . . . Instead of relieving you, I wish you, as soon as your new army is in the field, to assume the immediate command and lead it to new victories.'

It would appear that he had been temporarily superseded, for  
he



he replies : 'I will again assume command, and give every effort to the success of our cause. Under the worst circumstances I would do the same.'

His new command was the Army of the Tennessee, with which he fought the battle of Shiloh. Its strength was 33,000, independent of the division of General Wallace, 5000 strong, which was in position about four miles down the river. He was confronted by an army of 50,000 under General Sidney Johnston, which, contrary to all military rules, he had to engage with a river at his back.

"If," remarks General Sherman, "there were any error in putting that army on the west side of the Tennessee, exposed to the superior force of the enemy, also assembling at Corinth, the mistake was not General Grant's. But there was no mistake. It was necessary that a combat, fierce and bitter, to test the manhood of the two armies, should come off, and that was as good a place as any. It was not then a question of military skill and strategy, but of courage and pluck; and I am convinced that every life lost that day to us was necessary, for otherwise—at Corinth, at Memphis, at Vicksburg—we would have found harder resistance had we not shown our enemies that, rude and untutored as we then were, we could fight as well as they."

'All's well that ends well,' but opportunities of testing the fighting qualities of the troops were sure to abound, and to make them fight at a disadvantage was not the way to inspire confidence. Sherman states in the same letter that the position they took up on landing was chosen by General Smith, Grant's predecessor in this command. It was not badly chosen, being flanked by creeks or ravines, and only assailable in front. No attempt was made to strengthen it by entrenchments, for which Grant was much censured, but the use of the spade had not yet become familiar to American armies, and it was his intention to advance instead of waiting to receive the attack. The Southerners were equally eager to come to close quarters, and on the eve of the battle General Beauregard, the second in command, by whom the campaign had been planned, is reported to have boasted that 'they would water their horses the next day in the Tennessee or in hell.' The battle began early on Sunday morning, April 6th, by a fierce assault on the whole front line of the Unionists, which was driven back in confusion. Whilst some of the troops, most of whom had never been under fire before, fought well, and offered the most stubborn resistance, others broke and fairly ran away, never stopping till they reached the river, between three and four miles off. One regiment was marched or hurried off the ground by the colonel,

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and

and an entire division (2200 strong), refusing to join in the retreat, were surrounded and made prisoners of war. Wallace, who was expected at midday, never reached the field at all.

The condition of Grant's army, forced back upon the river, became in the highest degree alarming; but the Southerners had suffered severely, and were exhausted by so many hours of hard fighting. Johnston had received a mortal wound, and Beauregard thought it best to retard till the morrow the execution of his threat of watering his horses in the Tennessee. Grant had been lamed by the fall of his horse on the 4th, and was still suffering severely from the effects of the accident. Physical pain, combined with discomfiture and impending defeat, would depress the spirits and dull the energies of most men; but he never lost heart for a moment: a night's respite was all he wanted: and when about 6 P.M. General Buell asked him what preparations he had made for retreating, he replied: 'I haven't despaired of whipping them yet.' Buell was the Commander of the Army of the Ohio, which stood in nearly the same relation to the Army of the Tennessee as Desaix's to Napoleon's at Marengo, or Blücher's to the Duke of Wellington's at Waterloo. It was crossing the river (20,000 strong) when this communication between the two commanders took place, and when Grant assumed the offensive on the morning of the 7th the advantage of numbers and fresh troops was on his side. Had the case been otherwise, he was equally bent on becoming the assailant.

'I know,' writes Sherman, 'I had orders to assume the offensive before I knew General Buell was on the west side of the Tennessee. I remember the fact better from General Grant's anecdote of his Donelson battle, which he told me then for the first time, that, at a certain period of the battle, he saw that either side was ready to give way if the other showed a bold front, and he determined to do that very thing, to advance on the enemy, when, as he prognosticated, the enemy surrendered.'

The extent to which he was prepared to push matters may be collected from another colloquy. Being asked what he would have done if he had been compelled to cross the river, he replied that he should have used the gunboats. 'But the gunboats would have carried over not more than ten thousand men at most.' 'Well,' was the calm rejoinder, 'there would not have been more than ten thousand men to carry over.'

When the battle was resumed on the morning of Monday, the 7th, Beauregard, who had received no reinforcements, was driven from position after position, gallantly contested as they were, till the Unionists had regained the whole of the ground which they had

had lost on the Sunday. The conflict raged until three o'clock in the afternoon, when the Confederates were in full retreat. 'A charge of the 1st Ohio Regiment, led by Grant in person, carried one of the last important positions on the field of Shiloh.' He was urgent for pursuit, but was overruled by the other commanders on account of the state of the roads, the weather (rain and sleet), and the exhaustion of the troops, who encamped on the very ground they had occupied before the fight. The day following Beauregard wrote to request permission to bury his dead, but this unequivocal confession of defeat did not prevent him from reporting to the Secretary of War at Richmond :

'We have gained a great and glorious victory, eight to ten thousand prisoners, and thirty-six pieces of cannon. Buell reinforced Grant, and we retired to our intrenchments at Corinth, which we can hold. Loss heavy on both sides.'

Halleck arrived on the 9th, and took the command of the army. His tactics were the exact reverse of Grant's. 'He would not stir a step excepting behind breastworks, and then he crawled along at the average speed of three miles a week, till he reached the Rebel works at Corinth, with an army 120,000 strong!' When he did reach them, he allowed them to be evacuated almost before his eyes, under an impression that the 'Rebels' were preparing for an attack; their whole and sole object being all along to get away. When Grant ventured a remonstrance, he was peremptorily told not to intrude his opinions till they were asked for, and his position at this time was humiliating in the extreme. The inactivity of the army led to a common belief that he had sustained a defeat at Shiloh, and had only been saved from utter rout and ruin by the opportune arrival of Buell :

'The truth is,' says General Badeau, 'that Grant's extreme simplicity of behaviour and directness of expression imposed on various officers, both above and below him. They thought him a good, plain man, who had blundered into one or two successes, and who therefore could not be immediately removed; but they deemed it unnecessary to regard his judgment, or to count upon his ability. His superiors made their plans invariably without consulting him, and his subordinates sometimes sought to carry out their own campaigns, in opposition or indifference to his orders, not doubting that, with their superior intelligence, they could conceive and execute triumphs which would excuse or even vindicate their course. It is impossible to understand the early history of the war without taking it into account, that neither the Government nor its important commanders gave Grant credit for intellectual ability or military genius.'

The wonder is that renewed opportunities were offered him of showing that he understood the right mode of conducting such a  
war

war far better than his critics or detractors: that, for example, he was intrusted with the expedition against Vicksburg, and remained intrusted with it after he had tried, and tried in vain, three or four plans in succession for reducing 'the Gibraltar of America.' The importance of the place consisted in its position on the Mississippi, which it commanded for several miles. Exactly opposite was a peninsula, three miles and a-half long and a mile and a quarter wide, formed by the bending of the river. Grant's plan was to cut a canal across the neck. If the river could be diverted into the new channel, Vicksburg would become an unimportant inland town. Thousands of men, soldiers and negroes, were set to work. Dredges were used to deepen the channel, dams were built, and the river embankment was cut. 'Every human effort was exhausted upon this gigantic undertaking, and at last success seemed probable, when a sudden rise in the Mississippi swept away the dams and placed the accomplishment of the task beyond hope.'

The strength of Vicksburg on the north lay in the difficulty of the approach, through and over the surrounding woods, ravines, lakes and marshes. Scheme after scheme for overcoming this difficulty having failed, no alternative was left but to give up the campaign as planned, or to march the army below the stronghold and run the gauntlet of the batteries with the fleet. When this alternative presented itself, Grant was similarly situated to Wolfe when, as a last desperate effort, he ascended the St. Lawrence to reach Quebec by the heights of Abraham. Just before embarking Wolfe had written a desponding despatch which created a widespread feeling of disappointment throughout England during the brief interval before the announcement of his victory; and Grant's despatches from before Vicksburg had produced so unfavourable an impression, that his warmest supporters began to doubt the prudence or propriety of standing by him. One of these admitted to the President that the public interest demanded his recal. 'It was upon this occasion,' to quote the words of Major Jones, 'that honest Old Abe uttered those simple but portentous words, letters of gold for his country's good: "I rather like the man; I think we'll try him a little longer."'

The scheme of descending the river was loudly and universally disapproved in both camp and fleet. Not a single voice was raised in favour of it amongst the general officers. His dearest friend McPherson was amongst the dissentients, and Sherman wrote a strong protest, which he had afterwards the manliness to avow with a full admission that he was wrong. Grant persevered, and his orders were gallantly carried out. The gunboats and

and transports, after being two hours and forty minutes under fire, had suffered less than was anticipated, and the army was safely conveyed across the river and prepared to commence operations from the land-side on the south. Here again he proceeded to set all military rules at defiance, conceiving them inapplicable to the scene of action and the circumstances. With three days' rations for his troops, he plunged into a strange and hostile country, regardless of a base of operations, and prepared to find himself between two armies, by whose junction or co-operation he might be crushed. He encountered and beat them both. Three weeks after crossing the river he reached the heights overlooking Vicksburg, the possession of which was held to involve the speedy reduction of the place. Sherman, who was with him, turned abruptly round and exclaimed: 'Until this moment I never thought your expedition a success. I never could see the end clearly until now. But this is a campaign; this is a success, if we never take the town.'

They did take the town, although the garrison, when they invested it, was numerically superior to the besiegers, who were repulsed in renewed attempts to carry the works by storm, in one of which they lost 3000 men. On the eighth day of the investment an intercepted despatch from the Governor, Pemberton, to General 'Joe' Johnston, showed Grant that the completion of his hopes was near at hand. It ran thus: 'Come to my aid with an army of thirty thousand men. If you cannot do this within thirty days you had better retreat. Ammunition is almost exhausted, especially percussion caps.' This was on the 27th of May. The thirty days passed away without the arrival of the relieving army, although Johnston wrote to say that he would endeavour to effect a diversion on or about the 6th of July; but, reduced to extremities by the want of provisions as well as ammunition, Pemberton sent a flag of truce on the 3rd, to propose an armistice with a view to settling the terms of a capitulation. Grant declined the proposal as useless: the only admissible terms being the unconditional surrender of the city and garrison. Pemberton then requested a personal conference, and the two commanders-in-chief met under the branches of a gigantic oak, attended each by two members of his staff. They shook hands, and then Pemberton began:

"General Grant, I meet you in order to arrange terms for the capitulation. What terms do you demand?"

"Unconditional surrender," replied Grant.

"Unconditional surrender?" said Pemberton. "Never, so long as I have a man left me. I will fight rather."

"Very well," said Grant, coolly.

A pause

A pause ensued, and then the two chiefs walked aside, and seating themselves on the grass, remained some time in conversation apart. The interview closed with an understanding that Pemberton should send his ultimatum in the morning, after holding a council of war, but Grant wrote the same evening to offer much mitigated terms, and the upshot was that the garrison were allowed to march out with all the honours of war. In the work from which we borrow the details of the conference it is added that 'the oak-tree under which this memorable scene took place has long since disappeared, its trunk being manufactured into relics of the occasion, and on the spot where it stood now stands a monument commemorating the surrender.'

The material results of the campaign were summed up by Grant in his official report:—

'The defeat of the enemy in five battles outside of Vicksburg, the occupation of Jackson, the capital of the State of Mississippi, and the capture of Vicksburg and its garrison and munitions of war; a loss to the enemy of thirty-seven thousand prisoners, among whom were fifteen general officers; at least ten thousand killed and wounded; and among the killed, Generals Tracy, Tilghman, and Green; and hundreds, and perhaps thousands of stragglers, who can never be collected and organized. Arms and munitions of war for an army of sixty thousand have fallen into our hands, besides a large amount of other public property, consisting of railroad, locomotives, cars, steamboats, cotton, &c.; and much was destroyed to prevent our capturing it.'

This report was addressed to his official superior, his old enemy Halleck, who did his best in acknowledging it to render honourable amends for former error and injustice:—

'Your narration of the campaign, like the operations themselves, is brief, soldierly, and in every respect creditable and satisfactory. In boldness of plan, rapidity of execution, and brilliancy of routes, these operations will compare most with those of Napoleon about Ulm. You and your army have well deserved the gratitude of your country, and it will be the boast of your children that their fathers were of the heroic army that opened the Mississippi River.'

It strikes us that Napoleon's Italian campaign of 1800, beginning with the descent into Italy from the Alps, offers a closer parallel than the campaign of Ulm.

In his report to the President, Halleck says:—

'When we consider the character of the country in which this army operated, the formidable obstacles to be overcome, the number of forces and the strength of the enemy's works, we cannot fail to admire the courage and endurance of the troops, and the skill and daring of their commander. *No more brilliant exploit can be found in military history.*'

There



There was henceforth a call for Grant wherever and whenever the war was taking an unfavourable turn for the Unionists; and very soon after the capture of Vicksburg the Secretary of War turned to him as the one man able to save two of their armies from destruction: the army of the Cumberland under Rosecranz, which, after a sanguinary defeat, had fallen back upon Chattanooga, and the army of the Ohio, under Burnside, posted at Knoxville; both being in want of supplies and in imminent danger of being cut off. The two commands were consolidated, and the new military department comprising them was placed under Grant with full discretionary powers. His first step was to replace Rosecranz by General Thomas, to whom he telegraphed: 'Hold Chattanooga at all hazards: I will be there as soon as possible.' Thomas replied, 'I will hold on till we starve.' To Burnside he wrote: 'I do not know how to impress on you the necessity of holding on to East Tennessee in strong enough terms. Should Longstreet move his whole forces across the Tennessee river, an effort should be made to cut his pontoons on the stream; even if it sacrificed half the cavalry of the Ohio army, I will not attempt to lay out a line of retreat.' He was again suffering from a fall from his horse, which had confined him to his bed for twenty days, and when he started from Louisville for Chattanooga, although able to ride, walking was painful, and when he was obliged to dismount to pass places where the road had been swept away by the floods, 'he was carried in the arms of his soldiers to save the army of the Cumberland.' So well contrived were his combinations, and so efficiently were they carried out, that the assailants speedily became the assailed, and the Secessionist army, which was within an ace of occupying Chattanooga, was outmanœuvred, placed between two fires, and defeated with the loss of forty guns and ten thousand men. A column was then sent under Sherman to the relief of Burnside: the threatened positions were safe; and East Tennessee was exultingly declared to be no longer troubled or tainted by the presence of a foe.

To mark the national sense of Grant's services and capacity, Congress revived in his favour what is termed the high and sacred grade of Lieutenant-General, hitherto accorded to Washington alone. The expediency of this step is explained by Major Jones:—

'The want of a General in supreme command of the Armies of the Union equal to the great emergency had long been felt by the Government and throughout the North. Those officers who emulated and endeavoured to imitate the great captains of Europe, who in nearly every engagement could estimate the strength of their adversaries



saries and scrutinize their position and defences through their glasses upon the field of battle, were not the men to conduct campaigns and win victories amid the primeval forests of America, where the enemy was concealed and his movements screened by woods and mountains. This had been fully exemplified by the careers of McClellan and Halleck. The country required a soldier with a mind original, capable, and eminently American, who would give the books to the worms, and fight the battles of the Union on his own plans.'

The Commission was presented to him by the President in full Cabinet with this Address:—

"GENERAL GRANT: The nation's appreciation of what you have done, and its reliance upon you for what still remains to be accomplished in the existing great struggle, are now presented with this commission, constituting you Lieutenant-General in the army of the United States. With this high honour devolves upon you, also, a corresponding responsibility. As the country herein trusts you, so, under God, it will sustain you. I scarcely need to add, that with what I here speak for the nation goes my own hearty personal concurrence."

One of his first acts when this promotion was notified to him was to write to Sherman to say how largely he was indebted for his success to him (Sherman) and McPherson. Sherman's reply was a modest disclaimer, which he winds up with these words:—

'I believe you are as brave, patriotic, and just as the great prototype Washington; but the chief characteristic is the simple faith in success you have always manifested, which I can liken to nothing else than the faith a Christian has in his Saviour. This faith gave you victory at Shiloh and Vicksburg. Also when you have completed your best preparations without hesitation, as at Chattanooga—no doubts, no reverses; and I will tell you it was this that made us act with confidence. *I knew, wherever I was, that you thought of me, and if I got into a tight place, you would help me out of it, if alive.*'

In a subsequent letter Sherman says:—

'My only point of doubt was in your knowledge of grand strategy, and of books of science and history; but, I confess, your common sense seems to have supplied all these.

By common sense was obviously meant that quality or faculty of mind which sees things as they are, grasps the exact situation, and strikes out a new line adapted to the emergency; that faculty, in short, which has been accepted as military genius in the acknowledged masters of the art of war. Foremost amongst those who have denied this quality to Grant is General Richard Taylor:—

'General

'General Grant's first essay at Belmont failed, and at Shiloh he was outmanœuvred and outfought by Sidney Johnston; and, indeed, he was saved from destruction by Johnston's death. Before he moved against Bragg at Missionary Ridge, the latter had detached Longstreet with a third of his force; whilst he (Grant) reinforced Thomas with most of the Vicksburg army, and two strong corps under Hooker from the East. The historian of the Federal army of the Potomac states that in reply to a question of General Meade, Grant said, "I never manœuvre;" and one has but to study the Virginia campaign of 1864, and imagine a change of resources by Grant and Lee, to find the true place of the former among the world's commanders. He will fall into the class represented by Marshal Villars and the Duke of Cumberland.'\*

The reader who has accompanied us thus far may judge for himself whether Grant failed at Belmont, or was saved by Johnston's death at Shiloh, or whether the discomfiture of Bragg at Chattanooga was simply owing to numerical superiority. Assuming it to be so, was there no generalship in the combinations by which Grant managed to concentrate a superior force upon the spot? General Taylor relates of General Forrest: 'Asked after the war to what he attributed his success in so many actions, he replied: "Well, I got there first with the most men." Jomini could not have stated the key to the art of war more concisely.' Is not this precisely what Grant did at Chattanooga? When he said, 'I never manœuvre,' he could have meant no more than that he never manœuvred in the presence of the enemy. His movements of troops, occasionally of two or three armies at a time, with a view to concerted action, was manœuvring of the highest kind. In the Virginia campaign of 1864, to which we are now coming, Grant, it will be seen, executed one of the boldest and finest manœuvres of the war.

Taylor states that, when the advance on Richmond was discussed in council at Washington, Grant said that if attempted by land it would cost 100,000 men. This is denied by Grant, but it did cost little less than that number; and during the greater part of the campaign he acted like the chess-player, who, having attained a numerical advantage, follows it up by a forced exchange of pieces. The army of the Potomac, of which he took the command in person, numbered 100,000 at starting, and was constantly reinforced. The army of Virginia, under Lee, numbered only 70,000, with few or no reserves. Lee was the first to attack. On May 4th, Grant crossed the Rapidan

\* 'Destruction and Reconstruction.' By Richard Taylor, Lieutenant-General in the Confederate Army. London and Edinburgh, 1879.

and bivouacked in the Wilderness, a tract of land covered by dwarfish trees and brushwood, intersected by ravines and streams, and extending southward to the high ground in the neighbourhood of Spottsylvania Court-house. On resuming his march on the 5th, he was suddenly assailed by a close and brisk fire from the brushwood, and an action began which lasted till night without marked advantage on either side. Each sustained heavy losses, including several general officers. In the renewed combat on the 6th, there was a period when the Unionists were hard pressed: a division of their troops gave way: General Wadsworth, an officer of distinguished merit, was killed; and their line was pierced. But they rallied, and regained the lost ground, and still presented so formidable a front, that Lee fell back, and hastened to occupy the cross-road at Spottsylvania, where the fighting recommenced on the 9th, and was continued in an indecisive fashion through the 10th. On the 11th, Grant sent the following characteristic bulletin to the War Department:—

‘Headquarters in the Field,  
‘May 11, 1864, 8 A.M.

‘We have now ended the sixth day of very heavy fighting. The result to this time is much in our favour. Our losses have been heavy, as well as those of the enemy. I think the loss of the enemy must be greater. We have taken over 5000 prisoners by battle, whilst he has taken from us but few, except stragglers. *I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer.*’

Acting principally on the defensive, Lee now manœuvred so adroitly, as to be constantly found entrenched across the road to Richmond; and in one vain attempt against his works, June 3rd, the Unionists had 13,000 men placed *hors de combat*. To turn the position which he could not carry, Grant resolved to cross the James River, leaving the Southern army between him and Washington, to the extreme alarm of his Government. If he had been conversant with military history and disposed to be guided by precedent, he might have remembered that a similar manœuvre on the part of Napoleon led to the occupation of Paris by the Allies. But if he recalled the incident it did not affect his calculation, which was that Lee could not venture to abandon Richmond in order to capture Washington, which was more likely to turn out a trap than a prize. His advance was delayed by the want of co-operation in the Shenandoah Valley, until he placed Sheridan at the head of 30,000 men, with the laconic order, ‘Go in:’ an order which was carried out by a series of dashing movements and two victories. From the time Grant crossed the Rapidan till he rested his  
army

army in front of Petersburg (Oct. 28), his losses had confessedly reached the startling aggregate of 70,000 men. Lee, fighting mostly behind breastworks, had lost about 40,000, which he had no means of replacing. Describing the straits to which the Southerners were reduced, Grant grows poetical:—

‘To get their present force they have robbed the cradle and the grave. Besides what they lose in frequent skirmishes and battles, they are now losing from desertion and other causes at least one regiment per day. With this drain upon them, the end is not far distant, if we will only be true to ourselves.’

If anything could have averted that end, it would have been averted by the skill and gallantry of Lee:—

‘*Si Pergama dextrâ*

*Defendi possent, etiam hæc defensa fuissent.*’

But the superiority of numbers was irresistible, and on the 2nd of April he telegraphed to the Southern President, Davis: ‘My lines are broken in three places. Richmond must be evacuated this evening.’ He retreated, hotly pursued, till he reached Appomatox Court-house, when, seeing that a prolonged resistance would only lead to a useless sacrifice of life, he wrote (April 9th) to request an interview to arrange the terms of the surrender which, two days before, had been pressed upon him as inevitable by Grant. The interview took place at a private dwelling-house, and the terms, the most honourable that could be conceded, were arranged by letters. Whilst these were being copied, the two Generals talked familiarly over old friends and other fields in which they had fought together. Lee had come prepared to deliver up his sword, but was not required to go through the ceremony; and when Grant was subsequently asked why he omitted to insist upon it, he simply replied: ‘I didn’t want his sword.’

The Confederate army under Johnston surrendered upon the same terms on the 25th. This was virtually the conclusion of the war, and on the 22nd of May, 1864, the main armies of the Union were passed in review at Washington, preparatory to disbandment. On the 1st of May the number of men under arms exceeded a million, and by the following November more than four-fifths of these had resumed their peaceful pursuits, and been quietly absorbed into the population. The grade of General was created by Congress expressly for Grant, and conferred upon him July 25th, 1866. He was inaugurated President of the United States, March 4th, 1869, and reinaugurated March 4th, 1873.

The history of his Presidencies is the history of the United States

States during eight successive years, which are far from forming the brightest period of their annals. During the whole of his military career he kept clear of politics, declaring that he knew nothing about them; and it is to be regretted that he did not abide by this declaration when a position which could only be filled appropriately by a trained politician of the highest eminence was pressed upon him. His intentions were excellent: whenever he saw his way clearly, he went right. But he was a soldier, not a statesman: the occasion demanded a Richelieu, and he was not even a Mazarin. There was the federal Constitution to be reconstructed, a host of financial difficulties to be met, the emancipated man of colour to be protected in his newly-acquired rights, and the Secessionist to be brought back within the pale of the Union by generous treatment, instead of being humiliated and kept down. Conscious of his inability to grasp such questions, new to civil government, equally unacquainted with its principles and details, the puzzled General was compelled to rely on others, who thought more of advancing their own interests or those of their party, than of the reputation of their chief. General Taylor did no more than echo the common remark in saying that 'the appointments he (Grant) made, the associates he gathered round him, were astounding.' Corruption and venality became so rife, scandalous disclosures were so frequent, that hardly one of the public departments was free from the suspicion of being open to bribery, and it was currently believed that the majority of more than one State legislature might be bought. The taint spread, and (if impartial observers may be accepted as authority) speedily led to the complete demoralization of society.\*

Grant's second lease of power, and the prospect of a third, were owing less to his measures or his policy than to his being the aptest instrument of the Republican party, the best card they could play, the best horse they could declare to win with. If he was no longer a hero to the functionaries who traded on him, he was still a hero to the American public, to Europe, to the world; and it was haply to realize this fact, as well as to seek rest and recreation, that he undertook the expedition commemorated and illustrated by Mr. Russell Young.

There is no point of General Grant's character on which his eulogists lay so much stress as its simplicity, heaping instance upon instance of his retiring demeanour and absence of pretension. It was announced that he came to Europe

\* See in particular, '*Les États-Unis contemporains : ou les Mœurs, les Institutions et les Idées, depuis la Guerre de la Sécession.* Par Claudio Jannet. Ouvrage précédé d'une Lettre de M. Le Play.' Paris, 1876.

as a private citizen, and in acknowledging a complimentary toast at Liverpool he said: 'I am a soldier, and the gentlemen here beside me know that a soldier must die. I have been a President, but we know that the term of the Presidency expires, and, when it has expired, he is no more than a dead soldier.' One would have expected, therefore, that he would quietly accept the social rank voluntarily conceded to him in the countries which he visited. But, with or without his sanction, it was given out on his arrival in England that wherever he went he must take precedence next to royalty; and on one occasion the claim was enforced in a manner that led to a good deal of invidious comment. A dinner was made for him to meet the Prince of Wales, by Mr. Pierrepont, the United States Minister. Two ambassadors were amongst the company, and just before dinner was announced Mr. Pierrepont made it his personal request to both that they would yield precedence to the General. The reply, which might have been anticipated, was that they would readily surrender a merely personal privilege, but that they represented respectively an emperor and a nation. At the same time, they added, if General Grant thought proper to take the *pas* of them, they should remain quiescent. He did take the *pas*, provoking no further protest or complaint than was implied in the consolatory comment: 'Heureusement il n'y a qu'un seul animal de cette espèce.'

The English are always ready enough to grant precedence to distinguished foreigners without waiting for them to arrogate it. Rogers used to relate that when Cooper, the American novelist, dined at Holland House with several persons of rank who went out before him, he showed strong signs of annoyance and maintained a sulky silence during the whole evening. He was engaged to dine the day following at Spencer House, whither Rogers repaired at an early hour to make the noble host and hostess aware that, if they wished their guest to play the lion, they must be content to humour his susceptibilities. The Duke of Sussex was of the party; but when dinner was announced, Lady Spencer advanced to Cooper and requested him to give her his arm, saying that in her estimate genius took precedence of royalty. He was delighted, talked during the whole dinner with more than his usual animation, and told Rogers when they came away together that Lady Spencer was the best bred woman he had ever met.

At all the English houses where General Grant was received, it seems to have been understood that his claim of precedence was to be allowed without question, and it is satisfactory to find



find that he duly appreciated the uniform courtesy and cordiality of his hosts. Giving other countries the preference as to climate, he says:—

‘England was of course the most enjoyable part of the trip in other respects. It was the next thing to going home. Scotland was especially interesting. I enjoyed my visit to Dunrobin, where the Duke of Sutherland lives, and also to Inverary, the home of the Duke of Argyle. I was prepared to like the Duke of Argyle from his course in our war, and I left Inverary with the greatest respect and esteem for him. I met no man in Europe who inspired a higher feeling than the Duke. I received nothing but the utmost kindness from every Englishman, from the head of the nation down. Next to my own country, there is none I love so much as England. Some of the newspapers at home invented a story to the effect that the Prince of Wales had been rude to me. It was a pure invention. I cannot conceive of the Prince of Wales being rude to any man. I met him on several occasions in London and Paris, and he treated me with the utmost courtesy and kindness.’

During his stay in England the General delivered a great many speeches, declaring all the time that he was no orator, but, if they did not aspire to eloquence, they were uniformly remarkable for judicious brevity, good feeling and good taste. Referring to one delivered at Guildhall, Mr. Smalley, the accomplished correspondent of the New York ‘Tribune,’ remarks that it was simply a gem, and that he never heard a more perfect speech of its kind. ‘There is a charm, a felicity in the turn of one or two of its phrases that would do credit to the best artists in words—to Mr. Kinglake or Mr. Matthew Arnold themselves.’ Not content with this eulogy, he has, rather imprudently, we think, reported it verbatim:—

‘My Lord Mayor, Ladies and Gentlemen: Habits formed in early life and early education press upon us as we grow older. I was brought up a soldier—not to talking. I am not aware that I ever fought two battles on the same day in the same place, and that I should be called upon to make two speeches on the same day under the same roof is beyond my understanding. What I do understand is, that I am much indebted to all of you for the compliment you have paid me. All I can do is to thank the Lord Mayor for his kind words, and to thank the citizens of Great Britain here present in the name of my country and for myself.’

It was said of Lord Anson, the circumnavigator, that he had been round the world but never in it. This could not be said of General Grant, who before starting for the East had visited every European capital, and held personal communication with the most distinguished personages in each. He arrived at  
Berlin



Berlin when the Congress was sitting, and duly exchanged courtesies with the distinguished members. 'Among the very first of the great ones of this earth who left his card for the ex-President was Prince Bismarck.' The call was returned and a meeting arranged at the Prince's residence, which is thus described:—

'Passing through the park, on your right stretches an edifice, or rather a whole range of buildings, forming three sides of a square. An iron railing separates it from the street. There are grim sentinels on guard before the entrances of the building. From the roof the flag of Germany floats languidly. It is a bright sunshiny afternoon, and quite warm. The birds are singing in the park. The buildings are not very imposing, rather low and straggling, but you notice that one particular range of windows is shaded with lace curtains. You observe that the promenaders, the loungers, as they come past these windows, pause for a moment, and gaze at them curiously. Now this building happens to be, at this present moment, one of the most interesting places in the political world, for in that particular room, whose windows are shaded with their lace veils, the Berlin Congress is holding its sitting, and as for the building itself, it is the home, the residence of that famous man, Prince Bismarck.'

The General arrives on foot, and saunters in a nonchalant way into the courtyard. The startled sentinels instinctively present arms to the intruder. He throws away a half-smoked cigar, raises his hand to his hat and advances composedly towards the door, which, before he has time to ring, is thrown wide open by two liveried servants, and the ex-President passes into a spacious marble hall:—

'It is the prince who comes through the opening portals and with both hands extended welcomes General Grant. You cannot help but note that time has borne with a heavy hand on Bismarck within the past few years. The mustache and hair which but a short time ago were iron gray are now almost white; there is even some weariness in the gait, a tired look about the face. But there is not a line on that face which does not belong to our association with Bismarck, for if ever true manhood, undaunted courage, and overpowering intellect were written on a man's features, they are all stamped on the massive head of the German Chancellor. There is that lofty assertion of station which belongs only to men cast in this mould, those bold outlines which tell of great brains, which make and unmake empires, and with all that the frank, intrepid, penetrating eye with that firmly-knit mouth which shows the courage, the tenacity of the Saxon-race.'

He wears a military uniform, and as he takes the General's hand, he says: 'Glad to welcome General Grant to Germany;' to which the General replies that there was no incident in his German tour more interesting to him than this opportunity of

meeting the Prince. They then compare notes as to age, the Prince expressing his surprise to find the General so young a man. On comparison it is found that the Prince is only the senior by eleven years. 'That,' he remarks, 'shows the value of a military life, for here you have the frame of a young man while I feel like an old one.' The conversation after they were seated turned first on General Sheridan, who had accompanied the German army in the Franco-German war of 1870. Grant spoke of him in the highest terms—

"I observed," said the prince, "that he had a wonderfully quick eye. On one occasion, I remember, the Emperor and his staff took up a position to observe a battle. The Emperor himself was never near enough to the front, was always impatient to be as near the fighting as possible. 'Well,' said Sheridan to me, as we rode along, 'we shall never stay here, the enemy will in a short time make this so untenable that we shall all be leaving in a hurry. Then while the men are advancing they will see us retreating.' Sure enough, in an hour or so the cannon shot began to plunge this way and that way, and we saw we must leave. It was difficult to move the Emperor, however; but we all had to go, and," said the prince, with a hearty laugh, "we went rapidly. Sheridan had seen it from the beginning. I wish I had so quick an eye."

The General referred to the deliberations of the Congress with a hope that there would be a peaceful result. 'That,' said the Prince, 'is all our interest in the matter. We have no business with the Congress whatever, and are attending to the business of others by calling it a congress. But Germany wants peace, and Europe wants peace, and all our labours are to that end.' The Emperor, then suffering from the recent attempt at assassination, had requested the Prince to say that nothing but his doctor's orders that he should see no one, prevented him seeing the General. 'It is so strange, so sad,' exclaimed the Prince. 'Here is an old man—one of the kindest old gentlemen in the world—and yet they must try and shoot him! There never was a more simple, more genuine, more—what shall I say?—more humane character than the Emperor's.'

The General agreed it was a horrible thing, and referred to Lincoln, a man of the kindest nature, killed by an assassin. He expressed a decided opinion in favour of capital punishment for crimes against life. 'That,' said the Prince, 'is entirely my view. My convictions are so strong that I resigned the government of Alsace because I was required to commute sentences of a capital nature. I could not do it in justice to my conscience.' 'All you can do with such people,'  
said

said the General quietly, 'is to kill them.' 'Precisely so,' answered the Prince. Having summarily disposed of this subject, the Prince said that the Emperor was sorry he could not in person show General Grant a review, and that the Crown Prince would give him one. The General said he had accepted the offer, but added with a smile: 'the truth is I am more of a farmer than a soldier. I take little or no interest in military affairs, and, although I entered the army thirty-five years ago and have been in two wars, in Mexico as a young lieutenant, and later, I never went into the army without regret and never retired without pleasure.'

Talking of the Secessionist war, the Prince suggested that, if the North had had a large army at the beginning, it would have ended in a much shorter time. The General's answer is remarkable:

'We might have had no war at all, but we cannot tell. Our war had many strange features—there were many things which seemed odd enough at the time, but which now seem Providential. If we had had a large regular army, as it was then constituted, it might have gone with the South. In fact, the Southern feeling in the army among high officers was so strong that, when the war broke out, the army dissolved. We had no army—then we had to organize one. A great commander like Sherman or Sheridan even then might have organized an army and put down the rebellion in six months or a year, or, at the farthest, two years. But that would have saved slavery, perhaps, and slavery meant the germs of new rebellion. There had to be an end of slavery. Then we were fighting an enemy with whom we could not make a peace. We had to destroy him. No convention, no treaty was possible—only destruction.'

At the review got up expressly for him by the Crown Prince, the General was attended by a Prussian officer, Major Igel, whom he startled by saying that he questioned very much whether, in modern war, the sabre or the bayonet was of use:—

"What I mean," said the General, "is this: anything that adds to the burdens carried by the soldier is a weakness to the army. Every ounce he carries should tell in his efficiency. The bayonet is heavy, and if it were removed, or if its weight in food or ammunition were added in its place, the army would be stronger. As for the bayonet as a weapon, if soldiers come near enough to use it they can do as much good with the club-end of their muskets. The same is true as to sabers (*sic*). I would take away the bayonet, and give the soldiers pistols in place of sabers. A sabre is always an awkward thing to carry."

The cavalry in the United States armies were mostly mounted  
Q 2 infantry,

infantry, and when cavalry encountered cavalry the inefficiency of the sabre against the revolver was placed beyond a doubt. A grand dinner, the *menu* of which has been preserved by Mr. Russell Young, was given by the Prince to the General. It was over about half-past seven, when the company adjourned to the salon, where the guest and the host took their seats on a sofa near a window overlooking the park:—

‘The contrast between the two faces was a study; for I take it no two faces, of this generation at least, have been more widely drawn. In expression Bismarck has what might be called an intense face, a moving, restless eye, that might flame in an instant. His conversation is irregular, rapid, audacious, with gleams of humour, saying the oddest and frankest things, and enjoying anything that amuses him so much that frequently he will not, cannot finish the sentence for laughing. Grant, whose enjoyment of humour is keen, never passes beyond a smile. In conversation he talks his theme directly out with care, avoiding no detail, correcting himself if he slips in a detail, exceedingly accurate in statement, always talking well, because he never talks about what he does not know. In comparing the two faces you note how much more youth there is in that of Grant than of Bismarck. Grant’s face was tired enough a year ago, when he came here jaded with the anxieties arising from the Electoral Commission; it had that weary look which you see in Bismarck’s, but it has gone, and of the two men you would certainly deem Grant the junior by twenty years.’

Mr. Bayard Taylor, the American Minister, now bethought him of the German custom of cementing friendship by a *schnapps* or dram, and pointing to a bottle of the required liquid on the table, he said: ‘General, no patriotic German will believe that there can ever be lasting friendship between Germany and the United States unless yourself and the Prince pledge eternal amity between all Germans and Americans over a glass of this *schnapps*.’ The Prince laughed, and thanked the Minister for the suggestion. The *schnapps* was poured out: the General and the Prince touched glasses by way of duly celebrating the rite, and the party broke up. As they passed through the room in which the Congress assembled daily, the Prince observed: ‘We do not get on rapidly for one reason: because nearly every member when he speaks does it in so low a voice, that he has to say it all over again.’

The cordiality of the reception at Berlin was, if possible, exceeded at St. Petersburg. The very day of the General’s arrival, an imperial aide-de-camp brought a flattering message from the Emperor; and a grand audience was fixed for the day following, during which the Autocrat of All the Russias conversed freely with the Ex-President on a variety of topics; that

that which most interested him being the condition of the American Indians and the peculiar methods of Indian warfare. At the close of the interview, the Emperor accompanied the General to the door, saying, 'Since the foundation of your Government, relations between Russia and America have been of the friendliest character, and as long as I live nothing shall be spared to continue this friendship.' The General replied, 'That although the two Governments were very opposite in their character, the great majority of American people were in sympathy with Russia, which good feeling he hoped would long continue.' The visit to Prince Gortschakoff is described as exceedingly pleasant. Several hours were spent in chatting and smoking:—

'Nothing strikes the American more forcibly than the mature age of European statesmen. It is too often the case in the United States that when a man has passed his fiftieth or sixtieth year he becomes worn out. Here is Prince Gortschakoff, born in 1798, now more than eighty years old, who, though he is physically frail, has still as strong a brain as he possessed in his younger days. No amount of mental work seems to distress him. Like Thiers and Guizot, who, when still old men, were possessed with unfailing powers, the successor of Nesselrode works unceasingly at his post. The interview was remarkably social in character, and was greatly enjoyed by the General, who expressed himself strongly regarding the ability and courtesy of the Russian Chancellor.'

At Vienna, the First Minister, Count Andrassy, attended by several leading statesmen, came at once to the American Legation to pay their respects to the illustrious visitor, and on the third day after his arrival, he and Mrs. Grant were the guests of the Emperor at the palace of Schönbrunn. At the first station on the Spanish frontier he is met by officers of rank who came directly from the King with orders to receive him as a Captain-General of the Spanish army.

'This question of how to receive an Ex-President of the United States has been the source of tribulation in most European cabinets, and its history may make an interesting chapter some day. Spain solved it by awarding the Ex-President the highest military honours.'

The solution does credit to Spanish ingenuity. In the same train with the General, on his way to Saint Sebastian, was M. Castelar, the ex-President of Spain, whose career and oratory recently formed the subject of two remarkable papers by a distinguished writer and thinker in the pages of a contemporary.\* An introduction took place, and after warmly thanking

\* The 'Fortnightly Review' for June and July, 1878, art. '*Emilio Castelar*.' By Mr. Grant Duff.

the Spanish statesman for the many eloquent and noble words he had spoken for the North, the General told him emphatically that there was no man in Spain he was more anxious to meet.

'Castelar is still a young man. He has a large, domelike head, with an arching brow that recalls in its outline the brow of Shakespeare. He is under the average height, and his face has no covering but a thick, drooping mustache. You note the Andalusian type, swarthy, mobile, and glowing eyes that seem to burn with the sun of the Mediterranean. Castelar's Presidency was a tempest, with Carlism in the north, and communism in the south, and the monarchy everywhere. How he held it was a marvel, for he had no friend in the family of nations but America, and that was a cold friendship. But he kept Spain free, and executed the laws and vindicated the national sovereignty, and set on foot by his incomparable eloquence the spirit which pervades Spain to-day, and which, sooner or later, will make itself an authority which even the cannon of General Pavis cannot challenge. It was a picture, not without instructive features, this of Castelar, the orator and Ex-President of Spain, conversing on the platform of the frontier railway station with Grant, the soldier and Ex-President of the United States. "When I reach Madrid," said the General, "I want to see you." "I will come at any time," said Castelar. The only man in Spain who received such a message from General Grant was Emilio Castelar.'

Before quitting Spain, Mr. Russell Young indulges in a diatribe against England and the English, who, he will have it, instead of having been, as we thought ourselves, the disinterested friends of Spain, have done her more harm than good, and are constantly impeding her progress for our own selfish ends. His indignation is especially directed against Ford, who, he complains, cannot finish a chapter of his 'Handbook' without singing 'God Save the King' and blessing the memory of the Duke of Wellington:—

'The impression you gain from writers like Ford is that Spain would go to eternal perdition but for the intervention of some power like England. England is the fountain of wisdom, the type of justice, the source of power, the all conquering and ever just, which hangs over the Peninsula like a Providence, and without which—?'

We remember nothing like this in Ford. Mr. Russell Young's reply to the fancied assumption is in the same tone:—

'As to the politics of Spain, I could never see that any invasion ever did her good, and I do not see much difference between the invasions of the English and the French. It does not occur to me that Wellington came here as the saviour of Spain—that he had any sentimental ideas on the subject. He came because England wanted to fight Napoleon, and because England always prefers to fight her battles in other countries than her own.'

England



England was fighting the battle of Europe, of the civilized world, in Spain, where she came by invitation as a deliverer, not as an invader; and when the French, the real invaders, were driven out, she withdrew her troops without asking or expecting any compensation in money or territory for her sacrifices.

In India, the General and his party were of course received with graceful cordiality by the Viceroy, Lord Lytton, who favourably impressed them all by the knowledge he displayed of American politics and his sympathy with Unionist views. When we hear him harshly condemned, or find old Indians shaking their heads at the mention of his viceroyalty, it may be as well to bear in mind the view taken of its spirit and tendencies by an impartial observer on the spot:—

‘Lord Lytton’s administration of India will long be remembered. I find, in conversing with the people, that opinions widely differ as to its character. It was curious to find the strong opinions that had been formed for and against the Viceroy. It showed that in India political feeling ran as high as at home. The moment the Viceroy’s name is mentioned in any Indian circle you hear high praise or severe condemnation. It seemed to me that an administration of so positive a character as to excite these criticisms is sure to make its impression on history, and not fall nerveless and dead. The criticisms passed upon Lord Lytton were calculated to raise him in the estimation of those who had no feelings in Indian affairs and saw only the work he was doing. One burning objection to his Lordship was his decision in a case where an Englishman received a nominal sentence for having struck a native a blow which caused his death. The blow was not intended to kill. It was a hasty, petulant act, and the native, ailing from a diseased spleen, fell, and, rupturing his spleen, died. The courts treated the matter as an ordinary case of assault and battery; held that the native would have died anyhow from the diseased spleen, and so allowed the matter to pass without punishment. The Viceroy interfered and put a heavy hand on the judges, and all official India arose in arms. The idea of this young literary man, this poet, this sentimental diplomatist, coming from the salons of Paris and Lisbon to apply his poetic fancies to the stern duties of governing an empire in India—such a thing had never been known. How different this man from those granite statesmen who blew Sepoys from cannon and hanged suspicious characters and saved the empire. If the right, the consecrated right of an Englishman to beat a “nigger” is destroyed, then there is no longer an India.’

We do not quite agree in the inferences in which Mr. Russell Young proceeds to draw from this incident or the conclusions he founds upon it; but they are well worthy of consideration if only as suggesting how deeply the honour and character of  
England



England are involved before a world-wide tribunal of opinion in the treatment of the subject-millions of Hindostan.

'I cannot exaggerate the feeling which this incident caused. I heard of it in every part of India we visited. Even from the case as presented by the critics of the Viceroy, it seemed a noble thing to do. I saw in it one of the many signs which convince me that India is passing from the despotism of a company, who recognised no rights but those of large dividends and a surplus revenue, to a government before whom all men have equal justice, and which will see that the humblest punkah-wallah is as much protected as the proudest peer. When you read the history of India, its sorrow, its shame, its oppression, its wrong, it is grateful to see a Viceroy resolved to do justice to the humblest at the expense of his popularity with the ruling class.'

'It was while sailing over summer seas like the Bay of Bengal that General Grant found opportunities for recalling and commenting upon many incidents in the recent history of America.' It struck Mr. Russell Young that he could not do better service to history than by throwing his memoranda of these conversations into permanent shape. His notes were submitted to the General, who reluctantly assented to the publication.

'This arose from his dislike to appear in print. But it seemed to me that one who had played so great a part in the world's affairs should not pass away without being heard concerning events which he had governed, and which will live in history so long as American history is written. I do not claim the dignity of history for these conversations; I only claim that they represent the opinions of General Grant, and now go to the world with his knowledge and consent.'

It will surprise many to hear from the ex-President's own mouth that the only time he ever deliberately resolved to do an expedient thing for party purposes contrary to his own conviction was on the occasion of the Expansion or Inflation Bill. 'I never was so pressed in my life to do anything as to sign that Bill, never. It was represented to me that the veto would destroy the Republican party in the West; that the West and South would combine and take the country, and agree upon some even worse plan of finance; some plan that would mean repudiation.' Accordingly he sat down and wrote a Message embodying the reasonings of the supporters of the measure. When it was finished, he read it over and said to himself: 'What is the good of all this? You do not believe it. You know it is not true.' Throwing it aside, he resolved to do what he believed to be right—*veto* the bill. Preparatory to this step, he wrote another Message in an opposite sense. When the Cabinet met, he

he read both Messages and announced that he intended to abide by the second. 'I never,' he adds, 'allowed the Cabinet to interfere when my mind was made up; and on this question it was inflexibly made up. . . . The results of that *veto*, which I awaited with apprehension, were of the most salutary character. It was the encouragement which it gave to the friends of honest money in the West, that revived and strengthened them in the West.' Reverting to the same topic, he remarks:—

'With a people as honest and proud as the Americans, and with so much common sense, it is always a mistake to do a thing not entirely right for the sake of expediency. When the silver bill was passed I wrote General Sherman, and advised him to suggest to the Secretary, his brother, the plan of paying Congress in silver. "I made a calculation," said the General, laughing, "that it would have taken about twenty waggons to have carried silver enough to the capital to have paid the Congressmen and the employés for one month. They could not have carried their pay off except in wheelbarrows. As they passed the bill it was proper that they should enjoy its first-fruits. It would have made the whole thing ridiculous."'

Talking of the projected canal to connect the two oceans, the Pacific and the Atlantic, he gave it as his decided opinion that the best route is that through Nicaragua; that the Lesseps plan cannot succeed.

We are given to understand that his policy as regards foreign relations, had he been allowed to act upon it, would have been as bold and enterprising as his generalship. When the Secessionist war ended, he urged on President Johnson an immediate invasion of Mexico. 'You see Napoleon in Mexico was really a part, and an active part, of the rebellion. His army was as much opposed to us as that of Kirby Smith. We were so placed that we were bound to fight him.' He went the length of sending Sheridan off to the Rio Grande to take the command of a corps, with which he was to cross the river, join Juarez, and attack Maximilian. 'With this corps he could have walked over Mexico. Mr. Johnson favoured my plan, but Mr. Seward was opposed, and his opposition was decisive.' The General was not the least staggered by the objection that such a move meant war with France. 'I suppose so. But with the army that we had on both sides at the close of the war, what did we care for Napoleon? Unless Napoleon surrendered his Mexican project, I was for fighting Napoleon. There never was a more just cause for war than what Napoleon gave us. With our army we could do as we pleased.' Speculating on the incidental consequences of such a war, and its bearing on the fortunes of Napoleon, he said:—

'No

'No one can tell what the results would have been in France, but I believe they would have been very important. Maximilian's life would have been saved. If Sheridan had gone into Mexico, he would of course have saved Maximilian. We should never have consented to that unfortunate and unnecessary execution. I don't think Napoleon could have rallied France into a war against us in defence of slavery. You see that he could not rally it against Prussia. His empire, never really strong, would have had such a shock that it would most probably have fallen, as fall it did five years later, and France would now be a Republic—minus Sedan. Mr. Seward's objection to my Mexican plan cost Maximilian his life and gave the Emperor five more years of power.'

As things fell out, the Mexican war was a main cause of the downfall of the Second Empire. The General avowed a fixed aversion to Napoleon and the whole Bonaparte family:—

'When I was in Denmark the Prince Imperial was there, and some one thought it might be pleasant for me to meet him. I declined, saying I did not want to see him or any of his family. Of course the first Emperor was a great genius, but one of the most selfish and cruel men in history. Outside of his military skill I do not see a redeeming trait in his character. He abused France for his own ends, and brought incredible disasters upon his country to gratify his selfish ambition. I do not think any genius can excuse a crime like that. The third Napoleon was worse than the first, the especial enemy of America and liberty. Think of the misery he brought upon France by a war which, under the circumstances, no one but a madman would have declared. I never doubted how the war would end, and my sympathies at the outset were entirely with Germany. I had no ill-will to the French people, but to Napoleon.'

He made light of the apprehended recognition of the South by either France or England. It would not, he contended, have interfered with the movements of the Unionist armies, nor have lessened their supply of money or men. It would have made no difference to them in any way. The difference would have been to England:—

'We could not have resisted a war with England. Such a war, under the conditions of the two countries, would have meant the withdrawal of England from the American continent. Canada would have become ours. If Sheridan, for instance, with our resources, could not have taken Canada in thirty days, he should have been cashiered. I don't mean this as a reflection upon the patriotism or bravery of the people of Canada: they are as good a people as live, but facts were against them. We could have thrown half a million of men into their country, not militia, but men inured to war. They would have covered Canada like a wave. Then, if you look at the map, you will find that the strategic and the defensive points of the Canadian

Canadian frontier are within our lines. It seems odd that England should have consented to a treaty that leaves her colony at the mercy of another country, but so it is. *There is no English soldier who would risk his reputation by attempting to defend such a line against the United States.*

England, which had the command of the sea when the affair of the 'Trent' occurred, might, he admits, have bombarded the Atlantic cities on the seaboard, or have blockaded their coasts. 'Well, I cannot think of anything that would do America more good than a year or two of effective blockade. It would create industries, throw us back upon ourselves, teach us to develop our own resources. It would keep our people at home.' If, he continues, England had sent troops, she must have sent more, and of a better quality, than she sent to the Crimea, to make herself felt. Privateers would have preyed upon her commerce, and other nations would have struck in :—

'For these reasons I never feared the bugbear of intervention. I am glad it did not take place, especially glad for the sake of England. I never desired war with England. I do not want an inch of her territory, nor would I consider her American possessions worth a regiment of men. They are as much ours now as if they were under our flag. I mean that they are carrying out American ideas in religion, education, and civilization. Perhaps I should say we are carrying out English ideas. It is the same thing, for we are the same. But the men who governed England were wise in not taking an active part in our war. It would have been more terrible to us, but destruction to them. We could have not avoided war, and our war would have begun with more than a million of men in the field. That was our aggregate force when the war ended, and it was a match for any army in the world, for any at least that could be assembled on the American continent.'

It may have been the aggregate force at the conclusion of the war, but suppose the recognition or intervention had taken place at the commencement? Suppose England had lent a ready ear to Napoleon's proposal to interfere effectively and that both France and England had broken the blockade and sent troops? Is it quite so clear that the United States would have been in a condition to drive the French from Mexico and overrun Canada?

It is fortunate that the conversation so often turned upon the war, and that the General was led, step by step, to give his version of his campaigns, accompanied by comments on the generals who acted with, against, or under him. They are uniformly marked by candour and acuteness. He is, if anything, over-eager to do justice to the officers who failed :—

'You

'You never can tell what makes a general. So many circumstances enter into success. Our war, and all wars, are surprises in that respect. There can be no greater mistake than to say that because generals failed in the field they lacked in high qualities. In the popular estimate of generals, nothing succeeds but success. I think in many cases—cases that I know—much hardship is done. Some of the men who were most unfortunate in our war are men in whom I have perfect confidence, whom I would not be afraid to trust with important commands. It is difficult to know what constitutes a great general. Some of our generals failed because they lost the confidence of the country in trying to win the confidence of politicians. Some of them failed, like Hooker at Chancellorsville, because when they won a victory they lost their heads, and did not know what to do with it. Some, like Franklin, because somehow they were never started right. Some of our generals failed because they worked out everything by rule. They knew what Frederick did at one place, and Napoleon at another. They were always thinking about what Napoleon would do. Unfortunately for their plans, the rebels would be thinking about something else.'

He goes on to say that he does not believe in luck in war, any more than in luck in business. It may affect a battle or a movement, but not a campaign or a career. Here he differs from Napoleon, who believed in luck, in destiny, in his star. He agrees with Napoleon (who prophesied that he himself should be worn out in seven years), that a successful general needs health and youth and energy. He should not, he declares, like to put a general into the field over fifty. When he was with the army he had a physique that could stand anything. 'Whether I slept on the ground or in a tent, whether I slept one hour or ten in the twenty-four, whether I had one meal or three, or none, made no difference. I could lie down and sleep in the rain without caring.' At Shiloh, on the anxious night of the first day, he lay down in the rain with his head on the stump of a tree, and, although drenched to the skin, slept soundly for some hours.

The value of personal vigour and activity is illustrated by an incident of the final advance on Richmond. He came into camp one evening, after being all day on horseback. Two soldiers in 'rebel' uniform, brought in as prisoners, requested to see him, and proved to be Union soldiers in disguise. One of them took out of his mouth a quid of tobacco, in which was a small pellet of tinfoil. This, when opened, was found to contain a note from Sheridan to Grant, written on tissue-paper, saying that it was most important for the success of the movement then being made, that he should come at once to his (Sheridan's) headquarters; that Meade had given his division

of

of the army orders to move in such a manner that Lee might break through and escape. He (Grant) started off at once, taking a fresh horse, without waiting for a cup of coffee. Although Sheridan's headquarters were not more than ten miles away, he had to make such a detour round the rebel lines that he rode at least thirty miles before reaching them. He reached Sheridan about midnight. He (Sheridan) was very anxious. He explained the position. Meade had given him orders to move on the right flank and cover Richmond. This, Sheridan thought, would be to open the door for Lee to escape toward Johnson. 'Sheridan's idea was to move on the left flank, swing between Lee and the road to Johnson, leave Richmond and the rear to take care of themselves, and press Lee and attack him wherever he could be found.' Grant's judgment coincided with Sheridan's. He started to find Meade, who was ill in bed, and after a brief explanation wrote an order in pencil directing the whole force to have coffee at four o'clock and move on the left flank. Handing it to Meade, he told him that it was then very late, and he had no time to lose. The movement was duly executed, and proved eminently successful.

Sherman's march to the sea was a main feature of the war, and Grant states positively that it originated with himself.

'It was not a sudden inspiration but a logical move in the game. It was the next thing to be done and the natural thing to be done. We had gone so far into the South that we had to go to the sea. We could not go anywhere else, for we were certainly not going back. The details of the move, the conduct, the whole glory, belong to Sherman.'

It has grown into a proverb that councils of war never fight, which may have been one reason why General Grant never called one:

'I never held a council of war in my life. I never heard of Sherman or Sheridan doing so. Of course I heard all that every one had to say, and in head-quarters there is an interesting and constant stream of talk. But I always made up my mind to act, and the first that even my staff knew of any movement was when I wrote it out in rough and gave it to be copied off. It is always safe in war to keep your own counsel. No man living ever knew what my plans and campaigns would be until they were matured. My orders were generally written in my own handwriting. I never even told General Rawlins until they were given to him to be copied out. I was always talking and conferring with generals, and hearing what one would say and another.' But the decision was always my own.'

Lord Clive said that he had never called but one council of war, and that if he had taken the advice of that council, the  
British



British would never have been masters of Bengal. This was the council preceding the battle of Plassey. The Duke of Wellington never called but one, or rather the semblance of one, for when the officers met, without asking their opinions, he simply gave precise orders to each of them.\*

It was and is the popular belief that Lee was the greatest of the commanders produced by the war. His conqueror thought differently:—

‘Lee was a good man, a fair commander, who had everything in his favour. He was a man who needed sunshine. He was supported by the unanimous voice of the South; he was supported by a large party in the North; he had the support and sympathy of the outside world. All this is of an immense advantage to a general. Lee had this in a remarkable degree. Everything he did was right. He was treated like a demi-god. Our generals had a hostile press, lukewarm friends, and a public opinion outside. The cry was in the air that the North only won by brute force; that the generalship and valour were with the South. This has gone into history, with so many other illusions that are historical. Lee was of a slow, conservative, cautious nature, without imagination or humour, always the same, with grave dignity. I never could see in his achievements what justifies his reputation. The illusion that nothing but heavy odds beat him will not stand the ultimate light of history. I know it is not true.’

The Duke of Wellington was wont to say that Massena gave him more trouble than any other of the French generals. Grant says he never had as much anxiety when Lee as when ‘Joe’ Johnston was in front. He denies that he was surprised or out-manceuvred by Sidney Johnston at Shiloh, or that the course of the battle was affected, as asserted by Taylor and others, by his death.

‘The death of so great a man as Johnston was a great loss to the South, and would have been to any cause in which he might have been engaged. But all he could do for the battle of Shiloh was done before he was killed. The battle was out of his hands, and out of that of his army. What won the battle of Shiloh was the courage and endurance of our own soldiers. It was the staying power and pluck of the North as against the short-lived power of the South; and whenever these qualities came into collision the North always won. I used to find that the first day, or the first period of a battle, was most successful to the South; but if we held on to the second or third day, we were sure to beat them, and we always did.’

At the same time it should be remembered that Buell’s army came up in time to give the advantage of fresh troops and

\* *Ex relatione* Lord Combermere.



superior numbers at Shiloh; and that in the campaign of the Wilderness, Grant's army was kept up to more than its original complement by reinforcements, whilst Lee's was hourly diminishing by losses which he was unable to repair. Neither is it correct to say that the North won by superior courage or by pluck. Its staying power lay in its command of men and money, in its almost illimitable resources. The contest in the various phases strongly resembled our own civil war; and the Secessionists, victorious at first, were worn out and finally beaten like the Royalists. According to Grant's own showing, the result was doubtful to the last, and might have been indefinitely postponed:

'My anxiety for some time before Richmond fell was lest Lee should abandon it. My pursuit of Lee was hazardous. I was in a position of extreme difficulty. You see I was marching away from my supplies, while Lee was falling back on his supplies. If Lee had continued his flight another day I should have had to abandon the pursuit, fall back to Danville, build the railroad and feed my army. So far as supplies were concerned, I was almost at my last gasp when the surrender took place.'

Lincoln, he says, was very anxious for the conclusion of the war, was afraid they could not stand a new campaign, and wanted to be 'around' when the crash came. He lived in a despatch boat in the river, and was always about headquarters.

'I have no doubt that Lincoln will be the conspicuous figure of the war; one of the great figures of history. He was a great man, a very great man. The more I saw of him, the more this impressed me. He was incontestably the greatest man I ever knew. What marked him especially was his sincerity, his kindness, his clear insight into affairs. Under all this he had a firm will, and a clear policy. People used to say that Seward swayed him, or Chase, or Stanton. This was a mistake. He might appear to go Seward's way one day, and Stanton's another, but all the time he was going his own course, and they with him. It was that gentle firmness in carrying out his own will, without apparent force or friction, that formed the basis of his character.'

Grant, such is his belief, was to have shared the fate of the President, who was killed in the theatre in the evening of the 14th of April, 1865. Lincoln had promised to go to the theatre, and asked Grant to go with him. Whilst Grant was hesitating he received a note from his wife, saying that she wanted him to go with her to Burlington, to see their children, which he agreed to do:

'It seems I was to have been attacked, and Mrs. Grant's sudden resolve to leave deranged the plan. A few days later I received an anonymous

anonymous letter from a man, saying he had been detailed to kill me, that he rode on my train as far as Havre de Grâce, and as my car was locked he could not get in. He thanked God he had failed. I remember the conductor locked our car, but how true the letter was I cannot say. I learned of the assassination as I was passing through Philadelphia. I turned around, took a special train, and came on to Washington. It was the gloomiest day of my life.'

It is a curious confession from such a man that he never liked the military service and entered it reluctantly: that he did not want to go to the academy of West Point, and would not have remained there could he have left it without disgrace.

'I never went into a battle willingly or with enthusiasm. I was always glad when a battle was over. I never want to command another army. I take no interest in armies. When the Duke of Cambridge asked me to review his troops at Aldershot I told his Royal Highness that the one thing I never wanted to see again was a military parade. When I resigned from the army and went to a farm I was happy. When the rebellion came I returned to the service because it was a duty. I had no thought of rank; all I did was to try and make myself useful. . . . When other commands came I always regretted them. When the bill creating the grade of Lieutenant-General was proposed, with my name as the Lieutenant-General, I wrote Mr. Washburne opposing it. I did not want it. I found that the bill was right and I was wrong, when I came to command the Army of the Potomac—that a head was needed to the army.'

With apparent unconsciousness of the charge of abuse of patronage brought against himself, he lays down that there is no man in the country so anxious for civil service reform as the President of the United States for the time being. 'He is the one person most interested. Patronage is the bane of the Presidential office. A large share of the vexations and cares of the Executive come from patronage. He is necessarily a civil service reformer because he wants peace of mind.' This is equally true of the heads of departments and other dispensers of patronage in this country, who, far from objecting to competitive examination, have hailed it as a relief. But the President, he contends, is nearly powerless in this matter.

'Civil service reform rests entirely with Congress. If members and senators will give up claiming patronage, that will be a step gained. But there is an immense amount of human nature in members of Congress, and it is in human nature to seek power and use it and to help friends. An Executive must consider Congress. A government machine must run, and an Executive depends on Congress.'

He denies that the asking for places by members of Congress

gress for their friends, qualified or unqualified, is tantamount to corruption or dishonesty.

'Men in public life are like men in other spheres of life. It would be very hard for me to say that I knew six men in public position that I know to be dishonest of absolute moral certainty. Men will do things who are senators or members that reformers call corrupt. They will ask for patronage, and govern themselves in their dealings with the administration by their success in the matter of patronage. This is a custom, and if the reformer's theory is correct, it is corruption.'

He says that he generally found these reformers as anxious for patronage as others, and he instances the late Charles Sumner, their model and idol, as one of the first to ask places for his friends. 'As our public men go, as our forms of Government go, Mr. Sumner and other Senators were perfectly right.' This is somewhat in the Dogberry and Verges' vein—'Yes, I thank God I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honest than I.' With the same qualification, and only with the same qualification, we may accept the General's testimony to the excellence of the American civil service as a whole

'I think our government is honestly and economically managed, that our civil service is as good as any in the world that I have seen, and the men in office are men who, as a rule, do their best for the country and the government.'

He was as self-reliant in civil affairs as in war. 'When I formed my Cabinet I consulted no one. The only member of it whom I informed in advance was A. T. Stewart.' The one whom, after trial, he ranked highest was Mr. Hamilton Fish.

'Bayard Taylor said to me in Berlin that the three greatest statesmen of this age were Cavour, Gortchakoff, and Bismarck. I told him I thought there were four; that the fourth was Fish, and that he was worthy to rank with the others. This was the estimate I formed of Fish after eight years of Cabinet service, in which every year increased him in my esteem.'

It was Fish who drew up the Alabama case against England. When it was submitted to Grant, as President, he objected to the indirect claims, and Fish entirely agreed with him, but said it was necessary to consider Sumner, who laid great stress upon them, and had even gone the length of suggesting that the first condition of peace with England should be the withdrawal of her flag from the American Continent. This suggestion had been overruled, and they were both unwilling to overrule Sumner a second time. The indirect claims, therefore, were allowed to form part of the case. 'It was a mistake, but well

intended. It is a mistake ever to say more than you mean, and as we never meant the indirect claims, we should not have presented them even to please Mr. Sumner.'

His preference for private life implied more than a marked dislike to the military service. He was wholly destitute of ambition of any kind.

'I did not want the Presidency, and have never quite forgiven myself for resigning the command of the army to accept it; but it could not be helped. I owed my honours and opportunities to the Republican party, and if my name could aid it I was bound to accept. The second nomination was almost due to me—if I may use the phrase—because of the bitterness of political and personal opponents. My re-election was a great gratification, because it showed me how the country felt. Then came all the discussions about the third term.'

He declares that throughout these discussions he held firmly to the resolution that under no circumstances would he again become a candidate: even if a nomination and election were assured, he would not run. He could no longer calculate on unanimity, and he shrank from a struggle.

'If I succeeded, and tried to do my best, my very best, I should still have a crippled administration. This was the public view. I never had any illusions on the subject, never allowed myself to be swayed for an instant from my purpose. The pressure was great. But personally I was weary of office. I never wanted to get out of a place as much as I did to get out of the Presidency. For sixteen years, from the opening of the war, it had been a constant strain upon me. So when the third term was seriously presented to me, I peremptorily declined it.'

The withdrawal of his name, therefore, and the substitution of another candidate, must have been a positive relief to him instead of a disappointment. He may rest assured that his retirement, voluntary or enforced, will not lower him in contemporary opinion nor impair his position with posterity. Henceforth there will be no disturbing element to prevent a calm estimate of his character, and all who wish to make a careful study of it will find the most trustworthy materials in Mr. Russell Young's animated and richly-stored pages. Few men of eminence have gained by being 'interviewed.' Neither Metternich, Bismarck, nor Thiers has reason to be grateful to note-taking followers or friends. It is to the high honour of General Grant that he has stood the ordeal so well: that reports of conversations, in which the very workings of his mind are laid bare without reserve, should leave so striking an impression of his honesty of purpose, comprehensiveness of view, firmness, capacity and good sense.

ART. VIII.—1. *Conférences d'Angleterre : Rome et le Christianisme. Marc-Aurèle.* Par Ernest Renan, de l'Académie Française. Paris, 1880.

2. *Histoire des origines du Christianisme.* Par Ernest Renan, Membre de l'Institut.

i. *Vie de Jésus.* Paris, 1863, 13th Edit. 1867.

ii. *Les Apôtres.* Paris, 1866.

iii. *Saint Paul.* Paris, 1869.

iv. *L'Antechrist.* Paris, 1873.

v. *Les Evangiles et la seconde génération chrétienne.* Paris, 1877.

vi. *L'Eglise chrétienne.* Paris, 1880.

IT used to be customary with writers on the evidences for Christianity to challenge their opponents to account on their principles for the rapid diffusion and wonderful success of the religion. The success of Christianity is of course accounted for, if the facts which its first preachers attested are true, and if they really had the supernatural powers and assistances which they claimed. Those who reject this explanation, the Christian apologists contended, are bound to furnish some other. Tell us, they said, if Jesus of Nazareth had no supernatural power, how he came to impress his followers with so confident a belief that he had ; if he did not really rise from the dead, how came his disciples to be so certain that he did, that they were willing to lay down their lives in attestation of the fact : if the whole religion was founded in delusion or imposture, how came it to be so successful in winning adherents among people who despised and hated the nation from which it emanated. It can no longer be said that this challenge has not been taken up. In our generation the press has swarmed with attempts to write the life of Jesus, and the history of the origin of his religion. That this should have been done by persons who do not believe in the religion, is a thing of which Christian advocates have no right to complain, since what they had been wishing and asking for was that their opponents should meet them on the field of history. There the issue might fairly be tried, which party can give the more probable explanation of the facts on which all are agreed.

To M. Renan may fairly be ascribed the honour of having given the controversy this new direction. Not that he can claim originality either for the substance or the form of his book ; he himself is the first to acknowledge how much he owes to German investigations, and even these, it would seem, only

known to him through the use made of them by other Frenchmen. Again, though the publication of Renan's books undoubtedly gave quite a new impulse to similar studies, he is very far from being the first who in recent times has attempted to investigate the history of the origin of Christianity; and if we made a list of modern 'Lives of Jesus,' Renan's—instead of being the first—would come in the middle of a quite continuous series. Yet, with the general public, one is fairly entitled to rank as a discoverer, who tells them things for which no one else had won a hearing. Renan, by the charms of his style, and by the skill with which he wove the results of extensive reading into a harmonious and graceful narrative, gained a multitude of hearers in different countries for what had previously been mentioned only in comparatively narrow circles. The interest excited by Renan's book drew other writers into the field. The year after its publication, Strauss, to whose previous work Renan had been much indebted, brought out a new 'Life of Jesus,' for the use of the German people. Keim in Germany, De Pressensé in France, had been in the field before Renan, but were stimulated to new investigations by the interest which his work had excited. Three years after the publication of Renan's book, we had in this country, in 'Ecce Homo,' another attempt to study from its human side exclusively our Blessed Lord's life in this world. Coming later down, we may probably say that but for Renan's book Canon Farrar's and Dr. Geikie's works on the Life of Christ would not have been written. When Renan began to write, he seems to have thought that a single volume would have comprised his account of the origin of the Christian religion, but he found himself compelled to break off his story at the death of the Founder of the religion, reserving the history of its subsequent propagation for a second volume. The work has grown on his hands; six volumes have now been published, and a seventh is promised. It is no doubt owing to the inferior interest of the subject that the later volumes have been very far from gaining the wide circulation of the first; and that the author was able in his Hibbert Lectures the other day to reproduce whole pages from them *verbatim*, probably with little reason to fear that many of his audience would recognize anything with which they had been familiar. Whether they did so or not was immaterial to the success of the lecture. A printed page is but a cold substitute for the author's spoken voice.

'Quamvis referas memori mihi pectore cuncta,  
Non tamen interpres tantundem juveris; adde  
Vultum habitumque hominis.'

And



And no doubt if Renan had only undertaken to do in form what he did in substance, namely, to give 'readings' of selected portions of his '*Origines*,' the audience, '*vidisse beati*,' would have welcomed him with equal cordiality.

It would far exceed the limits of an article, if we were to try to follow Renan over the whole field of his '*Origines*.' We attempt at present only to deal with those parts of Renan's work which relate to St. Paul, and even these we cannot examine in detail. The main subject of this article will be the theory which Renan has adopted from Baur and his school as to the relations between Paul and the elder apostles. If this theory should be found to be baseless, Renan's whole conception of St. Paul and his work will be vitiated. In fact, when we criticize a history, it is important to examine the writer's accuracy in details; but when we criticize an historical romance, the great question is whether the writer has truly caught the spirit of the times, and whether he rightly presents the relations between the leading characters. Now Renan has chosen to write, not a history, but an historical novel. We do not use this word in disparagement, but as literally describing the form of his composition. We believe that Scott's novels did more for history than the works of many a professed historian who preceded him; and we can well believe also that a man of genius may do much for the history of Christianity by throwing into the form of a continuous narrative the impression which a careful study of the documents has made on him. Even if such a work exhibit errors or misconceptions, its lively presentation of the problems to be solved may guide, or at least warn, his successors. But Renan has himself enabled us to state clearly the difference between the methods of the historian and the novelist. He tells us in the preface to his second volume that, owing to the legendary character of the documents, in a history where we can be sure of the general result but not of the details, the narrator must invoke the aid of hypothesis to complete the story. But 'language permits the use of dubitative forms,' and 'a writer's conscience may be clear when he has presented as certain that which is certain, as probable what is probable, as possible what is only possible.' This is our own conception of what an historian ought to do, and it is precisely what Renan has not done. He categorically tells everything as if it were certain, only adding footnotes by which the reader who chooses to take the trouble of comparing his statements with his authorities may find what foundation there was for them, very often with the result of finding that there was very little. We do not say that it is a bad method, but it is the  
method



method of the novelist, not of the historian. A reader will not resign himself to the spell of the novelist if the narrator show any doubt of the truth of his own story. Scott does not inform us whether it is certain, probable, or only possible, that Sir Walter Raleigh spread his cloak for Queen Elizabeth to walk on; he tells us categorically that he did, adding, moreover, what was said on the occasion. It does not trouble him that he can give no proof of the details; it is enough for him if he has caught the spirit of the scene and put into the mouths of his characters words which, if they did not speak, they might have spoken.

It needs little proof that this last is the method of composition which Renan has followed; the reader has only to open his book at random, and he will find it so. Two or three examples therefore will suffice. The very first words of his story state as certain that which he cannot pretend to be more than probable, since he did not find it in any of his authorities, 'Jesus was born at Nazareth, a little town in Galilee.'

Again, Renan, who finds it as hard as some of his countrymen to write an historical drama without a love story, translates the words in the Epistle to the Philippians, which our version renders 'true yokefellow,' 'ma chère épouse,' and suggests that the relations between Paul and Lydia were more tender than St. Luke has told us of. In his fourth volume ('L'Antechrist,' pp. 18, 22) we have twice over 'sa vraie épouse (Lydie)' without the smallest note of doubt.

We give another example, of no importance in itself, merely because Renan has reproduced it, with some necessary softening, in his Hibbert Lectures. He gives some pages of description ('L'Antechrist,' pp. 167-174) of the insults to which Christian matrons and maidens were subjected by Nero in the amphitheatre, dressed in the garbs of various mythological characters, and undergoing the tortures which the corresponding legends had told of. All this is got out of two words in Clement's Epistle, of which two words the reading is disputed. Clement, speaking of the effects of jealousy, says that it had caused insults to be endured by women, 'Danaïds and Dirces.' He does not usually write riddles, and if he had meant that Christian women had been made to act the part of a Danaid or of Dirce it would have been easy for him to have said so. Besides, though we can well conceive the punishment of Dirce, who was tied to the horns of a bull, to have been made one of the cruel exhibitions of the amphitheatre, the tastes that could have relished such a show must have found any spectacle very tame that could have been made out of the fate of the daughters of Danaus, who were only condemned to fill with water a vessel

full

full of holes. On these grounds Lightfoot still holds fast to a most ingenious conjectural emendation by which Bishop Wordsworth got rid of the Danaides and Dirces, although it has got no confirmation from two authorities for the text of Clement which have recently been recovered. Yet the only place where Renan permits himself the use of 'dubitative forms' is in explaining the particular way in which the Danaids were represented; the main story is told as if it admitted of no doubt.

Once more; a novelist will tell us what were the secret thoughts of his characters on different occasions, and we do not think of asking how he came by his information; but one who professes to be a historian is not lightly credited with similar powers of divination. Yet, speaking of writers whose works have perished and are only known to us by a few extracts, Renan tells us positively that Polycrates, for example, did not know St. Paul's Epistles, that Papias was unacquainted with St. John's Gospel. He assures us also with equal confidence that Justin Martyr did not know the fourth Gospel, but with wonderful *naïveté* remarks how singular it is that he should, notwithstanding, have so many points of contact with it; how curious it is that Papias, who does not know St. John's Gospel, should yet have been acquainted with his first Epistle.\* Remarking how little the strength of Renan's convictions is disturbed by the want of confirmatory evidence, we are often reminded of Addison's story of the man who was clear he had the gout, but thought it strange that he had none of the critical symptoms.

By the style of writing which he has adopted Renan has, in fact, gained a great temporary success at the expense of the loss of the permanent value of his work. The general reader likes to be told a story straight off, without being tormented by doubts as to the accuracy of any part of the narrative, and the 'Life of Jesus' would certainly never have run so rapidly through so many editions, if the author had constantly stopped to point out how

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\* Though Renan in his Hibbert Lectures makes a graceful reference to Bishop Lightfoot, he is plainly not deeply read in his writings; for he would have escaped some of the absurdities we have glanced at above if he had read the essay in which Lightfoot tests the principle, that an early writer may be supposed ignorant of all that Eusebius does not tell us that he knew, by applying it to the case of writings described by Eusebius which have come down to us, so that we can examine them ourselves. It is much to be wished that Bishop Lightfoot's papers on 'Supernatural Religion,' which are now not likely to be continued, should be made accessible by separate publication. And though it is a pity that so many pages should be taken up with the exposure of a worthless and now nearly forgotten book, which by dint of almost unprecedented puffing had obtained a temporary notoriety, yet it is better that so valuable a contribution to Church history should be preserved in its present shape, than that it should be left waiting for a recasting it is not likely to receive.

much of his story was certain, how much probable, how much only possible; how much he had found in his authorities, how much he had added from his own instinctive sense of the fitness of things. But a different judgment is formed by the historical student, who is only disgusted by work stamped with the well-known characteristic of unscientific reporting, namely, that the reporter tells, not what he has observed, but the conclusion resulting from a combination of what he has observed with his own antecedent impressions. A record of what admits of historical proof, however dry, can never lose its value; a medley of what ancient authorities have told us with a modern writer's guesses about things they have omitted to tell us, must speedily be relegated from the shelf of history to that of romance. But historical romance has a value of its own; though untrustworthy for details, it may enable us better than any mere history to catch the spirit of the times and the mutual relations of the characters. The question, accordingly, with which we have to concern ourselves is, whether the main principle on which Renan's history of the Apostolic Church is founded is a true one. Without laying undue stress on errors of detail, can his general view of the history of the early Church, which is substantially that of the Tübingen school, be justified? If the fundamental conception which he has derived from the writers of that school be erroneous, his work on St. Paul must be as far from enlightening us as to the apostle's true history as 'Ivanhoe' would be from giving us a true picture of England under Richard I., supposing the truth to be that at that time the distinction between Saxon and Norman had been as completely rubbed out as it is now.

The question has an interest far deeper than that of a mere critical or even biographical problem. It really involves the true history of the process by which Christianity passed from being the doctrine of a Jewish sect to become a world religion. No historical transformation is more surprising. Among the illustrations of the wisdom of the Creator which writers on Natural Theology produce from their study of the vegetable world, one of the most striking is drawn from the method in which the ample provision made for the protection of the seed during its early state is so regulated as not in the least to interfere with its development. The seed of many plants is enclosed within a casing of shell so strong as to bid defiance to all ordinary violence, and to offer no trifling opposition to man when he desires to make use of it. Just when the due time has come, the tender sprout within, a thing so delicate and brittle that the smallest unfriendly force can destroy it, bursts with the greatest

ease

ease through the hard coating which has surrounded it; the barriers which had been so strong against assaults from without, yielding of themselves when the plant within attempts to issue forth. Just such a marvel in the history of religion has been the emergence of Christianity from Judaism. In God's method of communicating religious knowledge by gradual progressive revelation, the seeds of precious truth while still immature needed to be fenced and sheltered. There are truths, such as the unity and spirituality of God, which the world has undoubtedly learned from the Jewish race. Yet there was a time when idolatrous tendencies exhibited themselves largely among the Jews, and when it might have seemed more likely that they should be corrupted, as at Baal-Peor, by the lascivious rites of the surrounding heathenism, than that they should impart to other nations their convictions of the holiness of the one true God, and of the duty of man to resemble Him in purity. Against these tendencies all the legislation of the Jewish nation was directed for generations, the object of all their training and institutions being to keep the Jews apart from other peoples, and the result being that they took intense pride in being unlike them. Heathen nations heartily reciprocated the contempt and hatred of the Jew. They poured ridicule without mercy on the circumcised Sabbath-keeping Jew, while they hated a religion so intolerant, so unsocial, which, it was believed, recognized none of the ties that bind man to man, but limited every office of charity and kindness to their own tribes, and taught it to be a sin so much as to point out the way to a wanderer of another nation. In this enforced isolation the religious truths which the Jews cherished struck deep root among them. They held their faith, not with the languid assent one gives to speculative truth, but with the passionate fondness with which men cling to a creed in defence of which their national honour is involved. They thus qualified themselves to be the missionaries of the world. At whatever distance from his own people a Jew might be, however surrounded by heathen abominations, he felt not the least temptation to allow himself to slide into compliance with their customs, or into adoption of their beliefs. Everywhere he was a steadfast witness, and, if need were, a resolute martyr for the truth.

But it might seem that the training, which had given the Jew so firm a hold of his own principles, unfitted him for communicating them to others. That hard coating of prejudice and pride which, by preserving the isolation of the Jew, had secured the full ripening of the seeds of religious truth with which he had been intrusted, seemed likely also to be an effectual check on their development and propagation. The barriers, which had

so effectually prevented the idolatrous follies of the Gentiles from breaking in upon and destroying the pure monotheism of the Hebrew, threatened to prevent as effectually the spiritual knowledge of the children of Abraham from issuing forth for the enlightenment of the Gentile. If any one at the time of our Lord's birth had been told that a religion was about to arise, which was to level the distinction between nation and nation and was to unite the different peoples of the earth by the ties of a common worship—which was to make its members feel that no differences in language, manners, habits of thought, had power to disunite men who had embraced the same faith—and if he had been asked to conjecture what nation was likely to bestow this boon on mankind—he might perhaps have guessed the pliant versatile Greek, whose noble literature captivated their fierce conquerors, and has been recognized as not the property of one nation, but as the perpetual possession of mankind. Assuredly the last people from which would have been anticipated the gift of a catholic all-embracing religion, inculcating the perfect equality of all before God, inculcating the duty of each man to love his neighbour as himself, and interpreting 'neighbour' to mean, not his fellow-citizen or fellow-countryman, but him whom circumstances presented as needing help, even though he were of a hostile tribe—the last people from whom might be expected the gift of such a religion as this, was the intolerant exclusive Jew. Indeed we know well what was expected of them; for when the preachers of this new religion were persecuted to the death, the accusation against them, which the slightest knowledge of their doctrines would have refuted, but for which their Jewish origin obtained almost universal credence, was *Odium humani generis*.

It was not to be expected that the liberation of Christianity from the husk of Judaism should have been effected without a struggle, and struggles indeed there were which almost rent in pieces the infant Church. It is remarkable that the earliest and one of the most violent controversies in the Christian Church should be the one of which the memory has most completely passed away, and the traces of which were most quickly obliterated. We sometimes hear it disputed now whether it is expedient to preach Christianity to the Jews; that the fact of a man's not being a Jew should disqualify him for being a disciple of Christ, is an idea that enters into nobody's head. And as Renan has remarked, so early as the middle of the second century the tables had been turned on the exclusive Jewish party, and Justin Martyr was willing to acknowledge as brother Christians Jews who observed their national customs, only on condition that they did not insist on imposing them on others

as necessary to salvation. He informs us too that some other Christians were not as liberal as he in tolerating even to this limited extent Jews who continued to observe the Mosaic ordinances.

The great revolution, then, of which the history has to be written, is that of the union of Jew and Gentile in the same religion; and to write such a history is to write the biography of St. Paul. For the facts of that biography we are mainly dependent on St. Luke, but the question we have to consider is, how far we can trust the colouring St. Luke gives the facts, for St. Luke's view of them is absolutely irreconcilable with that taken by Baur and Renan. If we accept St. Luke's account, it was not St. Paul who originated the idea of preaching the Gospel outside the limits of the Jewish nation; St. Peter had previously set the example, both of admitting a Gentile to the rite of baptism, and of eating with uncircumcised people. But confessedly Paul made systematic attempts, such as none before him had made, at Gentile conversion; and, what especially shocked Jewish prejudices, he required of the Gentile converts whom he received, submission neither to circumcision nor any other Jewish rite. It was even rumoured that he taught the Jews themselves who were settled in foreign lands, not to circumcise their children nor 'walk after the customs.' This latter charge Paul denied, and, if we can believe St. Luke, he was willing to give it a practical refutation by practising the Mosaic rites himself; but there can be no mistake as to his resolution to insist on the liberty of the Gentile converts, a resolution which drew on him some of the most troublesome persecutions he had to encounter. In particular this was the cause of his long imprisonment, which ended in his journey to Rome. There were at Jerusalem many thousands of converted Jews, originally having belonged to the Pharisaic sect, whose profession of Christianity still put little outward difference between them and their unconverted brethren. They all frequented the same temple, observed the same ordinances. A Christian might (as we know to have been the case with James the Just) acquire the highest reputation among his Jewish brethren for sanctity and piety. The only difference between them was, that the one looked forward to a Messiah still future, the other believed that he had already come, and that Jesus of Nazareth was he. St. Luke relates that, in order to dispel the suspicions entertained of Paul by this multitude of converted Jews, it was thought necessary that he should publicly show himself in the temple, complying with the Jewish rites. But the Christian Jews, who at ordinary times, though a large body, were no doubt a minority at Jerusalem, were but a small fraction



fraction among the multitude of worshippers whom the annual recurrence of the feasts drew from every land to the capital of their religion. Many of these foreign Jews no doubt had long known Paul, or had heard of him, as a renegade Jew, the associate of Gentiles, the despiser of his country's institutions, one who freely ate and drank with men uncircumcised, and taught these strangers to regard themselves as having as much right as the chosen nation to be called the elect or the beloved of God. It is easy then to account for the violence of their fury, when to these old causes of dislike and suspicion was added the charge that he had carried out his principle of setting Gentiles on an equality with Jews so far as to be guilty of the last outrage of bringing Gentiles in to worship within the sacred sanctuary. Then followed the assault which led to Paul's falling into the hands of the Romans and to his journey to Rome—an assault made on him plainly not because he was a Christian, but because he was notorious as one who was endeavouring to throw open to the Gentiles the exclusive privileges of the Jewish people.

In St. Luke's account, then, the actors in the assault on Paul in the Temple were unbelieving Jews, and though it is owned there were among believing Jews a large number who regarded Paul with suspicion, yet James and the other leading men in the Church of Jerusalem are represented as on friendly terms with Paul, as rejoicing in his success in making converts among the Gentiles, as arranging with him a *modus vivendi* by which Gentiles could be members of the same Church as Jews with a *minimum* of outrage to the prejudices of the latter, and as instructing him how to remove the suspicions entertained of him by their less tolerant brethren. In this century, however, the hypothesis has found ardent supporters, that St. Luke's account is not trustworthy; that he mitigates the differences between Paul and the earlier apostles, and represents the relations between them as more friendly than in truth they were. The Epistle to the Corinthians, it is said, reveals the existence of parties in the Apostolic Church; among them a Petrine and a Pauline party. The Epistle to the Galatians, which exhibits the two apostles in open conflict, shows that the relations between these parties were so embittered, that the first preachers of Christianity presented no more united front to the heathen than is seen now when there is a Protestant and a Roman Catholic mission to the same country.\* The name of Professor Baur, of Tübingen, is most prominent in connection with the

\* 'Luther et le scolastique le plus routinier différaient moins que Paul et Jacques' ('St. Paul,' p. 289).



invention of this theory as to the mutual relations of the first preachers of Christianity, and with the application of the theory to test the genuineness of the ancient documents revered in the Christian Church. We shall speak of it as the Tübingen theory, not being concerned in this article with any question of priority that may be raised as to the invention of particular details of the theory. Renan, as we have said, has fully adopted this theory. In his preface to his second volume (*'Les Apôtres,'* p. xiv.) he accuses St. Luke of having been led by his principles of conciliation gravely to falsify the biography of St. Paul, and in his own narrative Paul is represented as suffering the most virulent opposition and the most libellous attacks from James and John and the other members of the Jerusalem Church. These attacks he imagines to have been in a great measure successful, and, without any evidence, he represents Paul's authority as having decayed, and his Epistles as having been little read for a couple of centuries after his death.

Now if Christian writers for centuries accepted without question St. Luke's account of the friendliness of the relations between St. Paul and the elder apostles, it was certainly not for want of attention to the story told in the Epistle to the Galatians of the dispute at Antioch, a story which has received such a variety of comment and explanation, that the history of its exegesis would more than fill an article by itself.

But the general result was, that it was held that the difference between the apostles was not one of principle, but only related to a question of conduct. They were agreed that the observance of the Jewish customs was in itself a thing indifferent, and only to be objected to if insisted on as necessary to salvation; and it was only because Peter's conduct had a tendency to create misconception on this last point that Paul found fault with him. And this is clearly the view suggested by the Epistle to the Galatians itself, where Paul assumes all through that there was no difference of principle between him and Peter.

The idea of a real disagreement of doctrine between the apostles seems to have been suggested to Baur by the study of perhaps the earliest extant allusion to the dispute at Antioch, namely, that contained in the spurious literature ascribed to Clement of Rome, which gives an account of a disputation between Peter and Simon Magus. This literature emanated from one of the Ebionite heretical sects; and the false doctrine of the work caused it to be neglected for centuries, though of late years it has received perhaps more than its due share of attention. The work received many recastings, and all critics are agreed that none of the forms now extant is the original;  
but

but what gained popularity for it was a little romance which was incorporated with it, telling how Clement of Rome, travelling in company with Peter, successively met his mother, his brothers, and his father, from whom he had been separated in early infancy. The work has come down to us in two principal forms, the 'Recognitions' and the 'Homilies,' the heretical characteristics of the work being much more strongly pronounced in the latter form than in the former. We learn from Epiphanius that there were Ebionites who rejected Paul's Epistles and counted him as an apostate. Now, in neither form of these Clementines is Paul mentioned by name; his labours are passed over in silence, Peter figuring as the apostle of Gentiles as well as of the Jews. Mention is made of an enemy (ὁ ἐχθρὸς ἄνθρωπος) who opposed the apostles, and no doubt Paul is meant; but this opposition is represented as taking place at a time before Paul's conversion. But the strongest piece of anti-Paulinism occurs in the 'Homilies,' not in the 'Recognitions;' for Simon Magus is described as having 'withstood Peter to the face,' and as having said that Peter was 'condemned,' the word being that rendered in our Authorized version 'to be blamed.' Many a reader might overlook the malice of these expressions, but when attention has been called to them it is undeniable that the coincidence of language with the Epistle to the Galatians leads to the conclusion that under the character of Simon a reference is cloked to Paul. We see also what interpretation to put on a controversy in the same context as to relative superiority between Simon Magus, who claims to have seen our Lord *in vision*, and Peter, who had actually seen him in the flesh. On this the luminous idea suggested itself to Baur, that in all this anti-Pauline rancour we have a 'survival' of an earlier state of things, the memory of which had been lost owing to its variance with the Church's subsequent doctrine. At the beginning of the third century we have in one corner of the Church men who hate Paul with the utmost bitterness, though in deference to the then general opinion they are obliged to cloke their hatred under disguises. At the same time we have in another corner of the Church the Marcionites, who recognize no apostle but Paul, who utterly reject the Jewish religion and the Old Testament, and who set aside all the earlier apostles as of no authority. What if these extreme views on both sides be not, as had been supposed, heretical developments, but survivals of a once general state of things? To one who himself believes Jesus to have been no more than man, it is natural to think that this must have been the first belief of his followers. Hence the theory is that the Christian Church was originally Ebionite; that

that Paul was an heresiarch or introducer of novel doctrines condemned by the great mass of existing believers; that, as he came to make extensive converts among the Gentiles, the Church came to consist of two parties, a Pauline and an anti-Pauline party, bitterly opposed to each other. It is not exactly our experience that theological schisms heal up so rapidly and so completely, that in fifty years no memory remains of their existence; but so we are told it happened in this case, and as the bitterness of the dispute abated, there arose the Catholic Church, in which both Peter and Paul were held in honour, and then attempts were made to throw a veil over the early dissensions, and to represent the first preachers of Christianity as at unity among themselves.

It has often happened that the progress of science has been greatly promoted by taking an hypothesis on trial; for the working it out and the testing it bring to light a number of facts which otherwise might not have been taken notice of. All that is necessary to prevent the hypothesis from doing mischief is that it should not be pertinaciously held to if it fails, if the original hypothesis require to be constantly patched up by new assumptions, and if it is necessary to ignore or deny a multitude of facts which refuse to reconcile themselves with the theory. One may thankfully acknowledge the service which the starting of Baur's theory has done to our knowledge of the New Testament. In days when the divine element in Scripture was alone regarded, and when the human element was almost completely ignored, it is surprising what plain things were overlooked by most diligent students of the Bible. Believing, as they did, that the whole volume had but one author, and that a text from any part might, in order to deduce a doctrine, be combined with a text from any other, where the human writer seemed to be speaking of quite a different subject, they thought that if a thing were in the Bible at all it was quite immaterial what part it was in. So no attention was paid to what may be called the comparative study of the books of Scripture: we mean the taking notice what things are said by one writer and not by another; and disagreements between different passages were only studied when they were so striking as to present a difficulty which called for explanation. If the ransacking of our New Testament books for supposed proofs of Pauline and anti-Pauline tendency has been pursued with much misdirected ingenuity, at least it has brought to light many things which had escaped the notice of men who thought themselves well acquainted with the New Testament.

The theory, however, requires for its acceptance that we should

should make a clean sweep of a great mass of existing documents, both canonical and uncanonical. It thus comes to present different aspects according to the varying courage of its advocates, the bolder denying the genuineness of every refractory document, the more prudent preferring in some cases to get over the inconvenience in some other way rather than make an assertion clearly at variance with the evidence. Thus there are several of St. Paul's Epistles which exhibit so little traces of what is supposed to have been the all-absorbing controversy of the early Church, that Baur rejects all but four; the Epistles to the Romans and Galatians, and the two to the Corinthians. Few of Baur's successors now take so extreme a course. Renan only positively rejects the Pastoral Epistles, and he has grave doubts about the Epistle to the Ephesians. Next, St. Peter's First Epistle (for it is a matter of course that the Second must be abandoned) is unmistakably Pauline, not merely in its doctrine, which is in perfect harmony with that of the Apostle of the Gentiles, but even in its language, showing that the writer had studied Paul's Epistle to the Romans, if not also that to the Ephesians.\* The Tübingen School therefore generally maintain that the Epistle is not Peter's, but the work of a conciliatory Paulinist of the second generation. Renan, however, finds himself constrained to admit its Petrine origin. Then again it is absolutely necessary to throw overboard the Acts of the Apostles, which all through represents Paul as on good terms with the elder apostles, and which puts into Peter's mouth speeches altogether Pauline in their character. Notwithstanding the unmistakably autoptic character of the 'we' sections in the Acts, it is imagined that these undeniably authentic records fell into the hands of some unknown writer of the second century, who (having exclusive possession of them, nobody can tell how) put them together so as to disguise the early Church history, telling the story so as to draw a parallel between the lives of Peter and Paul, attributing similar miracles to each, and holding both out to an equal place in honour among Christians. Here again Renan hesitates on the path of destructive criticism, and is willing to believe that the 'Acts' was really written by Luke, the companion of St. Paul. But it may be doubted whether this concession, however praiseworthy for its candour, is not

\* Renan gives the following list of coincidences:—1 Pet. i. 1=Eph. i. 4-7; 1 Pet. i. 3=Eph. i. 3; 1 Pet. i. 14=Eph. ii. 3=Rom. xii. 2; 1 Pet. i. 21=Rom. iv. 24; 1 Pet. ii. 5=Rom. xii. 1; 1 Pet. ii. 6-10=Rom. ix. 25, 32; 1 Pet. ii. 11=Rom. vii. 23; 1 Pet. ii. 13=Rom. xiii. 1-4; 1 Pet. ii. 18=Eph. vi. 5; 1 Pet. iii. 1=Eph. v. 22; 1 Pet. iii. 9=Rom. xii. 17; 1 Pet. iii. 22=Rom. viii. 34=Eph. i. 20; 1 Pet. iv. 1=Rom. v. 16; 1 Pet. iv. 10=Rom. xii. 6; 1 Pet. v. 1=Rom. viii. 18; 1 Pet. v. 5=Eph. v. 21.

destructive to the theory. A disciple of the next generation might be glad to insert on his roll of honour all the men who had gained celebrity as the first preachers of Christianity. But would one who had been himself in the thick of the fight be so ready to grant forgiveness to the men who had slandered his beloved master, and harassed him with calumnious opposition? Indeed, according to the Tübingen theory, the Pauline Christians must have been men of singular magnanimity. They had been victorious all along the line; all that Paul had lost popularity by contending for had been gained. There is not a trace that in a single church were Gentile Christians required to be circumcised, or to observe the Mosaic Law. This is not even demanded in the Clementines, where circumcision is not a necessity for all Christians, but only the badge of the highest class. If the elder apostles had been such virulent opponents of Paul as the theory demands, why should Paul's disciples be so eager to do them honour? It would have cost them nothing to disown connection with the elder apostles, since Paul in his Epistle to the Galatians claims to have been entirely independent of them for his knowledge of the Gospel.

The Tübingen theory demands that equal havoc should be wrought among the remains of uninspired Christian antiquity. Clement of Rome, whose Epistle, all sound critics are now agreed, dates from before the end of the first century, has completely outlived all Pauline and anti-Pauline disputes. With him both apostles have equal honour, and he shows no suspicion that they had ever been at variance. The same is to be said of the Epistles of Ignatius; but it is not merely in the interests of this controversy that these letters have been rejected: Hermas shows not the least knowledge of any disputes as to the obligation of Gentiles to observe the Mosaic Law. A book, called the 'Preaching of Peter,' was extant before the end of the second century, and we know from the quotations of Clement of Alexandria that this was undoubtedly anti-Jewish. It must therefore be piously believed that there was an earlier 'Preaching of Peter,' which was anti-Pauline. The extant acts of Peter and Paul, undoubtedly very early, represent both apostles as harmoniously resisting Simon Magus at Rome. That faith in the unseen, which the reception of this theory demands, requires us to own the existence of an earlier narrative of the Roman sojournings of St. Peter, in which he must have encountered single-handed the magician in whom those in the secret would recognize St. Paul.

But it is time to turn to the use made of those New Testament writings, of which the genuineness is not disputed. In one point Baur is more conservative in his criticism than some Fathers of

the early Church, for he owns the genuineness of the Apocalypse which they rejected, but he discovers in it a strongly anti-Pauline manifesto. In the Epistles to the Seven Churches, Paul is the enemy against whom St. John, writing in our Lord's name, warns his disciples. In the Epistle to the Church at Smyrna we read: 'I know the blasphemy of them which say they are Jews, and are not, but are the synagogue of Satan.' And in that to the Church at Philadelphia: 'I will make them of the synagogue of Satan, which say they are Jews, and are not, but do lie, to come and worship at thy feet.' We are asked to believe that these false Jews, with whom St. John has broken so entirely as to call them the synagogue of Satan, are St. Paul and his party. The angel of the Church of Ephesus is praised, because 'he has tried them which say they are apostles and are not, and has found them liars.' Here again we are asked to believe that it was Paul's claims to apostleship which were thus rejected; and Renan again and again invites us to notice the remarkable fact that in Ephesus, where St. Paul had resided so long and laboured for a time so successfully, a few years after his departure his followers had completely disappeared, and his claims to apostleship had been generally owned to be based on falsehood. We may here remark, in passing, that Renan in this instance has not looked at the context, for according to his hypothesis the Church of Ephesus had at the commencement been beguiled into accepting Paul's pretensions, and therefore would be bound to look back with some shame and regret on its early simplicity. But in the letter addressed to them its first state is recalled as the palmy days of the Church. It is blamed for having left its first love, and commanded to look whence it had fallen, and return and do the first works. Lastly, in the Epistle to the Church at Pergamus those are condemned who hold the doctrine of the Nicolaitanes. The conjecture was made long since, and we think received with more favour than so forced an etymology deserves, that Nicolaus, conqueror of the people, is but a Greek translation of the name Balaam. Renan adopts this view, with the addition that Balaam was a nickname for Paul, and that the doctrine of Balaam, the teaching to eat things offered to idols, and to commit fornication (by which he understands marriage \* with Gentiles, regarded by the strict Jews as fornication), was the doctrine of St. Paul. He would further have us believe that in another New Testament place where Balaam is mentioned St. Paul is intended, namely the Epistle of Jude. For

\* We wonder whether the Paulinist knew this, who inserted a prohibition against these two things into Acts xv.

though



though that Epistle is one for which we cannot produce as early testimony as for the greater part of the rest, and consequently is not admitted into Baur's meagre collection of genuine apostolic letters, yet Renan has not been able to resist the temptation to gain some addition to the scanty evidence of anti-Pauline rancour in the early Church, and so we have presented to us Jude, the brother of James, describing Paul as a filthy dreamer who defiled the flesh, despised dominions, and spoke evil of dignities (namely, of the twelve original Apostles), and who ran greedily in the way of Balaam\* for reward. Others have added different developments to the theory. Volkmar, for instance, discovers that the false prophet (Rev. xix. 20), who maintained the power of the beast, is St. Paul, who by his exhortation, 'Let every soul be subject to the higher powers,' had supported the power of the beast, Nero.

It is difficult to pay such theories the compliment of refutation; but we can easily understand how it was that an obscure heretic at the end of the second century, not daring to attack Paul openly, because he knew that such attack would condemn his book to exclusion from the whole circle of Christian readers, masked his assault under a false name, and, while he seemed only to expose the wickedness of Simon Magnus, could be understood by the few initiated as gratifying their dislike to Paul. But apostles such as St. John and St. Jude would have no need to descend to such subterfuges. It is not consistent with the character of the outspoken Boanerges to suppose that if there were false teachers whom St. John thought it his duty to denounce as the synagogue of Satan, he would have disguised the object of his reprehension under the veil of Balaam or Nicolas, and never have ventured to name the name of Paul. Why should not John, one of the pillar apostles of the Church, and Jude, the brother of one of the great three, have ventured to speak plainly? But let that pass: at least this warning must have been intelligible at the time it was given. The Church would have known who it was that was intended, and if so, is it credible that the tradition should have completely perished out of memory, and that Christians holding the great Apostle of the Gentiles in the highest love and veneration should still cherish these Epistles to the Seven Churches, and this Epistle of St. Jude, never once dreaming that they were honouring party pamphlets issued by

\* Renan here seems to have overlooked the Second Epistle of St. Peter, which, whether written by that apostle or not, is confessedly an early document and the work of one bent on upholding the authority of Paul (iii. 15). Yet it has, in common with St. Jude, the passage about Balaam the son of Beor.



calumniators of St. Paul? In short, these theories as to such reference, both in the Apocalypse and in St. Jude, would have deserved respectful consideration if they had dated from the first century instead of the nineteenth. If it had been the case that there had been some in early times who hesitated to acknowledge the authority of these writings, on the ground that they disparaged the apostleship of Paul, then we should have been bound to look the possibility in the face, that tradition had preserved correctly the interpretation put on these documents by those to whom they were first addressed, and to enquire dispassionately whether that were the meaning intended by the writers. But we may fairly refuse to give any respectful hearing to an interpretation which is condemned at once by the mere fact that it was left to the nineteenth century to discover it.

But we do not cut the matter thus short, more especially as Renan's views have found unexpected support in England, the 'Edinburgh Review' of Renan's 'Antechrist' (Oct. 1874) having not only adopted his opinion as to the anti-Paulinism of the Apocalypse, but also other theories of his concerning that book, which the limitations we have put on ourselves in this article do not allow us to discuss. We proceed then to show that there are parallels in Paul's Epistles for all the passages that are cited as anti-Pauline. Now it must be borne in mind that the doctrine of the calling of the Gentiles is taught as distinctly in the book of the Revelation as in the saying of the fourth Gospel, 'Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold.' We read indeed in the Apocalypse of a sealing of twelve thousand out of each of the tribes of Israel; but, immediately after the account of the bringing in of this large but still finite number of Jews, there follows, 'After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and peoples, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands.' And in the mouth of the redeemed is placed a new song unto the Lamb, who had 'redeemed them to God by his blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation.' The Apocalypse is said to be Jewish, because the heavenly city is described under the name of the new Jerusalem; but against this has to be set that in the same book the actual Jerusalem is 'spiritually called Sodom and Egypt,' and that Paul in his most anti-Jewish Epistle has the words, 'Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all.' We have already quoted the use made of the words, 'Those who say they are Jews, and are not,' words imagined to refer to Paul and his school. Those who give them this reference have read Paul's Epistles very carelessly,

carelessly, and have failed to notice one of the most characteristic traits of the Apostle. It is that that apostle, who combats so strenuously the notion that in Christ's kingdom the Jew was to possess exclusive privileges, and that circumcision was to be the condition of admission to it, still retained a strong attachment to the names 'Jew' and 'circumcision.' This was only natural in one of Jewish birth, who had been educated from his childhood to regard these as titles of honour. Every Jew had been trained to look down on the uncircumcised Gentile. Samson's parents ask him, 'Is there never a woman among the daughters of thy brethren, that thou goest to take a wife of the uncircumcised Philistines?' David says of Goliath, 'Who is this uncircumcised Philistine, that he should defy the armies of the living God?' Saul calls on his armour-bearer to slay him, lest the uncircumcised should come and abuse him. And the taunt by which Stephen stung his hearers to madness was, 'Ye uncircumcised in heart and ears.' We can understand then the pain which Paul exhibits when he hears his disciples called by the name of the 'Uncircumcision,' and his anxiety to contend that they were the true Jews, theirs the only true circumcision. In his Epistle to the Ephesians\* he speaks of his followers as those who were 'called the Uncircumcision by that which is called the Circumcision in the flesh made with hands.' 'But ye,' he says in the Epistle to the Colossians, 'are circumcised with the circumcision made without hands, in putting off the sins of the flesh by the body of Christ.' Perhaps the most striking illustration of Paul's feeling on this subject is to be found in the Epistle to the Philippians. The ordinary name by which the class of Jews by birth was designated was 'the circumcision,' and so the name is used, not only by Luke (Acts x. 45; xi. 2), but frequently by Paul himself (Rom. iii. 30; iv. 9; Gal. ii. 9, 12; Col. iv. 11; Tit. i. 10). The word seems a most natural and unobjectionable name to describe those who had been partakers of the initiatory Mosaic rite. Yet when Paul has to warn his disciples against the machinations of the Jews, just as a member of our Church might refuse to give the Romanists the title Catholics, claiming that 'we are the Catholics,' so Paul checks himself when about to say, 'beware of the circumcision,' refuses to give that highly prized title to those who place confidence in the fleshly rite, and instead of *τῆν*

\* It is odd that Renan should make the similarities of this Epistle to that to the Colossians a ground for doubting the genuineness of the former. If it is a thing impossible that the same man writing twice on the same subject should express the same thoughts sometimes in nearly the same words, clearly the author of the 'Hibbert Lectures' cannot be the author of the 'Origines.'

περιτομήν, uses the contemptuous phrase τὴν κατατομήν. 'Beware of the concision, for we are the circumcision, which worship God in the spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh.' What can be more natural, and at the same time less likely to have been imagined by a forger, than this picture of the Apostle of the Gentiles, himself of Jewish descent, contending against those who would impose the yoke of circumcision on his Gentile converts, protesting that if they were circumcised, Christ should profit them nothing, incurring vehement persecution on account of the earnestness with which he maintained the worthlessness of circumcision, and yet while so earnestly striving against the thing, remaining fondly attached to the name, pained at hearing the title circumcision applied to those whose circumcision he forbade, and solicitous to prove that it was these last, and not the unbelieving Jews, who had the right to claim the title ἡ περιτομή as their own? We need not wonder to find the same characteristics in St. John, who had grown up subject to the same influence. If we are to set down the Apocalypse as anti-Pauline, because the unbelieving Jews are pronounced unworthy of the name of Jews, and their synagogue called the synagogue of Satan, the Epistle to the Galatians must be set down as anti-Pauline, in which the title of the 'Israel of God' is claimed for the Christian community; and the Epistle to the Romans as anti-Pauline, for there the doctrine is stated: 'He is not a Jew, which is one outwardly; neither is that circumcision, which is outward in the flesh: but he is a Jew, which is one inwardly; and circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit, not in the letter; whose praise is not of men, but of God.' As little need it be supposed that in those 'who say they are apostles, and are not,' we are to recognize St. Paul. Here again we have an exact parallel in St. Paul's Epistles. 'Such are false apostles, deceitful workers, transforming themselves into the apostles of Christ.'

It is time to turn to the Gospels; but it will be sufficient for our purpose to give one or two specimens of the immense amount of misdirected ingenuity which has been employed to give instances of anti-Pauline and Pauline tendencies in the first and third Gospels, which are supposed, at least in their original forms, to represent opposite schools. We shall not delay on a point of Strauss's to which Renan has referred more than once, but which for all we know may have been previously discovered by some more orthodox expositor, viz. that St. Luke, when he represents Peter (v. 7) beckoning to his partners in the other ship that they should come and help him, is making an implied prediction of the need the original apostles would have

have of Paul's assistance. We hasten to give a couple of specimens of the minute care with which differences between the Gospels have been noted. The first is thought by those who have discovered it to be an exceedingly good and striking one. St. Matthew, in the Sermon on the Mount, makes our Lord speak of men who say, 'Lord, Lord;' and who will at the last day appeal to their prophecies, their driving out devils, and their doing of miracles in the name of Jesus, but who will be rejected by him as doers of lawlessness (*ἀνομίας*), whom he had never known. It may surprise our readers to hear that this sentence was coined by the Jewish Christian author of the record as a protest against the opposition to the law made by Paul and his followers. And it may surprise them more to hear that Luke is highly complimented for the skill with which he turns this Jewish anti-Pauline saying into one of a Pauline anti-Jewish character. He substitutes the word *ἀδικίας*, injustice, for *ἀνομίας*, lawlessness, and he directs the saying against the Jews who will one day appeal to having eaten and drunk in the presence of Jesus, and to his having-taught in their streets, but notwithstanding shall be told by him to depart as doers, not of *ἀνομίας*, but of iniquity, and shall break forth into loud weeping when they see people coming from the east and west and north and south, and sitting down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, while themselves are shut out. One other sample we may give. St. Matthew says (x. 27), 'What I tell you in darkness, that speak ye in light; and what ye hear in the ear, that preach ye upon the housetops.' St. Luke: 'Whatsoever ye have spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light; and that which ye have spoken in the ear in closets shall be proclaimed upon the housetops.' It is contended that whereas Matthew makes the apostles directed to speak in the light and on the housetops, St. Luke turns it into the passive: the proclamation shall be by other than the apostles; namely, by St. Paul and his party. It is easy to show, however, that if we are to look for an anti-Pauline Gospel, it cannot be any of those we have now, but a supposed original. That Matthew's Gospel was made primarily for the use of Jews, most critics are agreed. Yet do we find this Jewish Gospel hostile to the admission of Gentiles? It opens with an account of Gentile magi from the distant East coming to worship the Infant Saviour. In the first chapter which records any miracle, we have an account of one performed at the request of a Gentile, who is commended as exhibiting faith not to be found in Israel; and on this occasion we have the doctrine taught of the admission of the Gentiles, not to equal privileges with the Jews, but to a place vacated by the rejection of the Jews.

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'Many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven. But the children of the kingdom shall be cast out into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.' It is to be noted that this Gentile centurion of St. Matthew is in St. Luke made a kind of Jewish proselyte. 'He loveth our nation and hath built us a synagogue.' In a later chapter the same doctrine is taught even more plainly. 'The kingdom of God shall be taken from you and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof.' The parting command of our Saviour recorded in this Gospel, is, 'Go ye, and make disciples of all nations.' This Gospel even exhibits the feature which has been supposed to show that the writer of the fourth Gospel was not a Jew; for (xxviii. 15) 'the Jews' are spoken of as if the Evangelist did not belong to the nation. In the account of our Lord's death, one who was sharp-sighted to discover tendency might pronounce Matthew strongly anti-Jewish. It is Luke, not Matthew, who records our Lord's words of tender pity, 'Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children.' St. Matthew seems anxious to throw the guilt of our Lord's death off the Gentiles and on the Jews. Pilate's wife warns her husband to have nothing to do with that just man. Pilate himself washes his hands before the multitude, and declares that he is innocent of the blood of that just person. The Jews accept the awful burden and exclaim, 'His blood be on us, and on our children.' When these evidences of anti-Jewish tendency are attempted to be got rid of by the assertion that none of these things could have been in the original Matthew, we can only reply that it is open to any one to say that the original Matthew contained just whatever he likes. But no theory can be said to rest on a scientific basis, which, instead of taking cognizance of all the facts, arbitrarily rejects whichever of them do not happen to accord with the hypothesis. A theory cannot be pronounced successful which requires for its acceptance that we should reject such a mass of existing documents and supply their place with imaginary documents, of whose existence we have no historical record.

There being reason, then, to regard the Tübingen theory as having failed, let us turn back to examine more closely its starting-point, namely, the assumption that in the sect from which the Clementine forgeries emanated we have a survival of the party which opposed Paul in his lifetime, and a representative of one great section of the early Church. This is taken by Renan as so certain, that he incorporates ('St. Paul,' p. 292) whole paragraphs from the Clementines as part of the authentic history

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history of James. On closer examination this assumption is found to be completely false. One of the points which Bishop Lightfoot has brought out most clearly in his work on the Galatians, is that the Ebionites of the Clementines are a development, not from Pharisaism, which furnished the many myriads of believing Jews among whom Paul found his strongest opponents, but from Essenism. The views of these Essene Ebionites would have been rejected as heretical by the Jews of all the parties of whom the New Testament tells us. For they had a fanatical horror of the rite of sacrifice: indeed to use flesh-meat at all was contrary to their sentiments: they hated the Temple service: the Jewish Scriptures, which were common ground with Paul and his opponents, they treated much as Baur has treated the New Testament. The prophets they set aside altogether as perverters of the true divine revelation; the law of Moses alone they were willing to receive. But since the Pentateuch abounds in passages condemning not only their notions about sacrifice, but other theories of theirs, on which we cannot here enlarge save to mention that they could not endure the story of the fall of Adam, whom they held in the highest veneration, it was necessary for them to say that the Mosaic revelation had been corrupted by those who transmitted it. They professed to carry out a precept of our Lord, 'Be ye good money-changers' in separating the counterfeit from the genuine; and, with a skill which anticipated the modern higher criticism, they set aside every inconvenient passage in the Pentateuch as a recent addition. We can fairly say that the whole doctrinal system of these Ebionites would have been as offensive to Paul's antagonists as to Paul himself. Nor did they themselves claim such high antiquity for their system. Those antagonists of Paul did not themselves pretend to have descended from any contemporaneous opponents of his. Their maxim was that the evil was to come first, the good afterwards; and whether or not they were entitled to all the antiquity they claimed, they claimed no higher than a revelation made in the reign of Trajan, more than a quarter of a century after Paul's death. It would seem, indeed, to have been not till after the destruction of the Temple that the Essene haters of the Temple-worship enrolled themselves as in some sort disciples of Him who had foretold that not one stone should be left upon another.

Once more we may say a few words with regard to theories founded on the Clementine presentation of Paul under the mask of Simon Magus, which have proceeded to such a point that Simon has not been left any independent existence, it being imagined that the conciliatory author of the Acts, through  
some



some oversight, included among his materials an anti-Pauline libel. This Simon, who offers to purchase the gift of God with money, is said to have been intended as a picture of that false apostle who hoped by bringing up a gift of money for the Church of Jerusalem to obtain recognition of his claims from the true apostles. But when the multifarious mass of Clementine literature has been sifted, it has been found that it is the very last deposited stratum which contains the identification of Paul and Simon, and that the idea was foreign to all the older part which, when most anti-Pauline, treated Paul and Simon as distinct personages. And there is every reason to believe that the anti-Paulinism of these heretics was not a 'survival' but a 'development.' It is now universally acknowledged that this is the case with respect to the opposing school of Marcionism. It was at one time imagined that it might be proved, that what the orthodox had taken for a corruption and mutilation of St. Luke's Gospel by Marcion had really been the original, and that our St. Luke was only an amplification in conciliatory interests of a document in its form more anti-Jewish. This idea has now been on all hands abandoned, and it is owned that the Marcionites were ultra-Pauline, that is to say, that they claimed more for Paul than he, or his disciples in his lifetime, had ever done. Nothing was more natural than that the insolence of the Marcionite attempt to set up Paul as the only apostle should provoke the extreme section of their antagonists to deny Paul to have been an apostle at all. There is every reason to believe that this extreme section was, numerically, never more than a very insignificant body, and that it is quite ludicrous to represent their views as ever having been widely entertained in the Church. After the unhappy issue of the Jewish rebellions against Rome, the Jewish element had ceased to be of large account in the Church. The Gentile churches had been founded either by Paul, or on Pauline principles. In the matter of throwing open a franchise no footsteps can be retraced, and it is not to be imagined that Gentiles by birth who had been once taught by authority to think themselves as good Christians as the rest, though they observed no Jewish rites, could ever in any numbers have been persuaded into an abandonment of their privileges. Nor is there the smallest historical evidence that the Gentile churches ever ceased to hold the principles concerning the non-obligation of Jewish rites which Paul had taught them, and which we find them holding when they emerge from the obscurity of that first age of which documents are scarce into the full light of history. Instead of holding, in the case of a writer of whom only a few fragments



fragments remain, that if these fragments do not prove him to be Pauline we may assume him to be anti-Pauline, the very opposite principle is rational, there being no historical evidence of difference of opinion on this subject. It is ridiculous, for instance, to set down, as Renan does, Polycrates as anti-Pauline, of whom all that remains is a fragment of one letter which would not fill half a page of this Review, and who was a bishop of one of those churches in Asia, where, as the martyrdom of Polycarp tells us, the Christians had Jews as their most deadly opponents; it is ridiculous to make a similar assertion about Hegesippus, concerning whom Eusebius—who had the whole work of which we have only fragments—has no suspicion that he differed from the views afterwards accounted orthodox, and concerning whom we know that he was an admirer of Clement, who was an admirer of Paul. But, indeed, we need not go beyond the Clementine writings themselves, and observe the veil of disguise which is thrown over all the assaults on Paul, to assure ourselves that the assailant was conscious of being one of an unpopular minority who was bound to proceed with the utmost caution.

If space had permitted, there are a number of details in Renan's book, in addition to those we have already noticed, on which we should have liked to comment. We had marked for notice some errors, some inconsistencies, some places in the last volume where his memory seems to have failed him, and he had lost hold of what must have been known to him at an earlier part of his studies.\* But Renan himself would not care to be judged by the accuracy of his details; the important question is, whether we can accept his general conception of the course of events and the mutual relations of the actors. In order to answer this question, it was necessary to examine the soundness of that theory of Baur's which underlies M. Renan's work, namely, that which represents the differences of opinion or tendency between the first preachers of Christianity, not as such as are often known to exist between members of the same Cabinet, and which do not prevent them from working harmoniously together, but as such as separate the leaders of

\* Compare, for instance, '*l'Eglise Chrétienne*,' pp. 59, 500. The statement in the former place was no doubt taken from some author who wrote before the recovery of the last homily had put beyond doubt the acquaintance of the Clementine homilist with St. John, and while a desperate fight was still being made that the expressions in Justin about 'entering into the mother's womb to be born again' were not derived from the fourth Gospel. The matter may be regarded as now put beyond controversy by the convincing proofs of Justin's obligations to St. John which Thoma has given (*Hilgenfeld's 'Zeitschrift,'* 1875).

opposite parties, or rather such as separate the ministers of two hostile states. We have been constrained to reject this theory because, in order to hold it, we must reject the great mass of the extant documents of the early Church as being quite irreconcilable with it; we must misinterpret the few that are retained, and must lay our main stress on one document quite unworthy of the weight laid upon it; we must maintain that disputes, which raged so violently as absolutely to rend the Church in two, healed up so rapidly that in the next generation no memory remained that they had ever existed, and so that the true history of the Christian Church was unknown from the first century to the nineteenth. As we have said, this strange hypothesis has not been without its indirect use in promoting a more historical study of the New Testament. It is always a gain to shake minds out of the groove of tradition. But these theories concerning Paulinism and anti-Paulinism have themselves become a tradition, and now that the life has died out of them, are a real hindrance in the way of historical investigation. It is a grief to see able men entangling themselves in false paths, because they think that there is more independence of mind in pinning themselves to the skirts of a modern bad guide than of an old good one; that there is less servility in accepting the dicta of Baur than of Chrysostom or Augustine. Renan often attempts to shake himself free of his German guides, sometimes refusing to join them in the rejection of documents which they, with perhaps a truer sense of the exigencies of their theory, have set aside; sometimes adding to their hypotheses improbable touches of his own. But the main idea of the opposition between Paul and the elder apostles runs through his work, and has falsified his whole picture of the life and work of the Apostle of the Gentiles.

Remarking the great gifts for historical painting which Renan exhibits, we cannot help wishing that the element of pure fiction in his book had been larger and more avowed. Scott wisely refused on principle to make any of the great historical characters the chief heroes of his romances, and so his stories have an interest of their own which is not affected, even though the characters he assigns some of his historical personages be unlike the real ones. But Renan has chosen for the hero of his first volume one whom to misrepresent is sacrilege; for that of his third, one with whom he has to confess complete absence of sympathy. Perhaps it was English prejudice which made us mutter something about French frivolity when we read the remarks ('*L'Antechrist*,' p. 101) with which Renan finishes his sketch of the last days of St. Paul. He could sympathize with the

the apostle if he were not so horribly serious in his belief;\* if only the preacher would show some misgivings whether the cause for which he had laboured so much were worth all his sacrifices; if instead of being so possessed by his work, he would admit the possibility that he had spent his life for a dream, and that it were better for his own happiness if he had followed the maxims of the Book of Ecclesiastes: 'Eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart. Let thy garments be always white; and let thy head lack no ointment. Live joyfully with the wife whom thou lovest all the days of the life of thy vanity.' Our readers must take their choice whether they will think better or worse of Paul for showing no traces of such misgivings; for Renan, who, though rejecting the Pastoral Epistles, draws from them a multitude of details about Paul's life, in particular owns that these Epistles give a true picture of the undoubting confidence which Paul at the end of his career, unshaken by sorrows or sufferings, feels that he has chosen well: 'I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.'

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ART. IX.—1. *Parliamentary Debates for May, June, and July, 1880.*

2. *Despatches, Correspondence and Memoranda of Field Marshal Arthur Duke of Wellington, K.G.* Edited by his Son the Duke of Wellington, K.G. [In continuation of the former series.] Volume 8. London, 1880.

3. *Imperial England.* By Montagu Burrows, R.N., M.A., Chichele Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. London, 1880.

**B**Y a convenient fiction it is supposed that at a general election the people of England acts as an impartial arbitrator between the two historical parties, awarding the prizes of place and power to one or the other according to what it conceives to be the merits of their political conduct. For a successful arbitration it is essential that the facts upon which the judgment is to be based be admitted on both sides, and

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\* 'Paul ne fut pas à l'abri du défaut qui nous choque dans les sectaires; il crut lourdement.'

hitherto at general elections the nature of the questions in dispute has been pretty accurately defined. But nothing was more remarkable at the recent election, than the conflicting statements of the two parties as to the issue upon which the constituencies were called to decide. Lord Beaconsfield, in his letter to the Duke of Marlborough, placed his view of the situation before the electors in striking and unmistakable language. 'A portion of the population,' he said, 'is attempting to sever the constitutional tie which unites it to Great Britain in that bond which has favoured the power and prosperity of both.' 'The strength of this nation depends on the unity of feeling which should pervade the United Kingdom and its widespread dependencies.' 'There are some who challenge the expediency of the Imperial character of this realm. Having attempted and failed to enfeeble our colonies by their policy of decomposition, they may perhaps now recognize in the disintegration of the United Kingdom a mode which will not only accomplish but precipitate their purpose.' 'Peace rests on the presence, not to say on the ascendancy, of England in the Councils of Europe.' The paramount idea which gave character to the document was the necessity of preserving Imperial Unity.

The Liberals, on the other hand, denied that there was any such principle at stake. These phrases, said they, were employed by a great master of language to divert attention from the confusion into which the Ministry had plunged the affairs of the country by their mismanagement. The real issue they proclaimed to be of a strictly party nature. All the difficulties in which we were involved were the natural products of Tory administration. The troubled state of Europe was caused by Tory turbulence and stupidity. The depression of trade and the fall of wages were directly traceable to the preference of the Tories for war and bloodshed. Even the bad weather was probably a visitation by an offended Providence on a nation which had strayed from the true political faith. Nothing would go right till Whig moderation, Whig commonsense, Whig administrative ability, were again in a position to direct affairs. In fact the Liberals went to the country boldly asking for a vote of confidence on the faith of the Whig Myth.

Now the Whig Myth, as expounded by the doctors of the party, may be thus stated. Since the glorious Revolution of 1688, the nation has lived under a system of Parliamentary Government, conducted by the two historical parties, which approaches as near perfection as is possible in human affairs. Indeed it deviates from the true ideal in but one point, namely that the Whigs are not always in power. For the conflict between

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the two parties resembles that between Ormud and Ahriman, between the principles of good and evil, of light and darkness. Whatever is sound, sensible, and moderate in the character of the nation is described as the Whig element, and so long as the public is in its right mind, it regulates its conduct by those Whig principles, which are the Law and the Prophets of the Constitution. But, as we are a free and self-governed people, it is necessary that the bad side of our nature should at times find a vent. Periods therefore occur, lasting 'for a decade or even a generation,' when, Liberal principles being out of favour, the country comes under the rule of the Tories. Having forsaken the true faith, the nation falls forthwith upon troublous times. The Tories seek to establish their position by appealing to the 'dense ignorance' of the masses; they flatter the dominant national passion for Empire, assist the claims of prerogative, and increase taxation. Then comes the welcome change. Schooled by harsh experience, the repentant nation retraces its erring steps, and acknowledges its former injustice, when, like the Judges of Israel, a new generation of Whigs arises, and delivers it from the grinding yoke of the Tories.

Such is the time-honoured superstition, which the constituencies at the recent election were asked devoutly to accept when judging between the two parties, and which they did accept. When we last addressed our readers the Whig triumph was complete; the new Ministry had not yet been formed; and the air was filled with pæans over the defeat of the wicked Tories. Now it may be within the recollection of our readers that, while we did not grudge our opponents the victory they had won, we ventured on certain predictions, and we may perhaps be pardoned for calling attention to the fact that these predictions have been fulfilled to the letter. In the first place, with regard to the general intoxication following on the triumph of the Liberal party, we said: 'When the people recover their senses they will begin to perceive that they have been voting for illusions.' This prophecy was accomplished almost as soon as it was uttered. We have only to mention the letter to Count Károlyi, the episode relating to Sir Bartle Frere, and the debate on the Opium Revenue, to remind the electors of the change that comes over their Liberal rulers when they find themselves in a position of 'less freedom and greater responsibility.' Who could have believed that when on March 30th Mr. Gladstone, speaking at Peebles, said with reference to Cyprus and the Transvaal—'If these acquisitions were as valuable as they are valueless, I would repudiate them because they were obtained by means dishonourable to the character

character of the country'—he was not in earnest? Yet on the 21st of May it was announced in the Queen's Speech that the Transvaal was to be finally retained; and on the 1st of June we were told by Mr. Gladstone, with regard to Cyprus, 'it was far from his wish to insinuate that they would do anything the late Government would not have done; he trusted that what would be done would be done in the same direction, and with the same end.'

So much for the illusions of the electors. To the Tories this late repentance was of course like the happy awakening from a bad dream, and we were at first inclined to say with Christopher Sly, 'Now Lord be thanked for these good amends!' But the sequel of the drama has not been equally comic. Lord Hartington said, during his canvass in North-East Lancashire: 'It is not for the purpose of making great sweeping or revolutionary changes that we are asking the country now to replace the Conservative majority.' And he expressed a modest suspicion that the results of the election, which, when he spoke, were practically decided, were really a tribute on the part of the country to Whig moderation and common sense. We ventured, on the other hand, to express our belief that the victory had not been won by Lord Hartington and the Whigs, but by Mr. Gladstone and the Radicals. The composition of the Cabinet justified our forecast, and the entire course of events since the current Session began has been an eloquent commentary on the vastness of the illusion of the Whigs and the Liberal optimists. We should like to know if there has been since the Civil Wars 'a more sweeping or revolutionary change' than that contemplated in the Irish Compensation Bill?

Lastly, with regard to Mr. Gladstone and the Radicals, we prophesied that disappointments were in store for them. Speaking with reference to Mr. Gladstone's speeches at Midlothian and at Hawarden, we said: 'Whenever a Parliamentary majority seeks to give effect to the supposed wishes of a mere numerical majority in the nation, it must necessarily come into conflict with those interests which form the real organic life of society. This is the attitude which Mr. Gladstone now wishes the Liberal majority to assume. We have it on the evidence of his own words. If his policy prevails, he may indeed succeed in destroying the framework of society; but he will never be able to govern the country.' Have not these words been literally justified by the event? What is the Anti-Vaccination Bill? A measure introduced, in the face of all scientific opinion, under pressure from numerous but ignorant classes, to enable the latter by means of money payment to evade the  
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sanitary restrictions imposed by the law. What is the Irish Compensation for Disturbance Bill? A measure not mentioned in the Queen's Speech, the terms of which are borrowed from the Bill introduced on behalf of the Land League, whose leader last autumn passed throughout Ireland advising the tenants not to pay their rent; a measure which, as far the tenant is concerned, provides that if by the act of God he is 'unable'—an indefinite term—to pay his rent, he shall not be evicted from his holding without receiving compensation from his landlord; and which is recommended to the landlord by the consideration that if he rebels against these penal terms the Government may find themselves 'conscientiously' unable to enforce the law on his behalf. Can it be conceived that proposals of this kind will ever receive the sanction of Parliament, or that if they do the whole 'framework of society' will not be shaken from the top to the bottom?

Some of the Liberal organs, bemoaning the blunders of the Government, describe the Conservatives as 'jubilant.' No doubt it is not in human nature for a party which for three years has been bespattered with the foulest abuse to repress a certain satisfaction at such a retribution as we witness, and probably even Mr. Adam and Mr. Gladstone would by this time acknowledge that

'The Gods are just, and of our pleasant vices  
Make instruments to plague us.'

But we are not jubilant. However advantageous to the Tory party the conduct of Mr. Gladstone must eventually prove, what Conservative can rejoice to see the House of Commons brought into contempt, and the rights of property endangered? The situation is too serious for petty exultation. When we see the electors led by party spirit to return a verdict upon a completely false issue, the Whigs who led them hopelessly deceived as to their real relations with the Radicals, and the Radicals, with Mr. Gladstone at their head, utterly incapable of governing the country, we feel that we are in the presence of a deep, wide, and dangerous illusion as to the whole nature of our system of Party Government. We propose, therefore, in this article, not to press the case of the Opposition against the Ministry—we reserve that task till the Session is ended—but to examine into the historical foundations of the Whig Myth, which gives the Liberal party such rhetorical advantages. Recent events, it may be said, are a sufficient comment on Whig principles; and so indeed they are; but for all that the majority of the electors believed in the Whig Myth at



the election, and may believe in it still. There is then nothing for it but to ask the patience of our readers while we go to the root of the matter, and seek to demonstrate, by chapter and verse in the continuity of that history to which the Whigs appeal, that there are now only two parties in English politics, the Conservatives and the Radicals.

'Party,' says Burke, 'is a body of men united for promoting by their joint endeavour the national interest upon some particular principle on which they are all agreed.' It is evident that this definition has two aspects, one regarding the soul of Party, that is the common principle which unites it, the other its body, or in other words the machinery which enables it to act as an organized whole. If we look at the history of the Whigs from these two points of view, we shall see very clearly the secret of their strength and of their weakness, and shall perceive how very wide of the truth is their assertion that the principles now at stake are essentially the same as at the time of the Great Revolution.

The fundamental principle of Whiggism is the defence of the constitutional privileges of Parliament against the encroachments of the Crown. The justification of the Whig party was the Revolution of 1688. By that settlement the Whigs established once and for ever 'the principle upon which they were all agreed.' The limits of prerogative were defined by the Bill of Rights; the control of Parliament was rendered effective by the appropriation of supplies. Strictly speaking, therefore, the Whigs had no longer any *locus standi*, but, as it was humanly impossible that so great a Revolution should be accomplished without a struggle, the services of the united Whig party were required to secure the Protestant succession, which was the necessary complement of the movement of 1688. It may be said, therefore, that the main principle of Whiggism was not practically established till 1745; and it may be further urged that the early government of George III. (which occasioned Burke's celebrated definition of party quoted above), and the principle underlying the revolt of the American Colonies, prove that the union of the Whigs was still indispensable for the preservation of constitutional liberty. Indeed, though the exercise of royal influence in the Commons virtually ceased before the end of the last century, its potential existence furnished a *raison d'être* for Whig principles till 1832, shortly before which date we find a sober writer like Hallam speculating on the possible consequence to the Constitution from the supposed appearance of a monarch with as much character and ability as William III.

Hypothetical

Hypothetical dangers, however, would hardly have proved sufficient in themselves to keep together a great political connection. But if we turn from the principles of the Whigs to their party organization, the secret of their long existence is explained. The defence of liberty seems to be readily convertible with the interests of oligarchy. The change in the succession had been effected by Parliament; Parliament had monopolized the powers of the State; and in all the arts of Parliamentary Government the party which had established the supremacy of the House of Commons were masters.

'The Whigs,' says Hallam, 'having come into office under the line of Hanover (which I have elsewhere observed was inevitable), formed a sort of phalanx which the Crown was not always able to break, and which never could have been broken, but for that internal force of repulsion, by which personal cupidity and ambition are ever tending to separate the elements of factions. It became the point of honour among public men to fight uniformly under the same banner, though not perhaps for the same cause—if indeed there was any cause really fought for, but the advancement of a party. In this preference of certain denominations, or of certain leaders, to the real principles which ought to be the basis of political consistency, there was an evident deviation from the true standard of public virtue.'\*

All through the eighteenth century this sacrifice of principle to ambition is a scandal to the political moralist. We see it in the history of Walpole, in the history of the Pelhams, and above all in the history of Fox. The refusal of the great Whig leader to serve his sovereign on an equal footing with Lord Shelburne is only one degree less unprincipled than his monstrous coalition with Lord North. And when the fetters of oligarchy were snapped by George III., in the legitimate exercise of his sovereign rights, the inborn nature of Whiggism immediately exhibited itself. 'It might be difficult to say,' says Lord Stanhope, 'which branch of the Royal Prerogative Mr. Fox at that period would have been content to spare.'

Yet, when it seemed that the interests of his own party might be advanced, Fox did not scruple to profess principles worthy of Filmer and Sacheverell. Lord Stanhope gives the following description of a scene in the House of Commons when, during the King's illness, Mr. Pitt moved for a Committee to enquire into precedents: †

'In his (Fox's) firm opinion His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales had as clear, as express a right to assume the reins of govern-

\* Hallam's 'Constitutional History,' chap. xvi.

† 'Life of Pitt,' vol. i. chap. v.

ment and exercise the powers of sovereignty, during the illness and incapacity of the King as in the case of His Majesty's natural demise. . . . Pitt, as he intently listened to Fox's enunciation of his principles, could scarcely, it is said, conceal his triumph at the indiscreet position which his rival had assumed. No sooner had the sentence which first announced it been concluded, than Pitt, slapping his thigh triumphantly, turned round to the friend next him on the Treasury Bench, and whispered, "I'll *unwhig* the gentleman for the rest of his life." \*

Whiggism proper, then, is identified with Parliamentary Government by means of Party; in other words, with that oligarchical system which prevailed before 1832. In spite of its anomalies, no Englishman can regard the unreformed Parliamentary regime without feelings of pride and admiration.

'We, we have seen the intellectual race  
Of giants stand like Titans face to face:  
Athos and Ida with a dashing sea  
Of eloquence between.'

But the success of the old House of Commons as an instrument of government was due to the fact that it was an independent body, secured against the predominance of the Royal Power by the nature of the title of the House of Brunswick, and from the pressure of the constituencies by the limited character of the franchise. Consisting themselves of nominees of the aristocracy, the Commons were controlled by a few recognized leaders, skilled in all the science of political management. Party conflict was therefore practically confined within the walls of the House of Commons. Where the mightiest issues were fought out within such a small compass, the arts of debate, the duties of friendship, the laws of honour, and the necessities of discipline, naturally grew into an unwritten but perfectly intelligible code, too fine and chivalrous to be successfully applied in any but a high-bred assembly of gentlemen. It is a remarkable testimony to the strength of tradition in our national life that, in spite of the great constitutional changes which since 1832 have been effected in our Parliamentary regime, the rules of the Commons should have undergone so few alterations. Whether the remnant of the old Whig fabric can survive in an age when representatives address themselves to their constituents through the press, or pledge themselves on the platform to opinions which they do not venture to express in the House, when the Caucus has been successfully naturalized, and Obstruc-

\* 'Life of Pitt,' vol. ii. chap. xii.

tion reduced to a system,—these are problems which the experience of the present Parliament will go far to determine.

Meantime such evidence as we possess points surely and ominously in one direction. In a recent number of this 'Review,' we said: 'The Whigs no longer govern as a proud aristocracy at the head of a compact body of parliamentary clients, but merely act as the delegated instruments of democracy.' This assertion has been vehemently contested by the organs of the Whigs and the moderate Liberals, but we maintain that it is justified not only by the course of current events, but by the history of a century.

The starting-point of modern Whig-Radicalism is to be found in the rupture between Burke and Fox. When Pitt, as the defender of the legitimate prerogative of the sovereign, had triumphed over the Whig oligarchy, the thoughts of Fox became strongly tinged with Republicanism, and he hailed with enthusiasm the feats of the French Revolution. Burke, on the other hand, the representative of old or aristocratic Whiggism, saw with horror a movement that not only threatened the aristocratic principle in England, but all that ancient historic fabric which he so profoundly venerated in Europe. Hence arose the schism in the Whig party; Burke and the Portland section passing over to the Tories, while Fox, with the larger part of the connection, entered into communication with the democratic societies *outside Parliament*. Whereas old Whiggism was intensely English, aristocratic, and exclusive, Fox now began to lose sight of the nation in the mere number of the people, and to merge the sentiment of patriotism which he had once pushed to an extreme in a passion for cosmopolitan democracy. In 1798 he gave his famous toast, 'To the sovereignty of the People,' and in 1801, after lauding the glories which the French Republic had gained from the peace, he wrote to Grey, who had blamed him in a letter for his indiscretion; 'The truth is, I am gone something further in hate to the English Government than you and the rest of my friends are, and certainly further than can with prudence be avowed. The triumph of the French Government over the English does, in fact, afford me a degree of pleasure which it is very difficult to disguise.\*' When democratic and anti-national sentiments of this kind were frankly avowed, it was vain to hope that the Whigs could contend on equal terms against the rival section of the aristocracy, which conducted to a successful issue the life and death struggle against Napoleon.

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\* Lord Stanhope's 'Life of Pitt,' vol. iii. p. 457.

The turn of the Whigs came indeed in 1830, but it came to them, not as the traditional opponents of the Tories, but as the allies of the Radicals and the abettors of the Irish. Intent on a triumph over their rivals, they did not perceive that, in destroying the close borough system, they were subverting the whole structure of Whiggism. Mr. Greville tells us in his *Memoirs* that the Whigs confidently expected the first Reformed Parliament to be the most aristocratic ever returned. They imagined that, though their direct control over the pocket boroughs would be gone, aristocratic influence would still be predominant in the large towns. How entirely their anticipations were disappointed is matter of history, but the fundamental nature of the change is brought more vividly home to us in the contemporary record of one who had been a keen observer of the working of the old system. Speaking of the disorganized character of the Reformed Parliament, Mr. Greville says:—

‘The feelings of these various elements of party, rather than parties, may be thus summed up:—The Radicals are confident and sanguine; the Whigs uneasy; the Tories desponding; moderate men who belong to no party, but support Government, serious and not without alarm. There is in fact enough to justify alarm, for the Government have evidently no power over the House of Commons, and though it is probable that they will scramble through the session without sustaining any serious defeat or being reduced to the necessity of any great sacrifice or compromise, they are conscious of their own want of authority, and of that sort of command without which no Government has hitherto been deemed secure.\*’

Now let it be remembered that this is the description of a Whig Government at the head of a vast Parliamentary majority, possessed of all the prestige of recent victory, skilled in every art of Parliamentary warfare, and confronted by a slender band of dispirited opponents. If the experience of this Government proves them to have been little more than ‘the delegated instruments of democracy,’ what is to be expected of our contemporary Whigs, dependent as they are on a widely-extended franchise, with the Ballot in full operation, with a menacing, half-contemptuous, and fully organized Radicalism pressing them from behind, and a whole wing of discontented Irishmen threatening to make all legislation impossible? If we recal the courage with which the Whig Government of 1832 ‘combated popular delusions,’ and endeavoured to embody their ideas of what was ‘sound, just, and right,’ we shall see how permanent are

\* ‘Greville Memoirs,’ vol. ii. p. 361.

the relations between the moderate and extreme sections of the Liberal party, and shall be better able to understand the extraordinary performances with which the Ministry have recently astonished the country.

How firm a front then did the Whigs of the first Reformed Parliament show to the Radicals? In moving the Budget for 1833 Lord Althorp consented to repeal the House Tax. His reasons were remarkable. He said that he himself approved of the principle of the tax, but that he was ready to sacrifice it in deference to the outcry which had been raised against it! \* Still more ignominious appears the attitude of the Whig Government in its relations with the Irish. The occasion of Lord Grey's downfall was the renewal of the clause in the Coercion Bill for Ireland prohibiting political meetings. O'Connell was of course vehemently opposed to the clause. A minority in the Cabinet, comprising among others Lord Durham and Lord Althorp, was also of opinion that it was unnecessary, but Lord Grey and the majority were resolved to preserve it. Mr. Littleton, however, the Irish Secretary, informed O'Connell secretly that the Irish Government were in favour of abrogating the clause, and the consequence was that O'Connell withdrew the candidate whom he had put forward for election in Wexford, leaving the ministerial candidate to walk over the course. Mr. Littleton was soon obliged to communicate to O'Connell the decision of the Cabinet; the Irish leader, enraged at what he considered to be a breach of faith, revealed the whole transaction in Parliament; whereupon Lord Grey, Lord Durham, and Lord Althorp resigned; and Lord Melbourne having been summoned to reconstruct the Ministry, the Bill was passed *without the clause*.

Again in the Tithes Bill, which they introduced in 1834, the Government proposed to commute the tithes to a rent-charge. This proposal, however, was far from satisfying the cravings of O'Connell, who at first sought to throw out the whole Bill; but, failing in this attempt, he offered to withdraw his opposition if the Government would agree to abate tithes 40 per cent. To this astonishing stipulation the Ministry actually agreed, and meekly struck seventy clauses out of their own Bill! The surrender, however, proved too ignominious for the public pride, and the House of Lords, with general approval, rejected the whole measure.

It might have been expected that O'Connell, after these proofs of compliant servility on the part of the Whigs, would have treated his allies with some show of consideration. But in his

\* Hansard, xxxi. 365.



letters to Lord Duncannon of September 30 and October 11, 1834, he appears like Marlowe's Tamburlane, brandishing his lash over his submissive captives.

'I will not,' says he, 'set down aught in malice, but will give a full and unexaggerated detail of the principal acts of folly, fatuity, and crime, committed towards and against the people of Ireland by the Ministry since November 1830. I write more in sorrow than in anger, more in regret than in hostility. It is true you have bitterly deceived me, bitterly and cruelly deceived Ireland. But we should have known you better. You belong to the Whigs, and after four years of the most emaciating experience, we ought indeed to have known that Ireland had nothing to expect from the Whigs but insolent contempt and malignant but treacherous hostility.'

Mark, however, the change in his tone after the downfall of the Whigs in 1834, when the family quarrel had been patched up, and the Liberal fractions were again united on the 'plain Whig principle' of turning out the Tories.

'I am still for the Repeal—sink or swim, live or die, I am for the Repeal. And here I proclaim, by everything sacred, to those who are most opposed to me, that I am ready to concur with them, and make with them the transition not only free from danger, but perfectly safe.'

Let us now make a leap from the times of the 'first Reform Bill' to recent history, and see whether forty years of experience have produced any change in the characteristic features of the Liberal party. We will take a fresh point of observation in the Parliament elected in 1868. The great Liberal majority in that Parliament seemed thoroughly to satisfy Burke's definition of a party: after a long period of neutral-tinted policy, they appeared as 'a body of men united for promoting by their joint endeavour the national interest upon a particular principle, on which they were all agreed.' That principle was called 'Justice to Ireland.' It was loudly professed by every member of the majority in tones of exalted enthusiasm, and the public were led to believe that the time had at last come when its leaders, casting aside their old petty considerations of rivalry and intrigue, were prepared to conduct the affairs of the nation on the loftiest principles of political virtue. But what was the real motive power in this vast mass of organized opinion? The Whigs deny that they are 'the delegated instruments of democracy,' but they cannot deny that from 1868 to 1874 they were the enthusiastic or obedient followers of the statesman who disestablished the Irish Church and passed the Irish Land Act. Mr. Gladstone has told us—in words which have been often quoted, but which are



so illustrative of our present argument that they deserve to be repeated—how his policy came to be initiated.

‘When it came to this, that a great jail in the heart of the metropolis was broken open under circumstances which drew the attention of the English people to the state of Ireland, and when in Manchester policemen were murdered in the execution of their duty, at once the whole country became alive to Irish questions, and the question of the Irish Church revived. It came within the range of practical politics.’

Perhaps Lord Grey may have learned a lesson of the same kind in his dealings with O’Connell. But then Lord Grey did not so loudly proclaim that the motive of his policy was ‘Justice to Ireland.’

We pass from 1868 to 1880, and we find the same story with different details. In 1874 the country awakened from the spell which had been cast over it, declared against the Liberals, and Mr. Gladstone, with lofty resentment at such ingratitude, retired like Achilles to self-communion in his own tent, leaving his devoted followers to organize, as they best might, their shattered forces. For a moment it seemed as if Whig supremacy was once more to reassert itself. Lord Hartington, in preference to Mr. Forster, was elected the Liberal leader, and the new commander-in-chief displayed all the traditional qualities of his race and connection, tact, patience, moderation. So completely prostrate was the Liberal power that, in the uneventful infancy of the new Parliament, all sections of the party were apparently prepared to submit to aristocratic guidance. The one principle on which they were agreed was the necessity of turning out the Tories, and for this purpose no better leader could have been selected than the heir of one of the most distinguished of the great Revolution Houses. Played according to regular rules, the old Whig game has proved completely successful; the Liberals have been united; a Whig Ministry is once more in power.

But by what means have these results been produced? Undoubtedly by concessions to the Irish and the Radicals, which cannot fail to be a source of great embarrassment to those who now find themselves the responsible Ministers of the Crown. We all remember what happened at the Liverpool by-election. Lord Hartington, it is true, after the outburst of indignation in England, did his best to explain away Lord Ramsay’s surrender, and no pledges were exacted from the Liberal candidates at the General Election. None the less was the Irish vote given without reserve to that party, and after the intemperate expressions

sions of opinion by Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone, and the temporizing tactics of Lord Hartington, there can be no doubt that though the Ministry are, numerically speaking, independent of the Irish party in the House, they are morally bound to them to an extent which they must now deeply deplore. It should not be forgotten that, though O'Connell's motion for Repeal was rejected by an enormous majority in the first reformed Parliament, it was nevertheless the Irish difficulty which proved fatal to Lord Grey. The present Cabinet, like Lord Grey's, are said to have been divided as to the necessity of prolonging the operation of a Peace Preservation Act. We trust that history will not repeat itself in other and more serious particulars.

If we turn from the Irish to the Radical wing of the Liberal party, the dependent position of the Whig leaders is equally manifest. The question uppermost in the Radical mind is of course that of Disestablishment, and the first destined object of attack is the Scotch Church. What was Lord Hartington's attitude with regard to this question as the leader of the Opposition? When he was last in Scotland, he announced that the principle of Establishment was one on which his mind was entirely open; he expressed no convictions on one side or the other, but declared that whenever the majority of Scotchmen should pronounce themselves in favour of severing the connection between Church and State he should be prepared to accomplish their wishes. A broader hint to the Anti-Church agitators could scarcely have been given.

And it is evident that the Liberation Society have justly gauged the nature of Lord Hartington's docile and pliant intelligence, for we find in their recently issued manifesto the following instructions: 'Every Liberal should be asked, "Will you vote for the disestablishment of the Church of Scotland?" or if the question be objected to in that form it may be put thus: "Do you agree with Lord Hartington that when the majority of the Scottish people express through their representatives their wish that their Church should be disestablished, the Liberal party should comply with that wish?"' A more bitter satire on the position of statesmen who endeavour to shift responsibility from themselves on to agitators and demagogues could not be desired. Nor can we avoid interpreting by the light of these tacit engagements the alacrity which the Government have shown in placing the Burials Bill in the forefront of their policy. Gladly as we would see this vexed question settled in accordance with principles of charity and justice, it is notorious that the compulsory use of the Church Burial Service in churchyards is not felt as a grievance by any considerable part of the rural Dissenters, and

and is only complained of by those pious friends of liberty who are recognized as the 'backbone of the Liberal party.'

But by far the most eloquent demonstration of Whig weakness and Radical tyranny is to be found in the history of the famous surrender of Lord Hartington to Mr. Chamberlain on the 'flogging question.' It may be remembered that a fierce opposition was offered by Mr. Hopwood, Mr. Chamberlain, and the Irish members, to that part of the Army Bill of last year which contained clauses relating to corporal punishment. The Ministry, encountered by persistent obstruction, showed perhaps too much eagerness to conciliate opposition; and the Secretary for War promised in the course of debate to make a statement, when the schedule prescribing the degrees of punishment came under consideration, which he hoped would be satisfactory to those who were opposing the Bill. Mr. Chamberlain, choosing to consider the promise as a virtual surrender of flogging, at once withdrew his opposition; but when it appeared that corporal punishment was to be retained, he professed to be extremely indignant, and, in a motion to report progress, demanded explanations from the Government. The discussion on this motion soon swelled into a debate, in which all the enemies of the Bill took advantage of the situation to relieve themselves once more of their previously expressed sentiments on the abominable use of the lash. Lord Hartington, who early in the evening had tried to stop the flood by stating courageously that he had not understood Colonel Stanley to say what Mr. Chamberlain supposed, was stirred up by an observation of Mr. Hopwood, who spoke of him as 'the individual who led him,' to disclaim all responsibility for the acts of his followers, whereupon Mr. Chamberlain rose to defend his conduct, and described Lord Hartington as 'the late leader of the Opposition.' Though Mr. Fawcett tried to compose matters by declaring that, while a Radical himself, he was proud to be led by one who had 'the courage of his opinions,' it seemed as if an irreparable breach had occurred between the Liberals and the Radicals. The lovers' quarrel was, however, very soon healed in the manner that was inevitable. The leader of the Whigs, who had gained such applause for 'the courage of his opinions,' by declaring that the proper time for discussing the flogging question would be when the schedule came under consideration, now found himself obliged to anticipate the schedule, by the proposal that the commanding officer should have the power of commuting a sentence of death to a sentence of flogging, the use of the lash being abolished in all other cases. His compromise being rejected, he then gave notice of an amendment that no Bill for the regulation of the discipline of the army would

would be satisfactory, which made arrangements for the permanent retention of flogging in the army. The speech in which he supported this amendment was one long personal explanation, in which he endeavoured to disguise the full extent of his surrender to the Radicals, under the contention that the Government, by abandoning the ground they had at first taken, had forced him to reconsider his whole position. Yet he himself had allowed, on the evening of his rupture with Mr. Chamberlain, that the interpretation which the latter had put upon Colonel Stanley's promise was not warranted by the words used!

And now what is the consequence of these factious manœuvres of the Whigs? From Mr. Childers's recent answer to Mr. Cowen, we see that the Government stand pledged to abolish flogging in the army before they have discovered whether this punishment can be replaced by any effective substitute. They are therefore in this position. They may have a full and fair enquiry into the whole subject, which would probably end in the retention of flogging as a disagreeable necessity, to the stultification of their recent action in the matter, and to the disgust of their Radical supporters. Or they may regard the abolition of flogging as a foregone conclusion, even if it has to be replaced by an ineffective mode of punishment, or by the extreme penalty of death enforced in all cases. In this case the Radicals would be satisfied; but those who are 'responsible for the discipline of the army at a great crisis' would not be greatly impressed with the patriotism of the Whigs.

To complete our view of the position of the Whigs, we have to consider how far they are still necessary to the organization of their party. After the passing of the Reform Bill the Whigs were the sole nucleus of administration in the new Liberal party; they alone possessed the knowledge of Parliamentary practice; no other section understood those arts of discipline and union which are necessary to the maintenance of party cohesion. Hence the Whigs started with immense advantages as democratic leaders. But these advantages would have availed them nothing, if it had not been for the divisions and blunders which disintegrated the ranks of their hereditary opponents. The Tories discredited themselves in 1830 by their stubborn resistance to reform; but the reaction set in almost immediately, and in 1841 the Whigs were in a minority of ninety. Then indeed it might have been supposed that their star had set for ever. But Fortune favoured them, and the rupture between Peel and the Protectionists let in Lord John Russell.

The twenty years that followed the downfall of Peel may be reckoned no doubt as an era of Whig triumph, but they are not  
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favourable to the reputation of the Whigs as consistent statesmen. Since the days of Walpole and the Pelhams, there had never been a period in which principle was so cynically ignored. No great question agitated the constituencies: the classes which, by the Reform Bill of 1832, had been admitted to the franchise were satisfied with the legislation that had been accomplished: timid measures of Reform were introduced by both parties, but on the principle that makes two rival railway companies project small branch lines that neither really desires. Whether we regard the factious intrigues of Lord John Russell, or the undisguised Toryism of Lord Palmerston, or the display of petty jealousies and disloyal tergiversation under the Coalition Ministry of Lord Aberdeen, we shall have to acknowledge that from the Repeal of the Corn Laws till the second Reform Bill, personal ambition is a far more noticeable feature in our politics than Whig principles.

Nevertheless the Whigs were still to the fore. Lord Palmerston called himself a Whig; Earl Russell was an enthusiast in the cause of civil and religious liberty; their following had been swelled by the accession of the Peelites, whose forces served to counteract the influence of the Radicals and the Irish; the Conservatives were a feeble minority, still suffering in public opinion from their old protectionist tendencies. Looking only at the surface of affairs, it might have seemed as if the Whig tenure of power was as secure as it had been in the early days of the House of Brunswick. But all the time the tacit and subtle influences which were set in motion by the first Reform Bill were transforming the organization of the Liberal party, and when Lord Palmerston died, and Earl Russell resigned the leadership, the Radical impulse which had been so long pent up burst forth like a deluge. The Whigs were borne along on the torrent. They had ceased in any sense to guide the destinies of the party. For though the Whig element was strongly represented in the new Liberal Ministry, the Prime Minister, himself a pervert from the Tories, had never been a Whig, and, as he has recently confessed to us, was now acting only as the delegate of a Radical majority. The spirit of Radicalism was apparent in all the acts of Mr. Gladstone's first Government. At home, it was their policy to make use of the power conferred on them by a numerical majority to impose their own will, under the name of Justice and Virtue, on the different classes and interests of the community. And at the same time, while manifesting, by such acts as their abuse of the Royal Warrant, an impatience of legitimate opposition on the part of their countrymen, they showed a remarkable readiness

readiness to lower the flag of England at any stern summons from foreign nations.

How completely they had miscalculated the temper of the country was shown by the General Election of 1874. That election also demonstrated that the old organization of the Liberal party had been thoroughly destroyed, and that such vestiges and traditions of aristocratic discipline, as had once helped to maintain its unity, had disappeared for ever. Whigs, Moderate Liberals, Radicals, Home Rulers, and crotchet-mongers, appeared in that state of elemental chaos, which had prevailed in the first Reformed Parliament, but without that nucleus of order which had then constituted a centre of attraction for the conflicting atoms. It was soon seen that such an undisciplined host was utterly incapable of maintaining an effective party warfare; some new method of organization had to be discovered; and, just as the principle which had animated the great majority in the Parliament of 1868 was undeniably Radical, so now it was from the Radical party that the invention proceeded, which was designed to unite the scattered Opposition in the Parliament of 1874.

Nothing is more significant of the transformation which has been effected in the Liberal party, than the adoption of the machinery somewhat inaccurately described as the Caucus. The leadership of the Whigs was due to English and historic influences; the new rules of discipline are imported from America, the home of democracy. The old party cohesion of the Whigs and Liberals was determined by a loyal adherence to a traditional connection, which allowed members still to consider themselves representatives; the Caucus, recognizing the difficulty of carrying out a scheme of concerted action by means of a body of freely thinking and independent individuals, exacts from all who avail themselves of its machinery a pledge of uncompromising obedience to the will of the majority.\* Its mechanism is extremely simple. A small body of electors, declared by vote or otherwise to represent the Liberal portion of the constituency, proceed (presumably in concert with the Federated Associations) to draw up from the various nostrums advocated by different sections of the party, a programme which they submit to the competitors from among whom they choose their delegates. The candidate whose political convictions are

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\* How far the will of the majority is really represented in the Caucus may be inferred from the operation of the machinery at the recent election in Birmingham. The instructions of the Liberal Association of that borough to the electors were a masterpiece of despotic simplicity. 'Vote as you are told. No panic.'



most elastic is naturally successful, and his nomination being once approved, the Association sets all its machinery to work to secure his election. Mr. Chamberlain tells us that the Caucus is established in sixty-seven Parliamentary boroughs, and the success of the system, regarded as a machinery for turning out the Tories, is undeniable. But if it is also to work as an instrument of legislation, it is evident that the constitution of our future Parliaments will resemble that of the Rump.

The general position, then, of the so-called Liberal party may in our opinion be thus summarized. The old aristocratic character of the connection has entirely departed. As regards the intellectual and moral sympathies which unite the party, Whig principles have evidently no longer any meaning in Parliaments elected by household suffrage. Nor is it possible for any man to give a positive definition of the 'Liberal' faith. Radicalism on the other hand is something definite and intelligible; its immediate object is destruction, and it has clear and decided views as to the means by which its policy is to be effected; whatever there is of movement and vitality in the Liberal party must spring therefore from the Radical section. Nor is there any probability that the action of the Radicals will be any longer modified and checked by the Whigs; for in the first place the democratic craving for Equality resents the imposition of aristocratic control, and in the second place the Radicals have now adopted an organization of their own. From all these considerations we contend that we have ample justification for our assertion that the Whigs, if they continue to be the leaders of the Radical party, must act as 'the delegated instruments of democracy.'

If the Whigs have owed much of their success to the atmosphere of virtue and illusion with which they have managed to invest their own party, they owe still more to the skill with which they have fostered the popular delusion as to the principles of their opponents. It is part of the Whig case that the Conservatives, as opposed to the Liberals, who are the party of progress and enlightenment, must necessarily be the party of stagnation and 'stupidity.' It is indisputable that the Tory party resisted many of the changes that have led to the present popular development of the Constitution. They long opposed the Repeal of the Test Acts, Catholic Emancipation, Electoral Reform, and the Abolition of the Corn Laws. But those who are loudest in their invectives against the Tories for their resistance to what are called 'the just demands of the people' are apt to forget that the Whigs, too, have been guilty of obstructing these popular measures. Walpole, when at the height  
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of his power, refused all relief to the Dissenters. Fox denounced Pitt's Commercial Treaty with France precisely on the same grounds on which the most statesmanlike among the Tories, with much better reason, afterwards defended the Corn Laws. Lord Melbourne, a typical Whig, declared that the man who should think of abolishing these laws would be insane. Burke, the most philosophical exponent of Whig principles, was as staunch an opponent of electoral reform as the Duke of Wellington himself. Yet no one thinks of declaiming against these eminent ancestors of the Liberals as 'stupid,' 'bigoted,' and 'tyrannical.' It is only Tories whose opposition to constitutional change is judged without reference to the considerations by which their policy is determined.

The matter, however, will stand in a clearer light if we examine the development of the Conservative party by an historical test of the same kind as that which we have applied to the Liberals. The Conservatives are the progeny of the Tories, and, from a party point of view, the latter must be regarded as the natural opposite of the Whigs. Both parties were originally called into existence for a similar purpose, namely defence; both, when their constitutional defensive purpose was effected, showed a tendency to run into illegitimate extremes. Thus the principle of Whiggism, having proved successful in limiting the prerogative of the Crown, was pushed by its advocates to the extent of centralizing all the powers of the State in the House of Commons, as being the natural administrative instrument of the Whigs. The Tories, originally united as a bulwark of the Crown against republican excesses, showed perhaps a leaning towards Absolutism in the reign of Charles II. They assisted the Whigs, however, to effect the Revolution of 1688; and they rallied under Pitt, a hundred years later, to defend the ancient mixed Constitution of King, Lords, and Commons against the encroachments of the Whig oligarchy. It is not altogether immaterial to call to the recollection of the Tory party their time-honoured traditional principle, at a period when it is contended by the Radicals that not only the right of control and of ultimate decision, but the power of initiation rests solely with the people.

But the struggle between Whigs and Tories was purely political, representing—as far as it represented anything—the opposition between elementary parts of the Constitution; the battle between the Conservatives and the Radicals which began with the Reform Bill of 1832 was social, and involved the question whether the Constitution itself should be preserved or destroyed. The Duke of Wellington clearly saw this when he

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wrote to the Duke of Rutland of the first Reform Bill : ' My opinion is that those who wish to preserve *the society called the British Empire* ought to omit no opportunity of awakening the public to the danger of the measures now under discussion.' What the Duke meant by his expression, ' the society of the British Empire,' is seen in a subsequent letter which he wrote to Lord Melville, speaking of the ruin in which the Bill would involve ' Church, Aristocracy, Property, Colonies, and eventually Monarchy itself.'

Liberal writers are fond of referring to these strong expressions of the Duke for the purpose of proving how baseless is the Tory dread of constitutional innovation. Looking to the course of current events, it might appear that the force of Radicalism is far stronger and better organized than it was in 1832; but the political optimist points with complacency to the still existing House of Lords, the security of property, the connection between Church and State, and Mother-country and Colonies, as if a tacit rebuke were thus conveyed to alarmists like the Duke of Wellington. A certain famous and dramatic colloquy in the Book of Judges will recur to the minds of some who are encountered by this kind of reasoning. ' And when Gaal saw the people, he said to Zebul, Behold, there come people down from the top of the mountains. And Zebul said unto him, Thou seest the shadow of the mountains as if they were men.' The shadow, however, turned out to be substance. ' Then said Zebul unto him, Where is now thy mouth, wherewith thou saidst, Who is Abimelech, that we should serve him? is not this the people that thou hast despised? go out, I pray now, and fight with them.' It may be, of course, that the Duke of Wellington saw ' the shadow of the mountains as if they were men.' But it may be also that the Liberal optimist, by overlooking what was substantial in the fears of the old Tories, may find himself suddenly confronted by the Radical Abimelech, and exposed to the mocking question, ' Is not this the people that thou hast despised?' Instead, of laughing at the blindness of the Duke of Wellington, optimists would do well, we think, to consider whether Conservative apprehensions have not in great measure been justified by events.

The Duke's view, then, was that all subjects of the British Crown were united in one society, the existence of which depended on the maintenance (1) of the connection between Church and State; (2) of that social and commercial order generally known as the protective system; (3) of the just influence of England in the councils of Europe; and (4) of the

mixed Government of the country by means of King, Lords and Commons. He thought that the alteration in the franchise proposed by the first Reform Bill would eventually cause the dissolution of these bonds of society, not, as in France, by revolutionary violence, but by the gradual processes of class legislation. Let us see how far his anticipations have been fulfilled.

(1.) It will scarcely be disputed that the Duke was right in holding that the fabric of the English Constitution is largely based upon the existing relations between Church and State. There is no other country in Europe in which the respective rights of the spiritual and temporal powers are not the subject of embittered conflict or of precarious agreement. We believe that the great majority of Englishmen agree with us in appreciating the benefits of our own Establishment, both as providing for the recognition by the State of the religion, which is the groundwork of our family life and morals and manners, and also as placing a restraint upon the sacerdotal order, which, when left to its own independent action, constitutes a peculiar peril to the existence of free society. To secure the advantages afforded by the establishment of the Protestant Reformed Church, the English people went so far as to alter the succession to the Throne, and to place important sections of the community under political disabilities. These disabilities were removed in part by the repeal of the Test Acts in 1828, in part by the Duke of Wellington's own measure of Catholic Emancipation in 1829; and the question in the Duke's mind when considering the Reform Bill of 1830—the logical consequence of the former Acts—was whether the Established Church could survive the admission to the Legislature and to the electoral franchise of great bodies of men indifferent or hostile to her interests. He concluded that she could not. Now, we do not ourselves perceive any logical connection between Emancipation and Disestablishment. Supposing it to be admitted that, in matters where the secular element predominates largely over the spiritual, the principle involved in the abolition of the Test Act must be fully developed, still unfortunately the question does not end here. The political Dissenters show that they will be satisfied with nothing short of religious equality, by which they mean the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Protestant Reformed Church of England. In itself, their enmity would avail little against an institution so firmly founded as the Church. But the abstract principles of the sect are bound up with the interests of professional partisans. Ever since 1832 the Nonconformists have been the backbone of the Liberal party; they abounded among the 107. householders enfranchised

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by the first Reform Bill, and, though the Act of 1867 brought a fresh set of class interests into the constituent body, the recent General Election shows that the democratic principles of the Dissenters give them great influence over the masses as agitators and organizers. If the Liberals are to hold together, they must make up their minds to pay the necessary price to the Non-conformist minority, and this payment would prove a long step towards the fulfilment of the Duke of Wellington's melancholy prediction.

(2.) The Duke himself did something towards accomplishing the second part of his prophecy; at any rate he acquiesced in the overthrow of our old fiscal system by Sir Robert Peel; and we will not now revive the controversy then determined. But, without the slightest intention of disturbing existing settlements, we may be permitted as Conservatives to ask how far the reasoning of the Manchester School has been approved by experience. Mr. Cobden looked on human beings as a congeries of money-making atoms; and, believing that the old commercial system was the product of ignorance and barbarism, he fancied that, when England had once shown the way, all nations would hasten to break down the barriers erected by centuries of jealousy and superstition. Thus, he thought, the road would be prepared for the reign of universal peace and happiness. But how have his anticipations been fulfilled? More than thirty years have passed since his doctrines were, to a great extent, applied to our fiscal policy: these thirty years have seen the armaments of Europe increasing with prodigious rapidity: they have witnessed the adoption of a stringent protective tariff in Germany; France and America have remained firmly of opinion, in spite of the burthen of almost prohibitive duties, that it is advisable for them as nations to be as far as possible independent of foreign support. In this state of armed suspense, England, alone among the great nations of the world, remains dependent on external sources for nearly two-thirds of her supply of food; and her great agricultural class suffers from its exposure alike to the inclemency of the seasons and the competition of the foreigner. But does it suffer alone? Let us observe the admissions of a journal which from the first has been an uncompromising advocate of the cheapening policy finally adopted in 1846.

'The falling of sterile English soil out of tillage through the breaking up of fertile American prairies,' says the 'Times' of June 4th, 'is not an injury but a gain to the United Kingdom. But it is indisputable that the gain is partly though by no means altogether, neutralized by the closing of farm-houses in Great Britain through

through the opening of new farms in America. . . . The loss to the country at large from the idleness of the part of the national capital which is represented by its arable soil would, so long as cheap American wheat prevented English land from being cultivated, remain a perpetual drawback from the benefit derived by Englishmen for paying less than before for a quartern loaf. It has been often said, and with truth, that British agriculture is after all the most considerable of all the considerable British industries. Of British agriculture the growth of wheat has hitherto been the staple. Not British farmers alone, but the whole nation might well have its satisfaction at the prospect of an illimitable wheat production in the United States and the Dominion clouded over, did the announcement imply at once a temporary stagnation of the British ploughman's labour and the British farmer's capital, and worse still a permanent annihilation of the worth of British arable soil itself.

Of course the writer comes afterwards to the conclusion that no such deplorable result is to be feared. Let us hope that his predictions will be more nearly verified than those of Mr. Cobden have been. Meanwhile it is observable that the legislative proposals of the present Ministry by no means evince an equal confidence. In 1846 we decided that the consumer is the only person entitled to protection, and that the producer must struggle as he can for existence according to the laws of demand and supply. But in 1880 the preamble to the Hares and Rabbits Bill informs us that 'it is expedient that further provision should be made to protect the crops of the occupier from injury and loss by ground game.' The 'further provision' accordingly prohibits a landlord and tenant from agreeing between themselves as to the disposal of the said ground game. Here then is a very pretty piece of paternal interference on the part of the State. And on what grounds is the interference justified? Not because the measure can protect the consumer, for nobody can suppose that it will lower the price of corn, though it may lessen the food of the community by exterminating a species of game largely consumed by the poorer classes. Then it must be protection for the producer, contrary to all Mr. Cobden's principles. Indeed, the advocates of the Bill scarcely take the trouble to deny this. 'The complaint is,' says one of them, 'that the most important industry in the kingdom is imperilled or injured by the over-rapid increase of a noxious animal, which increase, as experience shows, can only be kept down by giving to the tenants who suffer a concurrent right with the landlord to kill the animal off.\*' Now let us suppose an analogous argument used

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\* 'Spectator,' June 19.

by an old-fashioned Protectionist : 'The most important industry in the kingdom is imperilled by the increase of a noxious animal, namely, the cultivator of the virgin soil of America, whose competition, as experience shows, can only be met by a sliding duty on imported corn.' We should like to hear the abuse which would be poured forth on such a proposition. Yet where is the difference in principle? The Hares and Rabbits Bill is a measure solely for the protection of the producer, not of the consumer. Who doubts that the industry of the home-farmer is in far greater peril from the competition of the American corn-grower than from the ravages of the British rabbit? Free-trade, however, forbids all sound Liberals to protect English interests against the foreigner. It is, therefore, the duty of the State, in gratitude to a class which has lately discovered virtuous political instincts, to provide protection for it against its wicked Tory landlords. Whether or no such legislation is consistent with the latest discovered principles of Political Economy, it is scarcely calculated to promote harmony in 'the society of the British Empire.'

(3.) As the social balance of classes under the English Constitution has been the product of a conflict of forces proceeding through many generations, so this internal struggle has been the main cause of determining the position of England in the society of European nations. The Duke of Wellington was apprehensive that the Reform Bill of 1832, by giving an undue predominance to the more democratic classes in England, would subvert the established foreign policy of this country. To examine minutely the nature of this policy would evidently be a task too large for our present limits, nor shall we enter upon the subject further than is required to furnish a proof of the soundness and justice of the Duke's anticipations. But we would recommend all who wish to study the question, independently of those party considerations by which it has been of late so hopelessly perplexed, to refer to the work of Professor Burrows, the title of which stands at the head of our article, and which traces with admirable clearness the gradual development of the British Empire and its relations to the Continent of Europe.

Mr. Gladstone, in his Midlothian speeches, enumerated six abstract and moral principles which, he said, ought to determine the foreign policy of England. We for our part are quite content to accept the three main principles which have actually guided the established policy of this country from time immemorial. These, we believe, are : 1st, to abstain, as far as possible from all interference with the internal affairs of other nations ; but 2ndly, as our own safety, independence, and honour are largely dependent  
upon



upon the actions of our neighbours, to preserve our neutrality only so far as it is our interest to do so; 3rdly, to maintain the Balance of Power, and to enforce the obligations of Treaties, which are the foundation of International Law and the chief bond of European society. Of these three principles, though all are essential, we say deliberately that the most important is the second. The Balance of Power is simply a society of nations, each of which is sufficiently strong to preserve its own independence against the aggressions of its neighbours. But as the temptations to aggression and war are constantly present, no nation will be long able to preserve its independence, which is not prepared to maintain its power for offence and defence on an equality with its rivals, and to uphold, and in the last resort to fight for, its rights and interests. Now when we reflect on the extended meaning attaching to the phrase 'English interests,' involving as this does the cause of freedom in religion, government, and commerce, in all parts of the world, it seems astonishing that even partisans should object to this principle as the governing consideration of our foreign policy.

On this point let us hear Professor Burrows:—

'Instead of being ashamed of the principles on which the British Empire was founded, there is rather cause for our admiration. Given the lawfulness of trade, we grant the necessity of trading settlements, and postulate the duty of defending them. British wars and treaties may all be traced to this principle. But there is something besides. In the course of her progress, Great Britain has practically found her duties to her own subjects correspond with her duties to her neighbours. Her mixed continental and colonial position—we may add her religious position as the head of the Reformed Communions—developed on her part a persistent hostility to tyrants, which also provided for her own defence. The doctrine of the balance of power was only another phrase for that elementary duty. The support of the weak made her strong. The respect for International law, which she enforced at every sacrifice, coincided with her own interest, her own honour. With the internal concerns of other States she never interfered, except when and so far as those concerns affected her own rights, her own safety, her own existence as a nation. But it is still more to her honour that her successes in war were invariably followed by a modest retreat from the invidious position which she might have been justified in assuming.'

The mixed attitude of vigilance and neutrality here so well described England had maintained in her foreign relations up to 1830. But the application of the principle of her policy had demanded foresight, moderation, and independence, on the part of her statesmen; and the Duke of Wellington saw clearly that the proposed extension of the franchise would render the  
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exercise of these qualities exceedingly difficult. He feared that the balance of our foreign policy would be upset by the democratic sympathies of the new electors. He was right. From 1830 till 1848 England was a disturbing element in the European system by her perpetual interferences in the internal affairs of other countries on behalf of the revolutionary movement. After the latter date the influence of the Manchester school began to make itself felt, and we have already shown \* how the vacillations produced by the blending of the radical with the peace-at-any-price sentiments caused the country to drift into the Crimean war. We have shown also how the principles of Mr. Cobden gradually gained the ascendancy, and manifested themselves, first, in the shameful abandonment of Denmark in 1864, then in the tame surrender of the Black Sea Clauses of the Treaty of Paris, and lastly in the Three Rules of the Treaty of Washington. Now, however, it would seem as if the old principle of Radical interference were again reasserting itself. It was invoked by Mr. Gladstone in 1877; it is at present being applied in a manner which must almost certainly end in a farce or a tragedy, in a diplomatic rebuff like that which England had to endure in consequence of Lord Russell's Polish despatches, or in a European complication like that produced by Navarino. Nevertheless the spirit of the Manchester School is by no means extinct; it breathes in every word of the following remarks addressed by Sir John Lubbock to his constituents of the University of London after his election:—

‘If we were to annihilate Russian commerce, we should stop the food which would supply our people; if we ruined the Russian railways, her bonds were to a great extent held by our own countrymen; if we destroyed her credit and resources, we stopped our own dividends.’

If our imperial interests are to be at the mercy of the cosmopolitan philanthropist and the foreign bond-holder, it is not to be expected that we shall be able to preserve our old honourable position in the Councils of Europe.

(4.) The Duke of Wellington thought that Electoral Reform would prove fatal to the mixed Government of the country by means of King, Lords, and Commons. We shall not enlarge upon this point. The balance of power has in the course of our history shifted perpetually from one part of the Constitution to the other. But if we were to judge by the expressed opinions of the Radical party for the last three years, we should decide that the balance itself was no longer in existence. When we

\* ‘Quarterly Review’ for January, 1879. ‘Party Government.’

remember the enormous majority given by the constituencies to the present Liberal Government, and reflect that of the Ministry one important member is a professed Republican; that one leading member of the Cabinet itself never fails to glorify American institutions at the expense of our own; that another is the representative of democratic Radicalism; that the Prime Minister when in Opposition ostentatiously praised the pamphlet of 'Verax,' which denied the right of the Sovereign to exercise any personal influence on the conduct of affairs;—we say that with such evidence no reasonable man would venture to ridicule the apprehensions of the Duke of Wellington with regard to the position of the Crown. The House of Lords, if we are to take Mr. Gladstone at his word, is not entitled to much respect:—

'If,' says he, 'it please the Almighty, they [the House of Lords] will pass many good measures; but the moment the people go to sleep—and they cannot always be awake—when public opinion flags and ceases to take a strong and decided interest in public questions, that moment the majority of the House of Lords grows. They mangle, they postpone, they reject the good measures that go up to them.'

We transcribe with indignation these utterances of a demagogue against the hereditary Chamber; but in what terms can we fitly characterize the attitude of the present Prime Minister towards the House of Commons? On the 22nd of June, the House of Commons voted that Mr. Bradlaugh could neither take the oath of allegiance, nor affirm. On the 1st of July, Mr. Gladstone made a Cabinet question of a Resolution, whereby Mr. Bradlaugh was allowed to affirm. Why did he compel the House to stultify itself in this extraordinary fashion? Because, said he, but for Mr. Bradlaugh's knowledge that the rescinding Resolution was to be proposed 'we should have been subjected to the pain and grief of witnessing a repetition of the unbecoming scenes which occurred in this House a short time back.' Unbecoming, indeed! But could not the Prime Minister, wielding, as he does, the whole force and authority of the country, have protected the House of Commons against the incursions of Mr. Bradlaugh? No, said Mr. Gladstone, because on the 22nd of June the House had assumed to itself jurisdiction, 'and,' he added, 'I do not believe in that jurisdiction.' But this plea can avail him nothing, for it is evident that, when the Government first endeavoured to shirk responsibility by referring the question to Select Committees, they did believe in the jurisdiction of the House. The true position of affairs may be thus described. The majority of the House, acting on the report of the two Committees appointed by the Government, vote for the exclusion of

of Mr. Bradlaugh. Mr. Bradlaugh declines to submit himself to their authority, and threatens to coerce the House by means of mass meetings. Mr. Gladstone, *as having voted in the minority*, declines in the first instance to support the authority of the House, and next, compels the House, between the fear of Mr. Bradlaugh's threats and his own resignation, to reverse its deliberate judgment. Himself the elect of numbers, he disregards the dignity of the Legislature; he bows to the Sovereignty of the Mob.

Taking all these separate facts together, we find the answer of history to the apprehensions which led the Duke of Wellington and the old Tories to resist the first Reform Bill; and, except to such optimists as are beyond the reach of argument, we suspect that the light of experience will not appear unfavourable to the sagacity of the Duke's forecast. In 1830, as at the present day, it was the first object of Conservatives, like the Duke of Wellington, to preserve 'the society called the British Empire,' and the political Constitution upon which this was founded. Then, as now, it was the ambition of Radicalism to destroy this, and to build up in its place an Utopia based upon the dreams of individual Equality. Both the Duke and the Radicals understood that the instrument for effecting what the one feared and the other hoped was electoral Reform on the basis of numerical representation. The friends and enemies of the Reform Bill alike saw that by admitting all Englishmen within a certain low property limit to an equal share in the franchise the foundations of Imperial society would be weakened, partly in consequence of the democratic passion for change thus introduced into the Constitution, partly in consequence of the inevitable influences of class legislation. And so it has been. The tide rolls swiftly on in the direction which the Radicals desire. One defensive dyke of the Constitution after another goes down before it. The policy of Emancipation is almost complete. The old protective system is dead. The franchise is receiving perpetual enlargement. And now the waves have reached a point when the Duke's prophecy will be put to a final test, the base of the Constitution itself.

Under these circumstances, what should be the policy of the Conservatives? The Conservatives are a social rather than a political party; they are the representatives of that complex structure, based on religion, tradition, monarchy, aristocracy, and property, which the Duke of Wellington described as 'the Society of the British Empire.' It is the business of the Legislature to provide for the interests of society, and the opposition of the old Tories to the first Reform Bill was  
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inspired by the obvious consideration, that it would cause the Legislature to be constituted by an electorate very inadequately representing these interests, and dangerous to the existence of the British Empire. The basis of simple numerical election, however, having been once adopted, the Conservative party, after their usual manner, acquiesced in the settlement. And indeed, whatever resistance may hereafter be offered to the extension of the franchise on grounds of expediency, it is impossible in reason to discover any halting-place short of the lowest point which the principle can cover, since there is no intelligible moral or intellectual standard by which the fitness of Englishmen to exercise the suffrage can be tested. It is not on the question of the franchise that the Conservatives should join battle with the Radicals. For the danger to the Constitution lies less in the largeness of an electorate composed of different classes of varied and conflicting interests, than in the influence which a large electorate exerts over our historical party system.

We have pointed out on more than one occasion the unconstitutional tendency inherent in the Party system from the very beginning, as an encroachment on the indisputable prerogative of the Sovereign to select his Ministers; but the democratic nature of the existing franchise reduces this right to a mere nullity by practically placing the distribution of power entirely at the disposal of a majority of the electors. To secure the favour of the majority has become the sole principle which unites the Liberal party, whose leaders are accordingly driven to legislate for the many, at the expense of the less numerous classes in the community. Obviously this state of things operates both injuriously and unjustly upon the interests of which the Conservatives are the natural defenders. But we must be prepared to face the danger as we find it, without attempting, as an able school of political pessimists seem to recommend, any reversal of accomplished settlements, or assuming an attitude of hostility to democracy. Many influences will work in favour of Conservatism. There is, in the first place, the necessary weakness of a Government resting upon a coalition of classes, each of which is offended by the boons and bribes offered to any but itself. There is, further, the natural fear of Communism in an old and wealthy society in which property is widely distributed. There is our still acknowledged system of mixed government by King, Lords, and Commons, which is of itself a bar to the despotism of mere numbers. And beyond these there is the force of enlightened public opinion acting on all branches of the Legislature, and exposing every measure  
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of the Government to full discussion in the press. These are the weapons with which the Conservatives should defend the cause of society and order, showing the people that, while they understand the existence of constitutional liberty to depend on the preservation of the Monarchy, the Established Church, and the rights of property, they hold that under a Constitution so expansive as ours the claims and interests of all classes may be fairly adjusted.

Convinced as we are that Conservatism may eventually triumph if its real nature is once known, we have endeavoured in this article to discover, by the light of history and reason, the existing relations between the two parties in the State. We have shown that the Whig description of our party system, as a continuous contest between the old and the new, between stagnation and progress, between resistance and timely concession, is mere rhetoric, based on mythology, and contradicted by fact. We have proved in the first place that, whereas the dispute between the Whig and Tory parties before the first Reform Bill represented the struggle for supremacy between two elementary parts of the Constitution, the struggle between the Liberals and Conservatives since 1832 has been a conflict of principle between those who thought that the direct representation of the people by mere numbers would be favourable, and those who believed that it would be fatal, to the Constitution. That question has been settled by a long process of legislation: the Democratic element is fully and fairly represented in our system of mixed Government: and now the question between parties is again fundamentally different, namely, whether the Democratic element is to swamp both the others; whether our historic Constitution is to be preserved or destroyed, and our noble empire consolidated or dismembered.

Bearing in mind, then, the course that our argument has taken, we feel that in conclusion we are entitled, as Conservatives, to make a strong appeal both to the Whigs and Moderate Liberals, and to the constituencies. To the former we would say: '*Quousque tandem?*' Where are those principles which warrant you in boasting yourselves an organized party, distinguishable from the Conservatives on the one hand, and from the Radicals on the other? It is true that between you and us there was in 1832 a vital difference of opinion, and that the long course of civil, religious, and commercial emancipation, which has followed the first Reform Bill, may be fairly claimed as the development of Liberal policy. But that policy has now almost reached its natural limits; the Conservatives have accepted it with complete good faith; and the question is, whether

whether it can be said that there is a shadow of practical difference in principle between Whigs and Tories, Liberals and Conservatives. Reasonable men will scarcely pretend that there is. But we are well aware that, though such a difference may not exist in fact, it is necessary for party purposes that it should exist in appearance. A party in the State cannot hold together as a governing force, unless it is prepared to act on principles which are either adapted to satisfy the real necessities of society or to dazzle the imagination of the masses. The defect of your position as a Constitutional party is that you have not enough cohesion to make you strong for administrative purposes, while you have no Constitutional principles, as opposed to the Conservatives, which can catch the popular fancy. Assuming, therefore, that you are to sacrifice everything for the sake of power, you must of necessity throw yourselves into the arms of the Radicals. But if you do this, do it at least with your eyes open. You may conjure with the name of Progress, and pretend that all your actions are inspired by a zeal for civil and religious Liberty. But if you care to submit your recent conduct to candid inspection, you will find that it is in flagrant contradiction with those old principles of yours which you once proclaimed to be eternal. *Laissez-faire* was your grand maxim. How is this to be reconciled with your present movement towards making the State a competitor with private banks, or with your violent interferences between employer and workman, landlord and tenant? Political Economy was once invoked as your special "guide, philosopher, and friend." What would Political Economy say to your Hares and Rabbits Bill? You profess to respect the rights of property: but this does not hinder you, in the face of your declarations in 1870, from transferring these rights from the Irish landlord to his tenant. But when you have to deal with classes more numerous though less wealthy than landowners, then all your old zeal for the liberty of the subject returns, and you are quite ready to emancipate the enlightened masses from the harsh necessity of vaccination. Now the explanation of all this inconsistency is not difficult. You regard yourselves merely as the delegated servants of the 'people;' but by this term you mean nothing but a numerical majority of the nation, made up of a coalition of many interests, all of which expect a substantial reward in return for their political support. You forget that by the true theory of the Constitution your leaders are the freely chosen servants of the monarch, who is in a very real sense responsible for the welfare of her whole realm, and that, in their perpetual concessions to the requirements of the Caucus, they prostitute the



the authority which has been committed to them solely by the confidence of their Sovereign. Oligarchical as your traditions have always been, we decline to believe that you have finally cast in your lot with the Radical Republic. As one of yourselves says, the Irish Compensation Bill only touches 'the outskirts of a vast question.' But it concedes the essential principle. A short time ago your representative organ denounced as 'disingenuous' the warning which we gave last October, that the Whigs were playing the game of the Radicals. But events have now proved, with the utmost clearness, that if you make up your minds to remain at all hazards a party opposed on principle to the Conservatives, you must also prepare yourselves to destroy the Constitution of your country.

And to the constituencies we would say: You have at the recent election decided against the Conservatives, on the ex-parte statement of the Liberals: now that the conduct of the Liberals in office has proved that your judgment was largely based upon illusion, we ask you in fairness to consider the Conservative view of the entire political situation. You have been told by Mr. Gladstone, in his Midlothian speeches, that the sole ruling power of the nation is the majority of the electors; that numbers are the seat of all sovereignty, as they are the source of all virtue, and that therefore the initiative lies with them. And since numbers voted in favour of Mr. Gladstone's policy, while society, as represented by the aristocracy, the wealthy classes, and the clergy of the Established Church, voted in opposition to him, you have been told that numbers more truly represent the interests of England than society. We deny both propositions. We maintain that Mr. Gladstone's speeches contravene the letter of the English Constitution, in which the source of authority is, and was for ages before the first Reform Bill admitted the numbers of the people to a share in the representation, the mixed Government of King, Lords and Commons. But more than this, these speeches violate the whole spirit of our Constitution. We admit with all our heart that above and beyond King, Lords and Commons, there is a yet higher form of Sovereignty, the supreme controlling and deciding power in the country—Public Opinion. But Public Opinion is not a force which issues mandates by any form of constitutional mechanism; moreover its true function is rather to criticize than to initiate. For let each one of those electors, who in the mass are flattered as the Sovereign People, reflect how small a share he himself has had even in the selection of his own representative in Parliament, or in the shaping of the measures produced by the Minister whom he has helped to raise to place and power, and

and he will soon see that he is nothing but an instrument whom others employ to acquire sovereignty for themselves. As such his power is despicable, but as a member of a society governed and restrained by centuries of tradition, recognizing the sanctions of religion, and respecting the rights of property, his power, in so far as he can make it felt in a reflected form through his representatives in Parliament, is great. Hitherto this spontaneous but deliberate body of social opinion has been able to express itself through Parliament, because, in spite of all imperfections in the method of election, members of Parliament have themselves reflected the spirit of the free society which they represent. But if opinion be once identified with the emotional impulses of the masses, and if the House of Commons is to be instructed and controlled by the constituent body, Englishmen will begin to see that members of Parliament are no longer councillors of the realm, but the dependent delegates of professional intriguers who understand the art of manipulating numbers. The House of Commons will have ceased to be a vital body; it will be recognized as a machine; we shall all know that—

‘As the prompter breathes the puppet squeaks.’

We deny again that mere numbers can adequately represent the great social interests on which the national existence of England is founded. Such an idea of representation never entered into the view of the authors of the first Reform Bill. The Whigs and Moderate Liberals who passed that measure said that the extension of the franchise to all Englishmen within a certain property limit would return a House of Commons better qualified to consult for the interests of the nation than could be constituted by the vote of the close boroughs. They believed that the new electors would give representation to the classes who had hitherto had no spokesmen in Parliament, and they thought or said that each of these electors would vote, not as a mere unit contributing towards a majority at the poll, but as a member of society understanding the great interests that were at stake, and prepared to return men of independent character, who would deliberate freely on Imperial questions. The Tory party thought otherwise: we said that the new regime would be productive of party triumphs and class legislation. We were beaten, however, and after our fashion we accepted our defeat, resolving under any circumstances to trust the Constitution to the common sense of the people. Whether or no the Tory predictions were verified by the proceedings of the first reformed Parliaments, it is plain enough that they are being verified to-day. What are the Hares and Rabbits Bill, the  
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Irish Compensation Bill, and the Vaccination Bill, but unblushing class legislation? And the consequence of the mere introduction of such measures is the spread of a feeling of distrust, apprehension, and insecurity, which has no parallel in the present generation.

Do not these things prove to you very conclusively the vast extent and the imminent danger of our political illusions?' The Radicals, in a party sense, are masters of the situation, because they are the only members of the so-called Liberal majority who understand clearly what they wish done. They tell us that they are conducting us to an Utopian state of Liberty and Equality. But observe the means which they employ to arrive at the goal of their desires. They lately accused us of aiming at the restoration of personal government. Nothing indeed could have been more groundless than the charge. Our sole offence was to assert, in face of the Radical dogma that the Sovereign was a mere cipher in the Constitution, the indisputable Constitutional principle that the Ministry, though they are responsible to Parliament, are the servants of the Sovereign, and that the right of the Sovereign to choose his Ministers must necessarily carry with it the right to communicate to the Ministry his own personal opinions as to the conduct of affairs. But the Radicals, who then insisted that the Ministry are the mere nominees of Parliament, have now gone one step further, and contend that the Prime Minister is the nominee of the majority of the electors, and charged as their delegate with absolute power. And since the present Parliament shows some hesitation at swallowing the Radical programme which the Government have provided for it, Mr. Gladstone is advised 'by a change in the construction of Parliament to bring it into harmony with what, rightly or wrongly, *he* believes to be the wishes of a great majority of Englishmen.'\* A Parliament elected by numbers to obey the will of a Dictator! Could any more arbitrary form of government be conceived? The various supporters of the Radical party at the late election ought no longer to be in any doubt as to the fate which is in store for them. The great Liberal landlords, who occupy 'large spaces of the earth's surface,' must understand that, as they are a less numerous class than their tenants, their views as to their rights of property are entitled to less consideration, and that they must submit when the State bids them to forfeit their rents. But let not the farmers be too much elated. Their labourers may, by 'an alteration in the construction of Parliament,'

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\* 'Pall Mall Gazette,' July 3.

become more important even than they, and whenever an Absolute Prime Minister, a Radical Philosopher, or a sagacious Caucus, prescribe, they and other large employers of labour may find the State interfering to regulate the rate of wages. Then will come the turn of 'numbers' themselves. The masses will learn that, through the influence of a benevolent section of 'the great majority of Englishmen,' their liberties of eating and drinking are to be largely retrenched. Thus as the Revolution in France was said to devour its children, so, in the pursuit of Radical Liberty and Equality in England, each interest, after helping the State to prey upon its neighbour, will find the monster advancing upon itself. The English people have experienced a similar state of things before now, and it may seem strange that the descendants of men who found the rule of the Saints and of Cromwell intolerable, should submit meekly to the rod of the philosophers and Mr. Gladstone. We know, of course, why it must be so. The chastening discipline of the Caucus and a Dictator is necessary to preserve the unity of the Liberal Party. But the question is whether the unity of the Liberal Party is of equal importance to Englishmen with the society of the British Empire.

# THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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- ART. I.—1. *Japan: its History, Traditions, and Religions, with the Narrative of a Visit to Japan in 1879.* By Sir E. J. Reed, M.P. With Map and Illustrations. London, 1880. 2 vols.
2. *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan. An Account of Travels on horse-back, chiefly in the Northern Districts of Japan, including Visits to the Aborigines of Yezo and the Shrines of Nikkô and Isé.* By Isabella Bird. With Illustrations. London, 1880. 2 vols.
3. *The Satsuma Rebellion. An Episode of Modern Japanese History.* By Augustus H. Mounsey, F.R.G.S. Maps. London, 1879.

**A**MONG the most delightful of Japanese legends is the ancient myth of the wrath and appeasement of the Sun-goddess, Amaterasu, in which we have, doubtless, the earliest Shintô essay toward some explanation of that still wonder-striking phenomenon—in the eyes of primitive peoples no less awful than marvellous—an eclipse of the sun. Incensed at the rudeness of her younger brother, Susanoö, the god of the sea, who threw the reeking hide (or carcass) of a piebald horse flayed backwards over her as she sat at her loom, the From-heaven-shining-great-goddess hid herself within a cave, the mouth of which she closed by a huge rock, and left the universe in darkness and distress. To tempt her forth, the eight millions of gods, after a great Council held in the bed of the Stream of Heaven (Milky Way), hit upon the following device. One of their number, the goddess Udzumè, was set a-piping sweetly by the mouth of the cave, while hard by its rock-door the god Tajikara (Strong i' th' arms) was placed in ambush. The strains of the pipe, mingled with the Homeric laughter of the gods, who had assembled without to await the result of their stratagem, pleased the Sun-goddess mightily, and thus and otherwise tempted she pushed the rock-door ajar and ventured to peep out. Strong i' th' arms alertly availed himself of the opportunity, and, drawing her out into the open, prevented her return by passing behind her the

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slight but effectual barrier of a rice-straw rope. We are not told that the goddess in any way resented this somewhat irreverent compulsion of her will, or that she was afterwards otherwise than well pleased to resume her place among the sustainers of the universe.

In the leading features of this antique legend we may, without overtasking the imagination, see foreshadowed the recent history of Japan. Irritated and alarmed at the tendencies, real or fancied, of her intercourse during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries with the 'Namban' or Southern savages, as Europeans were then termed, from the fact that their ships approached Japan from the south, she withdrew in high dudgeon, more than two hundred years ago, into an almost complete isolation from the rest of the world. The emissaries of the West, from time to time, endeavoured, but in vain, to induce her to abandon her seclusion; but it was not until past the middle of the present century that, half-angrily, half-inquisitively, she partially yielded to the blandishments of an American Commodore. The Strong i' th' arms of Western civilization was on the watch; and inexorably, if not ruthlessly, drawn from her isolation, Japan found her retreat cut off by a paper barrier of cross-character treaties. Thus suddenly and only half-willingly confronted with the light, she blinked, struggled, hesitated; but her natural instincts soon resumed their sway, and her rulers are now, apparently, not merely content but eager to run the race with the swiftest in the path of modern progress.

The Revolution, or Restoration as the Japanese prefer to term it, of 1868 is an unique event in the history of the East, fraught with consequences of incalculable importance to the dense populations whom it has so long been the fashion to regard as obstinately unprogressive. It is not therefore to be wondered at that the nations of the West have during recent years displayed an extraordinary interest in the fortunes of their rejuvenescent and energetic sister. Her history, language, and antiquities, her arts, religions, philosophy, literature and science, have been attentively, even enthusiastically, studied, and ample materials now exist in an accessible form, enabling us fairly to understand the past, judge the present, and, to some extent, forecast the future of the great island Empire that divides the broad Pacific from the stormy waters of the China Sea. The three works of which the titles head this article, if read together as they should be, will be found to present a far more just and accurate view both of Old and of New Japan than can be gathered from the previous literature of the subject. Even the classical history of Kaempfer must yield the palm to the exhaustive and learned

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learned work of Sir E. Reed ; whilst Miss Bird has given us the fullest as well as, let us say it at once, the most impartial account we have yet met with of the actual condition of the Japanese people, and Mr. Mounsey's brilliant monograph resumes the causes and fortunes of the great rebellion in Satsuma that terminated in the happy completion of the unity of the Empire.

A distinguished politician, an experienced man of business, a scientist of repute, and a literary craftsman of no mean order, Sir E. Reed has shown no less industry and acumen in the selection of his materials than skill in their arrangement and presentation. But his conclusions do not always commend themselves to our judgment. On this point we shall have more to say presently ; for the moment, we are concerned rather with the facts our author has gathered together than with the inferences he has deduced from them.

After describing the land and its climate, somewhat exaggerating, in our opinion, the merits of the latter—about which Miss Bird very truly remarks, 'The traveller's opinion of the climate depends very much upon whether he goes to Japan from the east or west: if from Singapore or China, he pronounces it bracing, healthful, delicious ; if from California, damp, misty, and enervating'—Sir E. Reed approaches the vexed and difficult question of the origin of its inhabitants, laying considerable stress upon a new theory of Japanese descent broached by Mr. Hyde Clarke, who sees in them a Turano-African race, which we find very difficult of acceptance. Nor is it by any means certain that more than an inconsiderable proportion of Aino blood runs in the veins of the Japanese peasant. Mr. Griffis's assertion, quoted by our author, that 'in scores of striking instances the very peculiar ideas, customs, and superstitions of the Japanese and Ainos are the same or but slightly modified,' is the very reverse of the truth, as Miss Bird's account of the Yezo aborigines amply proves. The Ainos are, indeed, as unlike the Japanese, physically and morally, in habits, religion, and in language—so far as a linguistic comparison of the two peoples is at present possible—as any races of man well can be, and have adopted few of their conquerors' usages other than the love of fuddling themselves with *saké*, and the worship of a single deified hero, Yoshitsuné, the famous brother of the first Japanese Shôgun. The problem is one that still awaits a solution, which we venture to think will not be arrived at until the anthropology of the Polynesian and Malayo-Polynesian races shall have been satisfactorily worked out.

Sir E. Reed found 'in the villages and towns generally large  
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men to be the rule, and small men the exception.' Miss Bird's experience is of an opposite kind. She describes the men as 'small, ugly, kindly-looking, shrivelled, bandy-legged, round-shouldered, concave-chested, poor-looking beings,' and the description, though unflattering, is certainly true. The expression of the Japanese countenance, however, is generally very pleasing, and the features light up wonderfully with a smile. The women 'are as a rule small and very small,' and, adds our traveller, quoting Mr. Anderson, late of Tôkiyô, 'when young they are usually attractive, notwithstanding the unclassical outline of their features; the neck especially is nearly always beautifully modelled.' Miss Bird, on the other hand, states that the girls, though

"appearing modest, gentle, and pleasing-looking," show "nothing like even passable good looks." "The noses are flat, the lips thick, and the eyes of the sloping Mongolian type; and the common custom of shaving off the eyebrows and blackening the teeth (though less common in Tôkiyô than formerly), together with an obvious lack of soul, give nearly all faces an inane, vacant expression."

This judgment we think a harsh one, but it must be admitted that the women do their very best to make themselves hideous by excessive paint and powder, and by swathing themselves in an awkward bundled-up costume. Their youth, too, rapidly fades away, they nurse their children into the fifth year, and, as Mr. Anderson has acutely observed, 'Three years of marriage carry the girl of the middle and lower classes over fifteen years of her youth.\*' But the delightful ease and grace of their manners, their pretty gestures, and, above all, their musical voice and silvery laugh, constitute undeniable attractions, of which it were as unfair as ungallant not to record their possession.

Some hundred and fifty pages of Sir E. Reed's first volume are taken up with an elaborate summary of Japanese history, which our space compels us to notice very briefly. The annals of Japan are not inviting reading. Their dull monotony of partisan warfare and intrigue is unrelieved even by an episodic struggle for any great, good, or generous object, while the people remain throughout in a condition of servitude or effacement. Their historical value, too, is doubtful; especially is this the case with compilations of a date anterior to the thirteenth century, which are, indeed, in great part, mere collections of myths, legends, and traditions. The Japanese, however, have long accepted, and still to a considerable extent accept, these chronicles as veritable history, and on this account, as well as for other obvious reasons,

\* Dobell's 'Annual Reports on Diseases of the Chest,' 1878.

they demand and even repay an attentive study. Sir E. Reed has been careful to make his epitome as interesting as the subject renders possible; the labour, perhaps, was the less irksome in that he seems to share the faith of the Japanese in the trustworthiness of even their earlier annals. The art of writing was introduced into Japan during the sixth century of our era, and the *Kojiki* ('Notices of Ancient Things') and the *Nihongi* ('Chronicles of Japan'), the earliest of extant writings, were compiled at the beginning of the eighth century. Yet the Japanese go back to the year 660 B.C. for the origin of their monarchy, and gravely tell us the very day—the 7th of April—on which the first of the Mikados ascended the throne of the Reedy Land. The one certain fact to be extracted from these primitive records is that at some period, anterior probably by a few centuries only to the date of the compilation of the *Kojiki*, colonizing bands, coming from or through Korea, settled in Japan, principally on the shores of the fertile plain on which the modern and ancient capitals, Kiyôto and Nara, now stand. The earlier immigrations seem to have taken place before Chinese letters and civilization had penetrated into Korea, after the introduction of which, fresh bands, less numerous probably than those which had preceded them, brought a knowledge of the arts, literature, and polity of China to their kinsmen in Japan. The earliest polity and the earliest literature of the latter country were wholly Chinese in form, and almost wholly Chinese in spirit. The elaborate legal code known as the *Taihô Riyô*,\* said to have been promulgated in the districts within the immediate rule of the Mikado in the eighth century, is Chinese in style, terminology, and substance. Up to the commencement of the current decade, the civilization of the Japanese was almost entirely Chinese in character; and even at the present day the acceptance of Western civilization is principally confined to a comparatively small section of the ruling class, the members of which are with few exceptions *ci-devant Samurai*. The *Samurai* are probably the descendants, with more or less admixture of aboriginal blood, of the primitive Chinese or Korean immigrants; the number of Chinese words, altered only in pronunciation, received into the language, especially into the book and newspaper language, daily increases, and it is still doubtful whether silent Chinese influence will not carry the day against at least the moral and spiritual forces of European civilization. The almost complete absence of any traces of an

\* An interesting account of this, by Mr. C. J. Tarring, will be found in Vol. III., Pt. 2, of the 'Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan.' (London: Trübner and Co.)

indigenous Japanese civilization, and even of any noteworthy development of the civilization introduced from the Middle Kingdom, is a remarkable feature in the history of the Japanese people, and one that should be carefully borne in mind in estimating the national character, and in drawing conclusions as to the real meaning and probable outcome of the political and social changes now in progress.

For the story of the mediæval wars of the Hei and Gen, of the usurpation of Yoritomo, the founder of the Shôgunate, and of the deeds of Nobunaga, Taikosama and the great Iyeyasu or Gongen Sama, the first of the Tokugawa dynasty, and the deified hero of the splendid temples and shrines at Nikkô—sources of innumerable legends, romances, and dramas—we must refer our readers to the sixth and several following chapters of Sir E. Reed's first volume. To ourselves the most interesting portion of Japanese history is the Christian episode of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. We altogether dissent from the harsh judgment Sir E. Reed has deemed it necessary to pass upon early Christianity in Japan. We have no great sympathy with Catholicism, but we have a regard for justice, and justice has not been meted out to the pioneer missionaries of that faith in the Sun-Source Empire. No records left behind by the native Christians of that age have come to light, and the only indigenous accounts of their doings that appear to have been preserved are the compilations of the enemies and persecutors of their faith. Quoting from one of these writers, Sir E. Reed says of the early missionaries :

'Their plan of action was to tend the sick and relieve the poor, and so prepare the way for the reception of Christianity, and then to convert every one, and make the thirty-six provinces of Japan subject to Portugal.'

The italics are our author's, who in a note adds his conviction that the words thus emphasized

'furnish the clue to the tremendous persecution which befel the Christian converts subsequently.'

Again (p. 199):

' . . . The Jesuit missionaries and their converts, instead of commending their religion by the preaching of the gospel, by furnishing examples of godliness and charity in their own lives, and by the pure love of truth and virtue . . . sought to spread their faith by the evil arts of corruption, abuse, and persecution. With the doubloons of Spain and Portugal, furnished as "alms," influence and support were purchased, the priests of the existing religions were insulted and attacked, their idols destroyed, their shrines and temples burnt. The people were in many places commanded to become Roman Catholics

by

by their converted lords, the alternative being banishment and loss of all they possessed.'

And (p. 296):

'It appears beyond all doubt certain that, as the Roman Catholic missionaries made progress in Japan, they became less wise, less prudent, and less just in the course which they pursued, *they or their converts making war upon the Buddhist priests, whom they called devils, overthrowing their gods and temples, and commanding the people either to become instant converts to Christianity or to take themselves off from their families, their homes, and all they possessed.*'

The italics in the last extract are our own.

The writings of Charlevoix, the correspondence of the missionaries preserved in the '*Lettres Édifiantes*,' and the various authorities summed up in M. Léon Pages' exhaustive and easily accessible '*Histoire de la Chrétienté au Japon*,' demonstrate with abundant clearness the utter falsity of these monstrous accusations, brought by Japanese authors—translations of extracts from whose works seem alone to have been consulted by Sir E. Reed—against the Christian fathers. The missionaries squabbled among themselves, and, doubtless, were not always wise in their policy, or prudent in their fervour. It is possible, too, that the converted lords may occasionally have compelled their vassals to adopt the 'evil doctrine,' though no single instance of such compulsion can, we believe, be found in the reports sent to Rome by the missionaries during the hundred years that Christianity was more or less tolerated by the government of the Shôguns, and it cannot be supposed that facts were wilfully kept back or carelessly passed over by the fathers, that would have testified to the success of their operations.

It was not until 1614, considerably more than half a century after the visit of Xavier in 1548 or 1549, that any active measures were taken against the Christians, less on account of any positive doctrines they professed, than because they disbelieved 'in the Gods and Buddha,' which, being interpreted, probably meant at bottom merely a disinclination to pay Shintô and Buddhist tithes and church-rates. The proclamation of Iyeyasu, of which an interesting summary\* is given p. 298, can hurl no heavier accusation against the 'Bateren' or Padri than that 'they disbelieve in the army of Gods, . . . if they see a condemned fellow they run to him with joy . . . and do him reverence.' 'If this,' adds the great Gongen Sama naïvely, 'is not an evil law, what is it?' It is true that the 'Kirishitan'

\* Translation of Mr. E. Satow, Japanese Secretary to the British Legation in Japan.

band is in the preamble charged with not 'merely sending their merchant-vessels to exchange commodities, but also longing to disseminate an evil law, to overthrow right doctrine, so that they may change the government of the country, and obtain possession of the land,' and a similar accusation is preferred in the very curious account of Christian principles given by an expelled Buddhist priest and quoted on p. 297. Charges of this kind, however, were mere inferences, not drawn by the Japanese themselves, but suggested, fifty or sixty years after the introduction of Christianity, by the Protestant rivals of the Spaniards and Portuguese for the commercial supremacy in the Far East. No proofs whatever are cited by Sir E. Reed—none, indeed, have yet come to light—other than the assertions of their enemies, that the missionaries ever taught or sought the subversion of the Japanese state, and it is but a cheap sneer to hint that they did not introduce the 'composing doctrine of Christ's love—peace and goodwill,' but 'the use of firearms and the doubtful blessing of imported cannon,' to be followed up in the nineteenth century by what we suppose must be taken as the certain 'blessing' of imported ironclads.

The opposition to Christianity that arose in the seventeenth century was, indeed, almost wholly of a political character. Its doctrines became obnoxious because they were connected with the dread of foreign subjugation, suggested, as we have shown, by Protestant traders—a dread that has ever since haunted the Japanese mind, and still, perhaps, forms a leading element in the foreign policy of Japanese statesmen. The political rivalries, again, that kept the country in perpetual turmoil during the Shôgunates of Nobunaga, Taikô, and Iyeyasu, compelled the converts to take sides in the factious wars that desolated the land, and Christianity became, perhaps, eventually as much a political as a religious bond of union. Had the Christian daimiyôs supported the unifying policy of the Shôguns, the persecutions that culminated in the massacre of Shimabara in 1637 of the Hizen insurgents, whose rising is said by a native writer 'to have been mainly caused by the bad government of the reigning prince,'\* would probably never have defaced the pages of Japanese history. The persecuting spirit lingered down to our own times. It was only in April 1873 that the notice boards at the entrances of villages and towns prohibiting the 'evil sect,' whose doctrines, by the way, Sir E. Reed likens to those of Buddhism, were removed. In the previous year, the strenuous and long-continued exertions of Mr. Adams,

\* 'Christianity in Japan,' by J. H. Gubbins, of H.B.M.'s Consular Service, Japan. 'Transactions of the Association Society of Japan,' Vol. VI., Pt. 1.

our then chargé d'affaires, and his French colleague, M. de Turenne, obtained the release of a number of native Christians, whose only crime was their faith, and who had been imprisoned for more than four years. This fact is not mentioned in the work before us—a significant incident, if it was the fact that out of 3000 who went into prison barely 1000 came out alive. True to the spirit of kindly, if occasionally somewhat excessive, admiration of everything Japanese, that pervades every page of his book, Sir E. Reed finds in Shintô a pure, native religion, founded originally upon the conception, stated with amusing vigour, that

'there existed in the beginning one God, and nobody and nothing besides . . . whose name signifies

THE LORD OF THE CENTRE OF HEAVEN;

and next, and before anybody or anything else entered upon the scene, appeared' two other gods, their 'names respectively signifying

LOFTY PRODUCER, and  
DIVINE PRODUCER.'

But these are merely synonymous epithets of the Sun, and the Japanese originally worshipped, as they still worship, the Sun, as the most prominent natural object and as the source of all life and light. This is not monotheism; at first probably the Sun was revered purely as a natural object; the anthropic ideas involved in the epithets we have cited had a much later birth. Whatever remains Shintô may possess of an indigenous religion, it cannot be doubted that, in the form under which we know it, doctrines akin to those of Taoism have entered largely into its composition. The myths of Shintô, though not more repulsive, as Sir E. Reed justly observes, than those of Greece, have found no Homer to enshrine them in song, and it must be confessed that it would be difficult to extract from most of them any poetic meaning or to invest them with any attractiveness for the European mind. A considerable number of them are collected in these volumes, to the pages of which we must refer the reader for examples of the mythological inventiveness of the ancient Japanese. Although Buddhism is tolerated, the official religion is a sort of improved Shintôism, of which the following three commandments, promulgated by the Government in 1872, form the basis.

'Thou shalt honour the Gods and love thy country.

Thou shalt clearly understand the principle of heaven and the duty of Man.

Thou shalt revere the Emperor and obey the will of his Court.'

The



The political ingenuity of the last commandment, especially of the concluding portion of it, is amusing.

Shintô, whatever may be its value from a philosophical point of view, has undoubtedly been of immense service in preserving the unity of the Japanese Empire through many vicissitudes. Its cardinal doctrine, the divine origin and absolute supremacy of the Mikado, has never been lost sight of, even in the most troublous times; and Yoritomo, Nobunaga, Hideyoshi and Iyeyasu, though they arrogated to themselves all executive power, never failed to recognize the religious and legal pre-eminence of the Mikado, through whom, and through whom alone, the Gods communicated with the people and watched over their safety and welfare. Nor has it fallen before the learning and influence of the Buddhist clergy, who, indeed, do not seem at any time to have sought its downfall, but rather to have encroached upon its domain and to have found in it a sort of natural, as opposed to a revealed Buddhism, more or less obscured by superstitious practices. The Mikado himself was often, if not always, more or less of a Buddhist, and the Japanese generally appear to have viewed the 'way of Buddha' and 'the way of the Gods,' as equally certain paths to happiness and to heaven; the latter route, perhaps, being rather preferred by the peasantry, and the former by such of the higher classes of society as were not Confucianists.

Sir E. Reed's disquisition on the language and literature of Japan is full of curious information. True, it is not free from errors, but Sir E. Reed does not pretend to possess even a rudimentary knowledge of the language, and his mistakes are, for the most part, not of a serious character. For some of them, indeed, he is not primarily responsible, as, for instance, for the statement made on the authority of Captain Brinkley, R.A., for many years professor of mathematics in one of the Government Colleges in Tôkiyô, that '12,000 or 13,000 characters must be stowed away in the memory, beyond the reach of time and the necessity of revision, before the young Japanese can fairly start in pursuit of science.' Very few Japanese, in point of fact, are masters of more than 5000 characters; with 3000, almost any book, save such technical terminology as it may contain, may be easily deciphered, and it is wonderful how far a knowledge of even 1500 will carry the European student of Japanese literature.\* The system of writing, however, is sufficiently complicated

\* In the Chinese version of the Bible, and 27 other books printed at their press, the Shanghai Presbyterian Mission employed 1,100,000 characters, but only 5150 different characters. In the translation of the Scriptures 4141 different characters were used. In the above 28 works 13 characters were found to occur over



complicated to justify its being characterized by Captain Brinkley as 'a terrible blemish;' even the natives spend from five to seven years in acquiring a sufficient command of it. It has reduced a noble tongue to a dissonant, broken-down Chinese jargon, and maintains the Japanese—if not to their own harm, to that of the rest of the world—in an intellectual isolation through which only scholars favoured with leisure and possessed of great patience and enthusiasm can ever hope to win. It is almost wholly this difficulty of mere decipherment, that prevents foreign residents, though well acquainted with the spoken language, from being capable of reading 'a newspaper article, a book or a letter, addressed to them,' and not, as our author appears to suppose, the difference that exists between the written and colloquial vocabularies and styles. Pure Japanese is, as Mr. Chamberlain, in a passage cited by Sir E. Reed, rightly says, 'a mellifluous language,' in which 'it would be hard . . . to find one word less euphonious than another: in that tongue, so different from the semi-Chinese jargon of the present day, every syllable is a delight to listen to.'

We cannot accord to the literature, properly so-called, of Japan, any very high rank. It is at best an echo of that of China. Some of the medieval romances are pretty, especially that known as *Taketori Monogatari*; the tale of *Taketori*, and many of the poems in the ancient collection (10th century, A.D.) called the *Manyōshū* ('The Myriad Leaves') have a certain quaint beauty, when not disfigured by puns or meaningless 'pillow words,' that eke out the metre, such as it is, but not the sense.

Sir E. Reed passes a high but well-merited eulogium upon the present Cabinet, of the members of which he gives brief but interesting biographies. With the exception of the Premier, Sanjō, and his Vice, Iwakura, who are 'Kugè,'\* they are all members of the *Samurai* class, of respectable but not noble lineage. Most of them were, up to 1868 or even later, among the bitterest opponents of Western civilization: they have, however, long since fully recognized either its superiority or the necessity of its adoption, and by the wisdom and moderation of their rule won the admiration and regard no less of foreigners than of their countrymen. Their task, however, is still far from

over 10,000 times each, 229 over a thousand times each, and 3715 characters (many probably as phonetics to render proper names) less than 25 times each, showing that with a knowledge of some 1500 characters and their compounds the whole of the 28 works might be deciphered with little difficulty.

\* The 'Kugè' were nobles of the Mikado's court, of higher rank but less power than the 'daimiyō' or territorial nobility, who were supposed to own the suzerainty of the Shōgun.

being

being altogether an easy one. They are obliged to defer more or less to the prejudices of an immense army of bureaucrats, in whose ranks the more energetic or more fortunate of the *Samurai* have found refuge, while the poverty and ignorance of the masses constitute serious difficulties in the way of effecting much-needed reforms. No constitutional means have yet been devised, either for the sufficient expression of such intelligent public sentiment as exists in the country, or for the peaceful accomplishment of such ministerial changes as may from time to time become necessary to ensure a due representation of the best public opinion in the Councils of the Mikado. From the upper ranks of the bureaucracy there too often mounts an unwholesome atmosphere of intrigue, in which healthy governmental action becomes impossible, and on the whole it seems that the future of Japan can only be permanently assured by so remodelling the construction as to rest the power of the executive upon the intelligent assent and support of the commonalty, enlightened and instructed by a free and well-informed press. How this reform is to be accomplished, to what extent its accomplishment is possible, are difficult problems, which we do not pretend to solve, and which in all probability will not be solved unless and until some native political genius shall appear on the scene, adequate to the task and sufficiently favoured by circumstances to bring it to a satisfactory conclusion. The Government is in reality an oligarchy, in form a simple despotism, tempered by a Supreme Council, consisting of the Prime Minister and two Vice Prime Ministers, together with the heads of the various departments of State. The Emperor is a man of large-minded and liberal views, and deservedly popular with all classes. Sir E. Reed, who had the honour of a personal interview with his Majesty, speaks of the descendant of the Sun-goddess in terms of enthusiasm which the recent history of Japan fully justifies. The Kuwôgô, or Empress, has won the love of the people by the sweetness and affability of her demeanour, and especially by the interest she exhibits in the education and elevation of her sex. During the last ten years the Government has put an end to many abuses and accomplished great positive reforms, but much yet remains to be done. Among the more pressing needs are the remodelling of the constitution upon an extended representative basis, the enactment of a more humane and scientific penal code, of a public criminal procedure, and of a code of civil law. The position of women, too, is still deplorably low, and complete emancipation from their present state of humiliating thralldom to their male relatives is an indispensable condition of any permanent social progress. The existing laws or rather customs

customs of marriage, succession, and adoption, require a radical reform, and we trust that the Government, with the assistance of the public, may be able to abolish the 'terrible blemish' of Chinese calligraphy which throttles, imprisons, and isolates the intellect of the nation. With questions of religion the Government does not appear in the least to concern itself. Christianity has full toleration accorded to it, and Buddhism is raising its head again, while the official Shintô is dying of inanition.

The members of the higher ranks of the bureaucracy—the real rulers of the country—are almost to a man indifferentists. What form of religion, if any, may ultimately commend itself to them, we cannot even guess, and it is equally difficult to conjecture what in the next century will be the religious condition of the masses. Of the future of Christianity in Japan it is difficult to speak with any confidence. Sir E. Reed, as we have shown, excuses, if he does not applaud, the Japanese in their condemnation of it as hitherto presented to them. Miss Bird does not take a hopeful view of the prospects of the religion of Christ, whether taught by the Protestant, the Catholic, or the Greek missionaries. Against the Catholics more or less of the old historical prejudice still subsists. The Greek missions maintain an active, and, we believe, pretty successful propaganda. We do not remember any other country not under Russian control in which they are to be found. Akamatzu told Miss Bird that he thought Christianity might make progress in some of the country districts but not in the towns, and a native preacher, Mr. Neesima, was of a similar opinion. Mr. Fyson, a missionary at Niigata, quoted by Miss Bird, finds, however, 'strong prejudices against Christianity in the country, and extreme indifference in the city.' The medical mission work of Dr. Palm, of Niigata, seems on the whole the most successful. The American missions, too, are extremely well conducted in Japan, as elsewhere. Their members are most earnest in the work, pay great attention to education, and extend their operations with much of the business-like keenness and sagacity of an enterprising trader. Of Mr. Neesima and his labours, Miss Bird gives a most interesting account. He is a *Samurai*, and highly connected. He was induced to study Christianity by the perusal of some Christian tracts in Chinese, which he found in Yedo. He went to China—it was at a time when the Japanese were prohibited from leaving the country—sold his swords (the extent of which sacrifice will be understood by those who knew Japan under the Shôgunate), and managed to find his way to America, where he studied the doctrines of Christianity, and finally, after a five years' course of theology at Andover, took orders.

orders. He also visited England, where he was much impressed by the drunkenness of the men and the 'innocent faces of the children.' It is satisfactory to learn from Miss Bird that 'the demand for the books of the New Testament (translated) is increasing rapidly,' and that 'very many thousand copies have been sold during the last year (1877), and there must be altogether a prodigious number in circulation.'

Sir E. Reed made good use of the short time he had at his disposal, and, accompanied by his son—whose modest record of the general impression which the first views of the country and people produced upon a youthful traveller shows great keenness of observation—managed to visit all the treaty-ports save Niigata and Hakodate, Kiyôto, Nara the ancient capital, the celebrated Shrines of Isè, the Mecca of the Shintôists, and the noble old town of Nagoya, of which we do not remember to have met with any description in any previous writer. At the last mentioned place, preserved in the Shrine of Atsuta, he was shown one of the three sacred emblems of Shintô, the famous Grass-mowing sword, stolen by a crafty serpent from the Sun-goddess in the dim mythical time. The opportunity is laid hold of for a digression upon the Japanese Sword, which under the picturesque régime of Old Japan, seems to have been almost an object of adoration with its wearers, who had to observe a minute and peculiar etiquette in its port and use, some very curious details of which are given.

From the deck of a Japanese steamer, under the command of an English captain, Sir E. Reed enjoyed the enchanting diorama of the island-studded inland sea, and he embellishes his narrative by quaint stories of the gods and heroes whose temples and burial-places stud its picturesque shores. The educational and industrial institutions of Kiyôto, the establishment of which is due mainly to the energy and far-sightedness of the Governor of the Western capital, struck him with admiration; and, in truth, nowhere in Japan has the civilization of Europe been more faithfully and intelligently applied to the promotion of the culture and well-being of the people. At a tiffin in Kiyôto, given by the Governor, our travellers' susceptibilities were shocked by one of the attentions shown to them—

'which consisted in serving alive a large fish taken in the morning, one side of it being almost entirely carved to pieces; but the carving so done—this being the proof of skill in the artist—that the fish was quite alive, and had, it seemed, a reproachful look in its moving eye as it was handed round.'

Before taking leave of Sir E. Reed, we feel constrained to record our total dissent from the extremely harsh judgment he

has

has passed upon foreign diplomacy in Japan. His two volumes are throughout pervaded by a spirit of extravagant eulogy of his hosts, and in his Introduction he prefers or adopts a formal enactment of arrogance, fraud and tyranny against the Treaty Powers in general, and against England in particular, in their dealings with Japan, which we believe to be wholly unsupported by the facts. Utterances of this kind have been long familiar to us as part of the common claptrap of a certain section of the Young Japan party, and we are not greatly concerned, even if we had space, to deal with them in any detail here. Their complete refutation will be found in the Blue Books and in the diplomatic correspondence of our representatives in Japan from the days of Lord Elgin to the present time. We do not deny that errors were committed in the earlier period of our intercourse with the Tycoon's Government, but these were almost wholly occasioned by the ignorance, in which Japanese isolation had forcedly kept the world for over 200 years, of the nature of the Government and polity of Japan, and especially of the powers and attributions of the Tycoon himself. Up to 1870 or 1871, indeed, it was difficult to obtain trustworthy information concerning the mode in which the administration of the country was conducted. In some of our proceedings the Japanese may well be excused if they discern a certain high-handedness, but Sir E. Reed can plead no such justification of the deliberate publication of hearsay and hypothetical charges of dishonesty and tyranny against the diplomacy of the West, and above all against the diplomacy of this country.

'It is we,' he writes, p. xxxii., 'who are said to have delayed the revision of the Treaties, to have objected to the laws of Japan having reasonable application to foreigners, to have attempted to force on the country an illegitimate trade in opium, to have objected to the closing of the foreign post-offices, and to have secretly fomented the difficulties with China on the Loochoo question.'

He adds :—

'The members of the Japanese cabinet are not, so far as I know, the authors of these complaints; to me, at least, they were exceedingly reticent on all such matters.'

Nevertheless, a few lines further on, we are assured that the views recited are those of well-informed persons, and 'were corroborated by such of the ministers' as could be 'induced to speak on the subject.' Of these charges none are true in whole or in part, and we challenge Sir E. Reed to produce any justification whatever of any one of them, other than the loose and irresponsible

irresponsible talk of native editors and of nameless underlings and hangers-on of the Government.

In an appendix are printed the treaties and conventions in force between Great Britain and Japan, together with useful lists of the emperors and year periods, with the dates according to the Japanese and Christian calendars. Notes are added upon swords and sword-makers, followed by a comparative table of words in Japanese, West African, and other languages, drawn up by Mr. Hyde Clarke, which we take to be of doubtful value, many of the so-called Japanese words not being Japanese at all, but Chinese vocables pronounced *japonicè*; some of them we are wholly unable to recognize.

Of Miss Bird's two volumes it is impossible to speak in terms of too high praise. They fully maintain the well-earned reputation of the author of 'Six Months in the Sandwich Isles,' and 'A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains,' as a traveller of the first order, and a graphic and picturesque writer. The title she has chosen for her new book is no misnomer, it was in very truth in journeyings over 'unbeaten tracks' that she passed the greater portion of the seven months she spent within the dominions of the Mikado. Few foreigners, even of the stronger sex, would have had the courage and perseverance to face and surmount the obstacles which a frail woman, in ill-health, accompanied only by a single native servant, encountered in her cross-country wanderings in 'jinriksha,' on pack-horse, nay even on cowback, from Nikkô to Niigata and thence to Awomori, over bridle-paths and rough mountain-tracks almost unknown to Europeans. But Miss Bird is a born traveller, fearless, enthusiastic, patient, instructed, knowing as well what as how to describe. No peril daunts her, no prospect of fatigue or discomfort disheartens or repels her. Her rare powers of observation and research are always on the alert, fair weather or foul, and every page of her book testifies to her possession of that supremest of traveller's virtues, the faculty of resisting the temptation at the close of a toilsome day to slur over the unattractive and tedious duty of writing up the day's journal.

These fascinating and instructive volumes are by no means easy to review. The minute criticism of a Japanese scholar might indeed detect inaccuracies in the statements, and in some instances we must confess ourselves unable to accept the conclusions of our traveller, but on the whole we find ourselves reduced to play the part of showman rather than of critic; and even in the former rôle we are met by the difficulty, that our faculty of selection is weakened by the sustained interest and excellence of the subject-matter of our task. We must beg our readers to

peruse



peruse the volumes themselves; our best presentment of their contents will give but an imperfect notion of their novelty and charm, and fail to render due justice to their brilliant and talented author.

Miss Bird, though dealing with a now well-worn subject, has broken entirely new ground. She travelled through districts very rarely traversed and never before described by foreigners; over some portion of her route, probably, no foreigner, certainly no foreign woman, had ever passed. It was her object to study the masses in their homes, in their daily lives, and amid their usual surroundings; to penetrate into their modes of thought, and learn the manner of their hopes and fears, their joys and sorrows. Her conclusions will be unpalatable to some, destroying as they do not a few illusions, but it is time that the truth should be told in plain and fearless language. Ample materials for arriving at a fair estimate of the political and social condition, needs, and prospects of the Japanese people, will be found in these volumes, especially if read together with, but after, Sir E. Reed's work, both as a corrective of the latter and because in it the history, religions, and traditions of Japan are elaborately and lucidly set forth.

Miss Bird's lively narrative shows that she has not lost either the sense of humour or the power of picturesque word-painting that have distinguished her previous works. She possesses a singular faculty of discovering strange characters, and converting them into devoted adherents—even a wild Aino, Pipichari, was subdued into lying at her feet like a strong patient hound. The portrait of her servant, interpreter, and factotum, Ito, is a fitting pendant to that of 'Mountain Jim' in 'A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains,' though the two worthies are as far apart as the poles from each other, physically and morally. Ito was a not very prepossessing youth, eighteen years old, four feet ten inches high, bandy-legged, plain, stupid-looking, but with a rapid, furtive glance in his eyes that seemed to show his stolidity to be in part assumed. He was an excellent specimen of the rank and file of 'Young Japan.' 'Nothing surprises or abashes him,' writes Miss Bird in one of her earlier letters; 'he is obviously quite at home in a legation' and 'seems as sharp or "smart" as can be. . . . He is intensely Japanese . . . thinks everything inferior that is foreign, and delights in retailing stories'—which we may venture to add parenthetically were probably pure inventions—'of the bad manner of Englishmen.' But 'he is not a good boy,' he 'has no moral sense . . . would tell a lie if it served his purpose;' has 'but little heart or any idea of any but vicious pleasures. . . . His frankness is startling;



he despises the intellects of women, but flirts in a town-bred fashion with the simple tea-house girls.' His anxiety to speak the very best English led sometimes to ludicrous mistakes. On one occasion Miss Bird remarked 'What a beautiful day is this!' and soon after, note-book in hand, he said, 'You say a beautiful day, is that better English than a "devilish fine day," which most foreigners say?' We have some suspicion, however, that Master Ito was amusing himself at his mistress's expense upon this occasion. On the whole, he seems to have been a helpful servant and a capital interpreter, and Miss Bird's readers will owe much of the enjoyment and instruction they will derive from these volumes to his quickness and versatility. As far as dress is concerned, it is only by the 'obi,' or girdle, and by the mode of arranging the hair, that one can tell a woman from a man. The women did not appear to Miss Bird to possess any pretensions to even 'passable good looks.' Their costume was no more to our traveller's taste than their looks:—

'The female dress is surely not graceful, tumbling off at the shoulders, as tightly dragged round the hips as the most inconvenient of English dresses, though to the *front* not the back, so narrow as to impede locomotion, and too long for muddy weather. Tottering with turned-in feet on high wooden clogs, with limbs so tightly swathed that only the shortest steps are possible, a heavy chignon on the head, and the monstrous bow of the *obi* giving the top-heavy wearer the appearance of tumbling forward, the diminutive Japanese women look truly helpless.'

The materials, however, are often unexceptionable in character and colour:

'The wife of Saigo, the Minister of Education, called one day in an exquisite Japanese dress of dove-coloured silk *crêpe*, with a pale silk underdress of the same material, which showed a little at the neck and sleeves. Her girdle was of rich dove-coloured silk, with a ghost of a pale pink blossom hovering upon it here and there. She had no frills or fripperies of any description, or ornaments except a single pin in her chignon, and with a sweet and charming face she looked as graceful and dignified in her Japanese costume as she would have looked exactly the reverse in ours.'

The Japanese come off badly when compared side by side with their Celestial neighbours. The contrast between the sturdy, broad-shouldered, regular-featured Celestials, who throng the streets of Kobe and Yokohama, with the meagre wizen-faced natives, who shuffle awkwardly by on high wooden pattens or in slip-shod straw sandals, is a striking and an instructive one:

'One cannot be a day in Yokohama without seeing quite a different class of orientals from the small, thinly dressed, and usually poor-looking

looking Japanese. Of the 2500 Chinamen who reside in Japan, over 1100 are in Yokohama, and if they were suddenly removed, business would come to an abrupt halt. Here, as everywhere, the Chinese immigrant is making himself indispensable. He walks through the streets with his swinging gait and air of complete self-complacency, as though he belonged to the ruling race. He is tall and big, and his many garments with a handsome brocaded robe over all, his satin pantaloons, of which not much is seen, tight at the ankles, and his high shoes, whose black satin tops are slightly turned up at the toes, make him look even taller and bigger than he is. His head is mostly shaven, but the hair at the back is plaited with a quantity of black purse twist into a queue which reaches to his knees, above which, set well back, he wears a stiff black satin skull-cap, without which he is never seen. His face is very yellow, his long dark eyes and eyebrows slope upwards towards his temples, he has not the vestige of a beard, and his skin is shiny. He looks thoroughly "well-to-do." He is not unpleasing-looking, but you feel that as a Celestial he looks down upon you.

Vast numbers of men merely fulfil the functions of beasts of draught or burden. In Tōkiyō alone there are over 23,000 'jinikshas,' a kind of perambulator, with shafts, drawn, not pushed, by one or two men, and doing the duty of cabs. A few years of this work affects the runners with various forms of heart and lung disease, and not many outlive five years of it. Good runners will trot forty miles in a day at an average rate of four miles an hour. They can easily keep up with a carriage all the way from Yokohama to Odawara, some thirty-five miles.

The shopkeepers are polite, but apathetic. The subjoined humorous account of their ways hits them off admirably :

'If you like and wish to buy an article you don't ask its price, but that of several other things, working indifferently round to it. Perhaps the vendor says ten *yen*; you laugh as if you were very much amused, and say two *yen*. He laughs derisively, but quite good-naturedly, and you put it down, on which he says eight *yen*; you laugh again and walk about, on which he looks amused, and says seven *yen*; you say carelessly three *yen*, he looks sad and appears to calculate on his *soroban*; you move as if to go out, when most likely he claps his hands, looks jubilant, and says *yuroshi*, which means that you are to have it for three *yen*, which possibly is far more than it is worth to him. If the sellers were sour and glum, this process would be unbearable, but if you are courteous and smiling, they are as pleasant as people can be.'

The only shops that make any show are the toy-shops. Sweetmeat shops are innumerable; so too are booksellers' shops, where translations of Mill, Spencer, and Darwin are common. The 'Origin of Species' especially has a large sale. There are

no books on religion. The few translations we have looked into were very bad, and must have left the minds of their readers in a dire state of confusion. It is singular that no epitomes or explanations of Western civilization or philosophy by native writers are to be found. They would be far more useful than translations, which, in view of the impossibility of rendering the Western terminology into Japanese with any degree of clearness, save by long paraphrases, are, at the very best, awkward conveyances of Western thought.

Women hold a very inferior position in Japan. They can be divorced at pleasure; and we have heard on Japanese authority that 60 per cent. of the marriages end in divorce, 'so bad,' added our ungallant informer, 'are the women.' This, however, is doubtless an exaggeration—one, nevertheless, indicating pretty well the position of the weaker sex. Crimes against women, even under the new Codes, if committed by husbands, parents-in-law, or elder brothers, are very lightly punished, in some cases hardly punished at all. Miss Bird gives (vol. i. p. 323) *in extenso* a curious native code of morals for women. As an unmarried girl she must not be spoiled, lest 'she quarrel with her husband's relatives.' Among other causes for divorce are disobedience to a husband's relatives, jealousy, and a 'chattering tongue.' Her principal duty is to obey her husband, to converse with him 'with a smiling face and humble word,' think 'her husband to be heaven, and not resist him, even when angry.' Above all, though she must be rigidly chaste herself, she must not interfere with her husband's amours. She may, however, admonish him, if she do so 'in a gentle, kind manner.' The bad qualities of women are love of slander, spitefulness, jealousy, and ignorance; 'seven or eight women in ten have these maladies,' hence their inferiority. They are stupid, therefore they must be humble; 'in all stations of life the wife must stand behind her husband.' Even in Japan, however, the sex are beginning to assert their rights—to the great disgust of a writer in one of the native papers, the *Meiroku-zasshi*, whose effusions came under Miss Bird's notice. After alluding to their increasing power as one of the results of European intercourse, he instances, with considerable scorn, the fact that among Europeans men are not permitted to smoke in the presence of ladies: 'the reason that men are thus prohibited from smoking is that the ladies do not like it. But if I smoke I do so in virtue of my rights as a man; and if the ladies do not like it, they should leave the room.' To adopt this custom would involve 'a limitation of the freedom of power. . . . At present there is much discussion . . . as to the relations . . . between

men

men and women,' and, if care is not taken, 'the power of the other sex . . . will become so overwhelming that it will be impossible to control it.' The masses of the population, especially on her journey from Nikkô to Niigata, and thence to Awomori, Miss Bird found frightfully poor, and repulsively dirty in their dwellings and habits. The fact is the cleanliness of the Japanese is much more apparent than real, and the rose-coloured descriptions of Japanese life met with in most recent works upon the country are altogether opposed to the truth—which it is as well should be made known, even at the expense of destroying a pleasant fiction. The Japanese bathe frequently, but—

'The bathing is not for purification, but for the enjoyment of a sensuous luxury. Soap is not used, and friction is apologised for by a general dabbling with a soft and dirty towel. . . .

'These people wear no linen, and their clothes, which are seldom washed, are constantly worn, night and day, as long as they will hold together. They seal up their houses as hermetically as they can at night, and herd together in numbers in one sleeping-room, with its atmosphere vitiated to begin with by charcoal and tobacco fumes, huddled up in their dirty garments in wadded quilts, which are kept during the day in close cupboards, and are seldom washed from one year's end to another. The *tatami*, beneath a tolerably fair exterior, swarm with insect life, and are receptacles of dust, organic matters, &c. The hair, which is loaded with oil and bandoline, is dressed once a week, or less often in these districts, and it is unnecessary to enter into any details regarding the distressing results, and much besides may be left to the imagination.'

Almost the best, certainly the most picturesque, side of Japanese life is seen in the temples and temple grounds. Of the curious mixture of gaiety and devotion that may be witnessed on any feast-day at the famous temple of Kwan-on, Asakusa, one of the most populous quarters of Yedo, a vivid picture is given:

'Crowds on clattering clogs pass in and out, pigeons, of which hundreds live in the porch, fly over your head, and the whirring of their wings mingles with the tinkling of bells, the beating of drums and gongs, the high-pitched drone of the priests, the low murmur of prayers, the rippling laughter of girls, the harsh voices of men, and the general buzz of a multitude. There is very much that is highly grotesque at first sight. Men squat on the floor selling amulets, rosaries, printed prayers, incense sticks and other wares. *Ex votos* of all kinds hang on the wall and on the great round pillars. Many of these are rude Japanese pictures. The subject of one is the blowing-up of a steamer in the Sumidagawa with the loss of 100 lives, when the donor was saved by the grace of Kwan-non. . . .

Most

Most of the prayers were offered rapidly, a mere momentary interlude in the gurgle of careless talk, and without a pretence of reverence; but some of the petitioners obviously brought real woes in simple "faith." I specially noticed two men in stylish European clothes, who prostrated themselves over and over again; and remained before the altar several minutes, offering low-voiced prayers, with closed eyes, and every sign of genuine earnestness, and several women in obvious distress, probably about sick persons.'

Here, too, is 'a revolving library of the Buddhist Scriptures,' of which a 'single turn is equivalent to a single pious perusal of them,' an advance upon the famous prayer-wheel, so common in Thibet and not infrequent in Japan. Miss Bird is never tired of praising the courtesy, good-nature, gaiety, and gentleness, of the people. They deserve her encomiums, but with limitations, for it must not be forgotten that they are quite capable of the most cold-blooded ferocity. Her account of the Japanese mode of horse-breaking shows this, and the present writer's experience of many years' contact with the people tends to prove them superficially rather than really kind. Foreign visitors commonly see them at their best, on holiday occasions, or upon their good behaviour, but residents who are acquainted with their daily life come to recognize much that is evil in their treatment of the unprotected. The Japanese pony—a sorry, vicious animal, it is true, with 'three movements (not by any means to be confounded with paces)—a drag, a roll, and a scramble'—has an especially hard time of it, and a Society for the Protection of Animals would find plenty of work to do in Japan. Violent crimes are far from rare; up to quite recently punishments were of a most barbarous character, and the use of torture in judicial process was universal. Nor is Miss Bird quite correct in her assertion that 'the Japanese of the Treaty-ports are contaminated and vulgarized by intercourse with foreigners.' Numbers of ne'er-do-weels and illegitimates are attracted to the Treaty-ports, where they find abundance of well-paid work offered without any questions being asked. Travellers are apt to be unjust to the foreign community. The vices of the Japanese are indigenous, not imported, and the rowdiest class of the early days of foreign intercourse—the *rōnin*—has completely disappeared. Their politeness, doubtless, has suffered, but the politeness of the Japanese is much more a mode of external manners than born of any heartfelt benevolence. Nor is it fair to twit the foreign resident with lack of interest in the country and its people; the charge, indeed, is not true, as the pages of the 'Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan,' and the contents of the several daily and weekly

weekly English newspapers published in Yokohama, abundantly show. The merchant, however, is necessarily much occupied with his own affairs, and has but little time or energy left for other work. The language, too, is a great bar to any study of the literature of the Japanese, or investigation of the many interesting points of their political and social condition. It is, no doubt, easy to pick up a few conversational phrases, but several years of patient study are necessary to attain sufficient command of the language to render fruitful enquiry possible, while the absence of common associations renders social intercourse with the natives at best but an interchange of frigid courtesies.

Many of their superstitions are extremely curious. The goddess Kwan-on is much trusted as a reliever of pain; among the famous tableaux exhibited at Asakusa is one 'of a man suffering from violent headache, who is directed by Kwan-on to the spot where the buried skull which belonged to him in a former state of existence is being split open by the root of a tree which is growing through the eye-socket.' On removing the root, the pain ceases.

Every one wears charms—even the 'smart' Ito did so—figures of gods or saints, or amulets from Isé, as protective against snakes, foxes, illness, accident, barrenness, &c. 'In sleeping, the head must on no account be turned to the north, because that is the position of a corpse after death.' It is dangerous to throw hair or nail-clippings on the hearth. If you want to get rid of a tedious visitor, you need only burn a *moxa* on the back of the wooden clogs he will have left in the *doma* (entrance-yard); a fisherman meeting a priest will have no luck that day; bad fortune is sure to occur to those who put on new clothes after 5 P.M.; no bachelor should light his pipe at the *andon* (lantern-lamp) instead of at the *hibachi* (brasier), else he will not get a good wife; while to pour tea absently otherwise than out of the spout, is a sure sign of the approach of a priest. One of the prettiest is that of the 'Flowing Invocation'; the liberation of a soul in torment by the wearing out of a 'piece of cotton cloth suspended by its four corners from four bamboo-poles just above a quiet stream,' through which it is hoped passers by will pour water, with the aid of a dipper provided for the purpose, accompanying the compassionate act by a short prayer.\* Rich people, it seems, buy a cloth dexterously scraped thin in the middle, so as to hasten the process,

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\* We believe this invocation is used only for women who have died in childbirth.



thus illustrating the native proverb, 'The judgments of Hades depend upon money.'

One of the commonest idols is that of Daikoku, the Buddhist God of Wealth :—

'He is jolly and roguish-looking usually, as indeed the god may be who leads all men, and fools most. He is short and stout, wears a cap like the cap of liberty, is seated on rice bags, holds a mallet in his right hand, and with the left grasps tightly a large sack which he carries over his shoulders. The moral taught by this figure has long since been forgotten. It teaches humility by its low stature. Its bag represents wealth, requiring to be firmly held when attained. The cap partly shades the eyes, to keep them bent down on the realities of life. The mallet represents manual labour, and the rice bags the riches to be acquired by following the rules which raise the lowly! Traders, farmers, and all who have their living to make, incessantly propitiate Daikoku, and he is never without offerings and incense.'

This explanation, however, is, we suspect, rather an ingenious Japanese fancy, than an orthodox rendering of the meaning of the figure.

Miss Bird went to see a *Nô*, or lyric drama, with musical accompaniment, but found it 'most tedious, and the strumming, squalling, mewling, and stamping, by which the traditional posturings are accompanied . . . absolutely exasperating.' A comic pastoral that followed pleased her better, the dresses in especial being 'exquisitely beautiful,' and the whole forming a 'lovely spectacle.' She was invited to an interesting musical entertainment given by Mr. Satow, who lives luxuriously in a 'beautiful Japanese house, the furnishing of which is the perfection of Japanese and European good taste and simplicity.' Dinner was served 'by noiseless attendants in Japanese dress.' The performers were thirteen ladies and gentlemen, of remarkably dignified and refined appearance, who 'entered with musical instruments carried by servants, who then retired.' The principal performer was a young girl, daughter of a nobleman, who played on an exquisitely made antique instrument called the *shô*, that needed to be constantly warmed at a stand of rich lacquer containing a charcoal brasier. The damsel's face and throat were whitened with powder, and her lower lip was patched with vermilion :—

'Her "evening dress" consisted of a *kimono* of soft, bronze-green silk, with sleeves hanging nearly to her ankles, an under vest showing at the neck, of scarlet *crêpe* splashed with gold, a girdle of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of rich silver brocade made into a large lump at the back, and white cloth socks. She wore a large *chignon*, into which some scarlet



scarlet *crêpe* was twisted, a loop of hair on the top of her head, and a heavy tortoise-shell pin with a branch of pink coral at one end, stuck through the *chignon*. The other young ladies were dressed in *kimono* of dark blue silk, with blue girdles brocaded with silver; and the two elderly widows wore dark silk *kimono* and *haori* of the same. The men all wore silk *hakama* and *haori*.'

Of the musical performance the visitor says:—

'I was excruciated, and experienced twinges of acute neuralgia, . . . the music was absolutely monotonous, and inflicted a series of disappointments, for every time that it seemed to tremble upon the verge of a harmony, it relapsed into utter dissonance. . . . The vocal performance was most excruciating. It seemed to me to consist of a hyena-like howl, long and high, varied by frequent guttural, half-suppressed sounds, a bleat, or more respectfully an "impure shake," . . . eminently distressing to European ears.'

Solos upon the *samisen* and *hokiu* (Japanese fiddle), when well executed, are, however, by no means displeasing. The Japanese are said to find our music far more detestable than we do theirs; and a 'prominent' native is quoted as, delivering himself of the opinion, with proper Japanese scorn, that children, coolies and women might find pleasure in European music, but an educated Japanese could never tolerate it. Native nurses, however, often catch simple European melodies, and may be heard humming them to themselves with evident enjoyment.

It is curious that so good an observer as Miss Bird takes no notice of the almost complete absence of gesture from the ordinary conversation of the Japanese, whose countenances and voices are alike wanting in expression and emotional tone. The smile, however, is gay and pleasing, and a curious low, hoarse, guttural tone denotes anger. The language is singularly unemphatic, and possesses hardly any terms of endearment,\* but on the other hand, unlike Chinese, is equally poor in imprecative or vituperative expressions. Nothing is more amusing than to watch a pair of acquaintances salute each other in the street. As they come in sight of each other they slacken their pace and approach with downcast eyes and averted faces, as if neither were worthy of beholding the other; then they bow low, so low as to bring the face, still kept carefully averted, on a level with the knees, on which the palms of the hands are pressed. A succession of hissing sounds is next made by drawing in the breath between the closed teeth, interspersed with a series of complimentary phrases uttered with great volubility in a sort of under-toned falsetto, either trying to outdo his friend in the rapidity

\* The Japanese never kiss: the word does not exist in their language.

and extravagance of his language, while the palms are diligently rubbed against each other. At last a climax is reached, each endeavours to give the *pas* to the other. For some moments, perhaps for a full minute, the polite contest continues, then the ceremony abruptly ends, as if the difficulty were one capable of none but a brusque solution, and the pair pass on hurriedly, each his own way, with a look of extreme relief.

Miss Bird spent some two months in Yezo, the northernmost of the Japanese islands, lying between the main island and that of Saghalien, or Karafuto, as the Japanese call it, recently ceded by the Mikado to Russia, in exchange for some worthless and distant members of the Kurile group. Yezo, though its northernmost point touches a latitude considerably south of the Land's End, has a climate of singular severity, a heavy snowfall, and, in the north, a Siberian winter. Its area is close upon 36,000 square miles, being thus larger than Ireland, and its population is stated to be 123,000. We have a lively description of its principal town, Hakodate, a Treaty-port, and an important centre of native trade, but becoming gradually deserted by foreigners, of whom only thirty-seven were found to be residents at the time of our author's visit, while the Japanese population numbered as many thousands. A valuable account is added of the resources of the island, and of the mode, less successful than were desirable, in which these are developed by the Colonization Department of the Japanese Government. The coal-fields are of great extent, being estimated to contain one hundred and fifty thousand millions of tons. The fisheries are conducted on a magnificent scale, especially the salmon fishery, which rivals that of Oregon. At Ishikari it 'is one of the sights of Japan. Some of the seines are 4000 feet in length, and require seventy men to work them; a pair of such, making three hauls a day, sometimes catch 20,000 salmon, averaging when cured ten pounds each.' The industry, however, is greatly overtaxed, from ten to twenty-five per cent. being levied on the yield.

Perhaps the most interesting, and certainly the most novel, portion of Miss Bird's book, is the narrative she gives of her visit to the Ainos, among whom she spent some three weeks, a feat never before attempted by a foreign lady; in the performance of which our traveller traversed districts into which no European had ever previously penetrated. The landscape was in turn weird, sombre, and picturesquely sublime; wide reaches of grey sand between infinite ocean and interminable marshy jungle; dark forests, knotted into a tangled impervious mass by a luxuriant growth of stout creepers and climbers; lofty  
mountain

mountain ranges, dividing deep ravines, and overlapped at intervals by bare volcano cones. Her itinerary extended over a total distance of 358 miles, and at one of the interior villages, Biratori, she made a stay of several days, thus affording herself ample opportunity for collecting information. On the way to Yuhets

'The road is perfectly level for thirteen miles, through gravel flats and swamps, very monotonous, but with a wild charm of its own. There were swampy lakes, with wild ducks and small white water-lilies, and the surrounding levels were covered with reedy grass, flowers, and weeds. . . . A dwarf rose of a deep crimson colour, with orange medlar-shaped hips, as large as crabs, and corollas three inches across, is one of the features of Yezo; and besides, there is a large rose-red convolvulus, a blue campanula, with tiers of bells, a blue monkshood, the *Aconitum Japonicum*, the flaunting *Calystegia soldanella*, purple asters, grass of Parnassus, yellow lilies, and a remarkable trailer, whose delicate leafage looked quite out of place among its coarse surroundings, with a purplish-brown campanulate blossom, only remarkable for a peculiar arrangement of the pistil, green stamens, and a most offensive carrion-like odour, which is probably to attract to it a very objectionable-looking fly, for purposes of fertilization.\*

The Ainos are described as a gentle, inoffensive race. It is, however, certain that they were not always so, and terrible tales are told of their ferocity and cruelty in former times. Nothing is easier than to arrive at false conclusions with respect to savages or semi-savages. In the presence of strangers they are never natural, and are prone to give such answers to questions put to them as they think will satisfy the questioner or stave off further inquiry. Ito, who regarded them 'as just dogs,' was probably not always a careful or faithful interpreter, and Miss Bird's account of their customs, beyond what she could personally observe, must be received with some caution. They compare favourably in physique with their Japanese masters:—

'After the yellow skins, the stiff horsehair, the feeble eyelids . . . the flat noses, the sunken chests, . . . the puny physique . . . and the general impression of degeneracy conveyed by the appearance of the Japanese, the Ainos make a very singular impression. . . . The men are about the middle height, broad-chested, broad-shouldered, "thick set," very strongly built, the arms and legs short, thick, and muscular, the hands and feet large. The bodies, and specially the limbs, of many are covered with short bristly hair. I have seen two boys whose backs are covered with fur as fine and soft as that of a cat. The heads and faces are very striking. The foreheads are very high,

\* Probably a species of *Glossocomia*.

broad, and prominent, and at first sight give one the impression of an unusual capacity for intellectual development; the ears are small and set low; the noses are straight but short, and broad at the nostrils; the mouths are wide, but well-formed; and the lips rarely show a tendency to fulness. The neck is short, the cranium rounded, the cheek-bones low, and the lower part of the face is small as compared with the upper, the peculiarity called a "jowl" being unknown. The eye-brows are full, and form a straight line nearly across the face. The eyes are large, tolerably deeply set, and very beautiful, the colour a rich liquid brown, the expression singularly soft, and the eyelashes long, silky, and abundant. The skin has the Italian olive tint, but in most cases is thin, and light enough to show the changes of colour in the cheek. The teeth are small, regular, and very white; the incisors and "eye-teeth" are not disproportionately large, as is usually the case among the Japanese; there is no tendency towards prognathism; and the fold of integument which conceals the upper eyelids of the Japanese is never to be met with. The features, expression, and aspect, are European rather than Asiatic.'

The woodcut on page 76, we may add, faithfully reproduces the 'Aino Patriarch' it is intended to represent. The stature of the men ranges from 5 feet 4 inches to 5 feet 6½ inches; that of the women seldom exceeds 5 feet ½ inch—surely a somewhat wide difference. The women are pretty, but, like the men, repulsively dirty. They are tattooed, 'not only with a broad band above and below the mouth, but with a band across the knuckles, succeeded by an elaborate pattern on the back of the hand, and a series of bracelets extending to the elbow. The process of disfigurement begins at the age of five.' The men adhere to this custom with a singular tenacity, and begged Miss Bird to intercede for them with the Japanese Government, which had lately prohibited it. Both sexes have low, sweet, musical voices, sad, gentle eyes, and winning, courteous ways. They are fond of caressing, and even kissing their children, who in their turn, from the day they can toddle about, treat their parents with a ceremonious reverence very touching to behold.

Their dwellings are not dirtier than those of the Japanese peasantry in the less fertile districts, and are far sweeter, owing to the food being stored in separate 'godowns,' built on a singular kind of platform as a protection against foxes, wolves, and, probably, rats. Of their religion Miss Bird could only gather some vague hints; one of them on being asked what were bad deeds, said, 'Being bad to parents, stealing, and telling lies;' and to an enquiry as to whether he thought there was 'a good or bad place' to go to hereafter, replied, 'How can we know? No one ever came back to tell us.' We are not

sure,

sure, however, that there is not some of Ito's smartness in these answers.

We are sorely tempted to insert Miss Bird's amusing account of the pests of Yezo, the crows, and her magnificent description of a storm she encountered on the pass of Ikari, in the province of Awomori on the main island, to which her picture of the smiling plain of Yonezawa is a fit pendant; but our space is limited, and forbids further indulgence in the luxury of quotation from these attractive volumes. Both Miss Bird's and Sir E. Reed's volumes are well illustrated. Among the numerous woodcuts given by Miss Bird, those of 'The Travelling Restaurant,' the 'Street and Canal,' and the 'Japanese Packhorse,' in the first volume, are singularly faithful and spirited reproductions of Japanese life and scenery. We cannot, however, praise the woodcut of 'Fujisan,' which is nothing less than a libel on the most shapely of volcanic cones. The representations of Aino life in the second volume, after Japanese sketches, possess the double interest of equal novelty in subject and artist. The most characteristic of the full-page illustrations that adorn Sir E. Reed's work is undoubtedly 'A Country Scene' (vol. i. p. 235), representing the sowing of rice; and the view of 'Mount Fuji,' forming the frontispiece to the second volume, would be unexceptionable, save for the artist's omission to give to the lofty snow-clad summit its curiously jagged and irregularly trifid outline. Sir E. Reed has added an interesting series of reproductions by a Japanese engraver from the works of the native Callot—the now celebrated Hokusai, who died some thirty years ago at the advanced age of ninety—well-chosen examples of the marvellous fluency, sincerity and energy of the later 'ukiyo' or realistic school of Japanese art. The best of these are, in our opinion, the sketch of 'Coolies Quarrelling' (vol. i. p. 272), that of the 'Origin of Hanging Pictures' (Kakemono), and that of 'Soldiers in Time of Peace' (vol. ii. p. 300), which, if we remember rightly the original, ought to be rather 'Soldiers preparing to Arm;' in all of which the singular force and directness of the artist's method are as well displayed as the Hogarthian richness of incident that characterizes the works of this master contained in the 'Manguwa' (Album of Rough Sketches), the 'Fugaku Hiyaku-Kei' (hundred views of Fuji), and a crowd of similar collections of the productions of his genius.

In the fourth chapter of his second volume Sir E. Reed gives an interesting and valuable account of Japanese art, the peculiar and distinctive excellence of which he fully appreciates, while noting its deficiencies and limited range. The Japanese artist,  
indeed,

indeed, *writes* rather than *draws* his sketches, reproduces form rather than substance, rarely travels out of the conventionalities of his particular school, and in his pictorial efforts displays little tenderness or imagination and no feeling for beauty, save as a colourist, though he is not devoid of fancy, and has a special eye for the picturesque in landscape and the grotesque or humorous in social life. But in decorative work the supremacy, within certain limits, of Japanese art is now well recognized, and in deft, faithful and conscientious execution, the art-workers of old Japan compare favourably with the best craftsmen of medieval Europe.

It is not easy to form a fair estimate of the national character, or to forecast with satisfactory accuracy the future of this interesting people. The difficulty is increased by the fact that two nations differing as much in intellectual calibre as in physical appearance, and comprised, roughly speaking, in the official *samurai* and non-official *heimin* (commonalty), respectively acknowledge the mild sway of the Mikado. The almost childish gaiety, the courteous and gentle demeanour, of the latter class nearly disarms criticism, and the passing traveller is not tempted to look beneath so charming a surface. But to residents the uglier depths of the national character become, perforce, revealed, and the judgment the two distinguished native gentlemen whom we have already mentioned, Akamatzu and Neesima, expressed to Miss Bird—that the principal faults of their countrymen are the grave ones of ‘lying and licentiousness’—is difficult of rebuttal. Dr. Hepburn, a very old resident and a favourable witness, says, ‘The youth seems to be a model of all that is frank, noble, impulsive, obedient, grateful, and polite. The same individual as an official often appears the incarnation of meanness, deceit, ingratitude, and untruth, though always outwardly polite.’ Their courtesy, even, is much more significant than real, and often wears a look of servility, the outcome of centuries of oppression, and of a minute and burdensome ceremonial that took the place of moral code. The specimens of the ordinary epistolary style, given by Miss Bird, are astonishing instances of cringing hypocrisy. Women are not treated with either courtesy or chivalry; they are the mere toys and slaves of the men, and, as we have already seen, are, even yet, afforded but a meagre protection by the law.

The history of the country and the character of the laws and institutions of Old Japan, sufficiently show the national capacity for ferocity underlying the superficial smoothness of ordinary intercourse. The popular novels and plays are made up of  
scenes



scenes of slaughter and licence. The terrible punishment of the former régime will be familiar to all who remember the Shinagowa execution-ground previous to 1868. As late as 1875 the cries of tortured prisoners in the Yokohama Kencho formed the subject of complaint by foreign residents in the neighbourhood, to whom the horrid din had become intolerable, and the prisoners were in consequence put to the question elsewhere.\* We must judge of a tree by its fruits, and up to the time of the Restoration the Japanese had little if at all improved upon the civilization introduced twelve or thirteen centuries earlier from the Middle Kingdom. That civilization is now being discarded, save as regards literature, for the civilization of the West, but much more in the grosser material than in the subtler moral and spiritual forms of modern European society.

The Japanese of the ruling classes are distinguished by great natural intelligence and quickness of parts; by considerable powers of mental application and concentration; and, above all, by a splendid memory. In the possession of these qualities they much resemble the Bengalees; but, like these, are deficient in modesty, patience, and reflection, and have not hitherto displayed much originality of thought or power of invention, or shown themselves to be endowed with any considerable degree of imagination or fancy.

There is, however, no reason to suppose that the Japanese, of the *samurai* class at all events, are racially or radically inferior in mental and moral potentialities to any of the peoples of the West. Their defects are easily explicable by reference to their past history and the present social and physical conditions of their national existence, with the amelioration of which the development of a healthier and higher culture may confidently be looked for—a development to which an abandonment of the Chinese written character would lend a powerful impetus. The principal dangers that threaten Japan seem to be the temptation her rulers have once or twice nearly yielded to of involving her in Continental politics by interference with Korea—which would at once bring her into antagonistic contact with both China and Russia—and the tendency to concentrate all political power in the hands of an irresponsible oligarchy of bureaucrats, more or less tinctured with European notions, likely to be torn by constant internal feuds and exercising a despotic sway over the masses of the people. Against this tendency the only safeguard lies in the creation of a really representative legislature; and,

\* Out of some two hundred soldiers, recently found guilty of mutiny, fifty-three were condemned to death and *shot*.

despite



despite obvious difficulties and inconveniences, we believe a wide liberality in the matter of popular representation to be the wiser course. The members of the present Cabinet are able and conscientious men, prudent in their foreign policy when not influenced by irresponsible and interested foreign 'advisers;' as liberal, probably, as for the moment they dare to be in their domestic policy. We trust we shall not be misunderstood in venturing to hint that more consideration is, perhaps, given to the relations of Japan with foreign Powers than their importance, compared with that of the development of the resources of the country, actually calls for. We do not regard Japan as being, or likely to be, a wealthy country. We agree with the views expressed by the Hon. F. Plunkett, formerly our *Chargé d'affaires* at Yedo, in a recent admirable report on the mineral resources of Japan, that the mineral wealth of the Empire has been greatly exaggerated. No considerable extension of the cultivation of tea and silk is to be looked for; the amount of rice-land is limited in quantity; and though wheat might be cultivated on a much larger scale than is actually practised, the cereal would find neither a home nor a foreign market. There is no capital in the country, while foreign capital is excluded; and without its aid no great development of private enterprise is possible. But in certain branches of manufacturing industry Japan enjoys and may maintain an undoubted supremacy, and in the extension of her fisheries she may find a new source of wealth. She may degenerate into the condition of a South American Republic; she may, and we believe and fervently hope she will, become a fairly prosperous and fairly powerful country. No complications, external or internal, of any moment, beset her path; she may never rank among the great Powers of the earth, but the glory will always be hers of having first among Asiatic States shown herself capable of marching in the forefront of civilization, almost abreast with the most advanced nations of the vaunted West.

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- ART. II.—1. *The Life and Times of Cicero; His Character as a Statesman, Orator, and Friend. With a Selection from his Correspondence and Orations.* By William Forsyth, Q.C. Third Edition. London, 1866.
2. *The Correspondence of M. Tullius Cicero, arranged according to its Chronological Order.* By R. Y. Tyrrell. Vol. I. Dublin, 1879.
3. *Catiline, Clodius, and Tiberius.* By E. G. Beesly. London, 1878.
4. *The Life and Letters of M. Tullius Cicero.* By G. E. Jeans. London, 1880.

WE have attempted in a recent article to criticize the modern view of Cæsar, set forth by Mommsen and the writers of his school. The life of Cicero forms a natural sequel to the subject, and a consideration of his political career is necessary to fill in the picture of the Roman Revolution.

The subordinate personages who filled the stage along with Cæsar are not unnaturally viewed mainly in relation to their great contemporary, and the conflict of opinion which is evoked by the name of Cæsar spreads its influence over the judgment which modern writers pronounce upon his adherents and his opponents. Professor Beesly, in his clever but paradoxical views of Cicero, of Catiline, and of Clodius, has submitted himself completely to this influence, and his work forms no bad specimen of this curious habit of dealing with questions of ancient history in the spirit of political partisanship. In order to make a free field for the systematized conjecture which he presents as history, Mr. Beesly is driven to disparage the extraordinary wealth of contemporary evidence which we possess for this period. This evidence is chiefly contained in the writings of Cicero, and accordingly Cicero's statements are characterized as a 'carefully cooked narrative,' and Cicero himself is set down as 'the least trustworthy of ancient writers,' whose 'assertions are worthy of notice just so far as they are probable, and no further.'

Such criticisms would be exaggerated even if applied to the speeches and letters which Cicero published in his lifetime. It may be admitted, however, that these public documents, which constituted an important part of the practical politics of Rome,\* must be used with caution as evidence for disputed facts. We do not expect absolute candour in words spoken or written with

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\* We must refer our readers to Mr. Tyrrell's Introduction (p. xxi.) for a just and spirited account of the influence which Cicero's publications exercised at the time.

a purpose, and Roman manners permitted a recklessness of assertion, an exaggeration of sentiment, and a roundness of invective, which may easily mislead us if we take matters too literally and forget to discount something for rhetorical licence. But the private letters, and especially the letters to Atticus, lie under no such suspicion. We have before us the very words in which Cicero recorded his thoughts from day to day in all the confidence of intimate friendship. Cicero was not a man of cool, cautious temperament, afraid to commit himself to opinions, accurately weighing and discounting probabilities beforehand, and anticipating the work of the philosophical historian. From the letters of such a one we should have learnt comparatively little. We have to deal with a man of lively mind, quick to receive impressions, rushing to conclusions, garrulous in expression, and sensitive in reflecting the prevailing temper or drift of opinion. In communing with Atticus he never pauses to correct his utterances or to make his writing self-consistent or plausible. There is no reticence, no economy of statement; every passing fancy, every ebullition of temper, every varying mood of exaltation and depression, every momentary view of men and things, finds itself accurately reflected in these pages. By a fair use of Cicero's letters we may, if we please, look on the events and the persons of that time as contemporaries saw them, clothed in all the light and shade of immediate presence. We may see men as they lived and thought and spoke, actions as they developed themselves from day to day, rumour as it was propagated, hopes and fears as they formed and dissolved. It is a mere trick of uncritical laziness to bring sweeping accusations of untrustworthiness against such an authority, and to take refuge in modern conjecture whenever his evidence does not suit our own prepossessions.

The first period of Cicero's life on which we propose to dwell is the year of his consulship (B.C. 63), which he signalized by the suppression of the Catilinarian conspiracy. Down to this time Cicero, along with the equestrian order, to which he belonged by birth and feeling, had occupied a position somewhat antagonistic to the senatorial government. Sprung from a family not yet ennobled by office, a 'new man,' and nevertheless fighting his way up to the consulship, his career necessarily ran athwart all the proprieties of the aristocratic régime. He was the natural ally of the knights and the democrats in the joint attack on Sulla's exclusive regulations, which they carried to a successful issue in Pompey's first consulship (B.C. 70). He was also the firm supporter of Pompey when, in the teeth of the opposition of the nobles, extraordinary powers were granted him

him to make war on the pirates and on Mithridates (B.C. 67 and 66). But about the time of Cicero's election to the consulship a shifting of parties took place. Pompey was away in the East. The admission of the knights to the jury-courts had removed their chief grievance, and they were alarmed by the appearance among the democrats of a violent section which was consolidating itself under the leadership of Catiline. On the social side the programme of the extreme party included a cry for the abolition of debts, and in its political aspects it became evident that the struggle was not now for this or that popular or equestrian privilege, but that the attack was directed against the very basis of aristocratic republicanism on which the State was founded. The natural result was that Cicero and the middle party became somewhat alienated from allies whose projects had advanced from reform to revolution, and that they began in self-defence to draw towards the nobles and to adopt an attitude more definitely conservative.

With these dispositions Cicero found himself, as consul, responsible for the safety of the State, and face to face with a dangerous rebellion. Thus much is admitted on all hands. Manlius was already in arms in Etruria, and there was a party in the city ready to uphold and co-operate with him:—

'Where are we to look,' says Mr. Beesly, 'for the party of Catiline, the party which thought itself strong enough to revolutionize the State, and, according to Cicero, was within an ace of doing so? This is a question which sensible men are not ashamed to answer by maundering about "dissolute youth," "insolvent debtors," and "disbanded soldiers." Any explanation must be preferable to such transparent nonsense.'

The 'transparent nonsense' is substantially the statement of Sallust. The effect of Sulla's confiscations, he says, had been twofold. The dispossessed were reduced to desperate poverty. The veterans planted on their lands had proved bad farmers, and had sold their holdings. The adherents of the victorious side, who had glutted themselves with the plunder of the proscribed, had squandered their gains in reckless prodigality, had involved themselves in hopeless debt, and now longed to clear their scores by a fresh civil war. Such is the judgment of the contemporary historian, and that judgment is confirmed by all that we know of the temper of the time. No one can read Cicero without perceiving that the recollection of what had been done within the memory of living men was a dreadful background to all the shifting scenes of the political drama. The worst men of all parties look to a proscription to cut the knot of their embarrassments, whilst among the honest and the moderate

rate fear and suspicion embitter party relations, and make the imagination of men conjure up a Cinna in the person of Cæsar, and a Sulla in the person of Pompey. So far from being 'transparent nonsense,' the appearance of a Catiline and a Catilinarian party, such as they are painted in Cicero and Sallust, seems to us to be the legitimate consequence of the blood with which Sulla had cemented the fabric of his constitution. Besides the actual conspirators, it is not surprising that a great part of the rabble of Rome, stifled by slave-labour, pauperized and demoralized by the corn-distributions, with everything to gain and nothing to lose, should have sympathized with any movement that promised disturbance and plunder; and Rome, a city without military garrison, and without even any tolerable police force, lay terribly open to the assault of a few desperate men. An adventurer who could raise and arm a force of 30,000 men might have had the city at his mercy, overturned the government, and filled Rome with blood, before Pompey could have returned from Asia to interpose his protecting army.

There is, we think, nothing in itself improbable in the story of the Catilinarian conspiracy as told by Cicero in his published speeches. Some of its most important details—the storage of arms in the house of Cethegus, the letter of Lentulus, Cethegus, and Statilius, summoning the Gauls to invade Italy, and that of Lentulus to Catiline urging him to enlist the slaves under his banner—were confirmed by the public confessions of the accused persons before the Senate. Nevertheless we might well hesitate to think the evidence of Cicero's speeches sufficient if it stood alone. Atticus was by Cicero's side during this eventful year, so that we have no letters to which to appeal. Happily, however, we can call witnesses from the other side. The first shall be Crassus, a bitter enemy of Cicero, whom Crassus accused in Sallust's hearing of having tried to suborn false evidence against him in this very matter. Crassus, nevertheless, publicly declared in the Senate that 'he owed it to Cicero that he was a senator, that he was a citizen, that he was free, that he was alive; as often as he looked on his wife, his house, his country, so often did he behold a blessing that Cicero had bestowed.\*' Was not this clearly to acquiesce in the doctrine that the plans of the Catilinarians included incendiarism and massacre? We have no record of any similar precise statement on the part of Cæsar. Still, when we find him protesting thirteen years later that the 'ultimum Senatus-consultum' has never been resorted to 'excepting when the city was

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\* Ad Att. I. xiv. 4.

almost in flames, and despair filled every mind, and abandoned men were ready to dare anything,\* we cannot but believe that Cæsar was referring, and would be understood by every Roman to refer, to this, the most famous revolutionary outbreak of his own age. The most convincing, because the most full and deliberate, testimony is that of Sallust. 'The literary men,' so Mr. Beesly is pleased to inform us, 'have stood by one another as they always do—like game-preservers or Whitechapel thieves.' But how comes it that literary men have only one story by which to stand? How comes it that they have received from both the Roman parties an almost identical contemporary account of the character and the actions of Catiline? Sallust was a grown man at the time of Catiline's rebellion. He was a writer whose style gave him in a special manner the ear of the literary world.† He was a partisan and an officer of Cæsar. His treatise is mainly a political pamphlet, intended to set forth the action and to vindicate the memory of Cæsar. We do not believe, though it is now the fashionable belief, that Cæsar was an accomplice in the plot; but at least he protested against the execution of Lentulus, and afterwards visited Cicero with punishment for the hand he had in it. In Cæsar's apologist, then, we may expect, if anywhere, to find the other side of the question. If Catiline were, indeed, as Mr. Beesly represents him, the true head of the party of reform, the legitimate successor of Drusus and the Gracchi, 'whose memory has suffered a martyrdom of nineteen centuries' owing to the calumnies of Cicero—if there were any possibility of showing that the charges brought against his associates were false and their death undeserved, should we not have the extenuating circumstances clearly drawn out in the speech which Sallust places in the mouth of Cæsar? But of all this there is not a hint. Cæsar is represented as emphasizing the guilt of the accused, and only insisting that even to punish the worst criminals the law must not be overstepped. We can see no alternative but to conclude that the facts were so plain and well known that it would have been ridiculous for an advocate to attempt to controvert them.

In the debate in the Senate Cæsar joined in the verdict of guilty, and proposed a severe punishment on the offenders—confiscation of goods and imprisonment in chains for life.‡ He added

\* Cæsar, *De Bell. Civ.* i. 5.

† 'Sallustiana illa brevis, quæ nihil apud aures vacuas atque eruditæ potest esse perfectius.'—*Quintilian*, *Inst.* X. i. 32.

‡ Such is the account of the contemporary writers Cicero and Sallust. Appian represents Cæsar as following and agreeing with the proposal of Claudius Nero that

added all sorts of provisions against any alleviation or remission of the sentence. His proposal, however, 'keeps on the windy side of the law.' Death,\* scourging, and fine, the only punishments known in ancient times, are the only ones against which the law provided an appeal; and Cæsar held, or affected to hold, that the administrative authority, the Consul acting under the advice of the Senate, might execute any sentence against these men, unless such sentence was forbidden, *totidem verbis*, by the law.

Cicero's contention, on the other hand, is that there is no occasion to turn the flank of the laws in question, because they do not apply to these men. The prisoners, he maintains, by overt acts of conspiracy and rebellion, have constituted themselves public enemies; and an enemy ceases, *ipso facto*, to be a citizen. There is no doubt that the Consul's *imperium* justified him in putting enemies to death without trial. It was an incident of the Roman triumph that the general, by his naked command, ordered the execution of his prisoners in the very dungeon where Lentulus and his fellows perished. There is no question, likewise, that Catiline and Manlius, and their companions in arms, were at this moment public enemies, liable to instant execution whenever and wherever seized. The debate rages round the point whether Lentulus, who remained unarmed in Rome, could properly come under the same category. The democratic exposition of the law was that, given a citizen, no amount of treason, short of actually appearing in arms against the State, could constitute an enemy. It must be confessed that, as a matter of interpretation, this view seems the most natural. On the other hand, to accept it might place the State in grave danger. These men had been taken red-handed in the act of corresponding with Catiline, and of inviting the Gauls to invade Italy. The danger was imminent. Rome was full of inflammable materials, and we have the judgment of Sallust, that even a slight success on the part of Catiline would have sufficed to cause an outbreak in the city. The action of the Senate up to this point had been wholly

that the prisoners should be remanded till they could be brought to a legal trial. The evidence is intricate, but it can be shown that Appian's version is irreconcilable with what we know of the order of the debate; it is merely an afterthought by way of getting over an apparent inconsistency between Cæsar's arguments and his proposals.

\* With death is of course counted the civil death, '*capitis deminutio*,' which destroys the legal personality of the citizen. The '*penal servitude*' of imperial times was a '*capital*' sentence, making a man the '*slave of his punishment*.' But this is a later refinement. The nearest parallel in republican times is the insolvent debtor handed over to work in chains for his creditor, and he underwent no '*capitis deminutio*.'

ineffectual.



ineffectual. The fulmination of decrees against Catiline and Manlius had not seduced a single follower from their standard. When the news came of the execution of Lentulus and his associates, Catiline's army at once melted away from 15,000 to 3000. Thus the means which Cicero employed proved admirably fitted to the end proposed. The event showed that what was wanted was some clear unmistakable proof that the plot in Rome had collapsed, and that the Government dared to proceed to extreme measures against the ring-leaders. If Cæsar's proposal had been accepted, the fate of these men, notwithstanding all provisions to the contrary, would have been left to be decided by the issue of the conflict in the field. Cicero's action made their punishment an important element in the decision of that issue. We believe that Cicero adopted a somewhat strained interpretation of the law, though that interpretation had the approval of so rigid a constitutional purist as Cato. But we have no doubt that he acted honestly, and for the best, in circumstances of extreme difficulty and danger. He was responsible for the safety of Rome, and this responsibility was pointedly brought home by the decree of the Senate confiding the State to his vigilance. His best defence is that he broke the back of a formidable rebellion by the death of five most guilty persons. The measure was of disputed legality, but to call it, with Mommsen, a 'judicial murder,' seems to us an exaggeration only to be paralleled by Mr. Beesly's remark that 'if ever a statesman had merited capital punishment, it was Cicero.'

Still more strange appears Mommsen's view, that there was something cowardly in Cicero's asking the advice of the Senate on the occasion. To give advice to the executive magistrate was the very function for which the Senate had been instituted. In the legal responsibility the decree of the Senate could make no difference. The act was the act of the Consul, and he alone could be called to account for it. Morally it gave to Cicero's action the solemn sanction of what was practically the governing body in the State. It was the right and the duty of every Roman, in performing any act of grave importance, to seek the counsel of skilled and trusted advisers. It is thus only that the father exercises the household jurisdiction over wife and child, and that the commander in the field confers the Roman citizenship. The two most vital institutions of the Roman commonwealth, the senate and the jury, owe their origin to this same duty of giving and taking counsel. A temporary magistrate, called upon to act in circumstances of public danger, with obscure and disputed precedents, would have failed in his duty if he had not sought

sought the approval of the permanent council provided for him by the constitution. Mommsen seems to strain the facts of the case to suit his own view of the character of Cicero. The man is to be represented as weak, cowardly, and time-serving. Yet we find him, in disregard of personal consequences, acting with vigour, with coolness, and with marked success, in a moment of supreme difficulty and danger. Mommsen forgets that, to a man of mild temper and of constitutional timidity, but of honest heart and sincere purpose, there may come a moment when the presence of danger and the stimulus of great responsibilities raise him above himself and endow him with unexpected vigour and intrepidity. Thus it was with Cicero. Transformed by the greatness of the occasion into a man of action, he found in himself resources of courage, the memory of which served to steady and strengthen his character. His own conscience fully approved the deed; nowhere, even in periods of the deepest depression and suffering, when all the world seems to have turned against him, do we find the least hint of a doubt that he has in very truth been the saviour of his country, nor do the personal misfortunes which his act entailed on him ever lead him to regret the act itself.

'For these two mighty generals,' he writes \* at the beginning of the Civil War, 'so far from setting their achievements above my own, I would not change my battered fortunes for theirs which seem so glorious. . . . Each of them has always put the safety and the greatness of his country after his own supremacy and his private convenience: I am sustained by the proud reflection, that when I had the power I did the State good service, or at any rate never had an intention that was not loyal, and that the Republic has foundered in that very storm which I foresaw fourteen years ago. I take this approving conscience with me as a companion in my flight.'

This good conscience serves Cicero not only as a comfort, but as a stimulus to straightforward and patriotic action. He feels that he must not derogate from the glory of his consulship, and this recollection nerves and braces him to cling, in spite of danger and misgiving, to the most honourable course. There is true biography, as well as good rhetoric, in the peroration of the Second Philippic: 'I defended the Republic when I was young, I will not desert her now I am old; I despised the daggers of Catiline, I will not quail before yours.'

Cicero's success in the suppression of the Catilinarian conspiracy was largely due to the unfaltering support of the

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\* Ad Att. X. iv.

equestrian order. The fidelity of the Roman Knights during the crisis had healed over for the present the breach between them and the nobles which had been caused by Sulla's bitter hostility. Cicero was thus led to conceive the hope of a new departure in politics. Old differences were to be buried. The Republic was to be consolidated, not as under Sulla by the domination of the one section over the other, but by an 'ordinum concordia,' in which Senate and Knights should combine to check the progress of the revolution. The scheme was not a very promising one; but, under the conditions by which Roman politics were bounded, some such combination was the only resource for those who were not yet ready to despair of the Republic. The so-called 'popular party' was obviously incapable of governing, and could only serve as a stalking-horse for the approaches of a military despotism. For a leader of the Reformed Conservative party Cicero looked to Pompey. He was to be the Scipio, the soldier-chief of a free Republic, and Cicero himself aspired to guide its counsels as another Lælius.

The first condition for the trial of Cicero's Utopia was granted. Pompey sheathed the sword on his return from the conquest of Mithridates, and refused to found a despotism for himself on the ruins of the Republic. But here the favours of fortune were exhausted. Pompey had not the sagacity for a political leader. He feared to commit himself, and would not take a side. Cicero graphically sketches the effect of his first speech to the people on his return from the East: 'No consolation for the needy, no substance for the revolutionists, nothing pleasing for the comfortable classes, and nothing firm for the well disposed.' No wonder that 'it fell flat.' The rank and file of Cicero's battalions were no more to be trusted than the general of his choice. Each section had its own favourite abuses, which were dearer to it than the safety of the State. The Equites split away from the Senate the moment Cato refused to allow them to repudiate their contract for farming the taxes of Asia, and proposed to render them as well as the senators liable to prosecutions for bribery as jurors. The nobles were partly immersed in frivolous luxury, 'so stupid,' says Cicero, 'that they think though the Republic be ruined their fish-ponds will be safe,' partly set on wreaking their spite against Pompey; they seemed deliberately to strive to make him feel that now that he had disbanded his army he was no longer the first power in the State. Thus the parties wrangled over petty causes of disagreement, unconscious of the gulf of Revolution which was open at their feet. Of all the prominent men of the time, Cato and Cicero alone seem to have made the good

good of their country the first object in politics ; neither of the two possessed the insight to guide her along the path of reform ; Cato had not even the acuteness to avoid serious practical blunders, and he often did Cæsar's work for the sake of a conscientious whim. Thus Cicero's ideal party melted away. Cæsar returned from Spain in the middle of the year 60 B.C., to find its materials in a state of disintegration, and to recompose them with the facility of genius for his own ends. In an incredibly short time he had secured his own election to the consulship, and had struck his bargain with Pompey and Crassus. Henceforth the Republic is dominated by the Coalition, and when that coalition itself breaks up, nothing is left but preparations for civil war. Cicero's political life suffers an eclipse from which it fairly emerges only after the death of Cæsar.

The view of the great conspiracy, commonly known as the 'First Triumvirate,' would be incomplete without a glance at the comic side of the picture. This is presented in the person of Clodius, a wild young noble of popular bearing, with some skill in organizing street gangs, and with a scatter-brain delight in administering slaps in the face to the most eminent persons and the most revered institutions in Rome. He first gains notoriety by being caught disguised as a woman invading the mysteries of the Bona Dea, whose privacy was polluted by the presence of any male at her worship. These sacrifices were held in the house of Cæsar, who was prætor for the year, and in pursuit of an intrigue with Cæsar's wife Clodius thrust himself into the company of vestals and matrons. The affair caused great disturbance in Rome. The virgins performed afresh the ceremonies whose virtue had been impaired ; Cæsar divorced his wife ; the pontiffs declared that sacrilege had been committed, and finally \* the secular arm was called in by a discussion of the matter in the Senate. The result was that the consuls were instructed to bring before the people a bill to constitute a court for the trial of the offender. A tribune, Fufius, proposed a rival scheme, which differed from that of the Senate by providing that the jury should be chosen by lot,† whereas the consular

\* Mr. Beesly's notion of an interval of eight months between the original outrage and the first mention of it in the Senate in January B.C. 61 need not detain us. It happens to be quite clear from Plutarch, Cic. 19, that the festival of the Bona Dea was in December ; but apart from this, an interpretation which makes Cicero give Atticus stale news of eight months' date is too absurd for serious discussion.

† That this was the *only* difference is clear from Ad Att. I. xvi. 2. Mr. Beesly devotes a large part of his Essay on Clodius to a conjecture as to what were the other

consular bill directed the prætor to select the jurymen. By the advice of Hortensius the proposal of Fufius was accepted, the jury was empanelled and bought, and Clodius was acquitted.

The discreet silence of Cæsar, and the substantial aid of the golden arguments addressed by Crassus to the jury, served to attach Clodius to the democratic leaders, and provided the Coalition with a very useful servant. Some freaks of laughable wilfulness\* might be overlooked in the chief wirepuller in Rome, the man who could at any moment improvise a street riot, or arrange an assembly which would vote 'yes' without question. In all the elements of material strength the Coalition was now overwhelming. Its weak point was the want of character and respectability amongst its adherents, and the distrust and dislike with which it was viewed by honest and patriotic men. Cæsar was not the man to neglect any force, and in order to remedy this defect in his position he spared no pains to attract Cicero to his party. In this policy Cæsar never wavered. He saw in Cicero the natural supplement to himself, and he was resolved to win his support. Sometimes by acts of delicate kindness and consideration, sometimes by well-directed strokes of chastisement, he is ever striving to lead or drive him over to his side. The effort failed on the whole before the strength of Cicero's conscience. He could not but disapprove of Cæsar's objects and Cæsar's career. But the assiduity with which Cæsar strove to win the great orator was often rewarded with partial success, and the struggle in Cicero's mind ends only with the Ides of March.

Mr. Beesly's picture of Cæsar's consulship is coloured by prepossessions imported from the theories he has adopted concerning Catiline. Cicero 'stained with the blood of the popular leaders' is the legitimate object of vengeance to those 'who had loved and trusted Catiline.' 'He had hunted their hero to death to please the oligarchy,' and now 'it is the first wish

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other differences which Cicero tells us did not exist. The substance of his conjecture is worthy of the occasion. An unfortunate mistake (one of the very few) in Sir Henry Maine's admirable work on 'Ancient Law' starts Mr. Beesly in chase of a wild theory about the Roman jury-courts, and the pursuit brings him into collision at every turn with the facts of the history and with the logic of Roman constitutional law.

\* As for instance when he first sued for the tribunate announcing that he meant to attack the validity of Cæsar's laws. 'In that case,' reply the chief pontiff and the officiating augur, 'we deny that we ever transferred you to the plebs.' Two years later, in a momentary pet, Clodius begged the Senate to declare all Cæsar's acts, including Clodius's own adoption, null and void, and promised that in that case he would bring Cicero back from exile on his own shoulders.

of the popular party to punish the chief agents in the *coup d'état*, particularly Cicero' (p. 63). This plan of action is ascribed to the initiative of Cæsar, 'who, though personally sorry for Cicero, was determined that justice should not be balked. Amnesty for rank and file is good; but it would have been the height of weakness to spare a leader so guilty and so unrepentant as Cicero' (p. 68). Such is the theory. As a matter of fact, so far from the punishment of Cicero being 'a logical and practical necessity of the policy of the Coalition,' Cicero himself might, if he had pleased, have been a member of that Coalition. The triumvirate, according to Cæsar's original plan, was to have been a quattuorvirate. Such is Cicero's precise statement in the speech 'de Provinciis Consularibus.'\* If that public statement stood alone, we should not perhaps attach much weight to it; but it is amply confirmed by allusions in letters written to Atticus at the time. In the summer of 60 B.C., when the triumvirate was just forming, Atticus had chidden him gently for his close association with Pompey.

'Do not suppose,' replies Cicero,† 'that my own safety is my first object: no, I am able to influence Pompey on the right side, and his publicly expressed approval of my policy, whether it be any use to me personally or no, is I am sure useful to the state. Nay,' he proceeds, 'what if I can make a convert of Cæsar too, who has a splendid breeze in his sails just at present? Am I doing any great harm to the nation? Why, quite apart from considerations of my own position, a treatment which should restore the unsound limbs of the State is preferable to heroic surgery.'

Some weeks later he writes: ‡

'Cornelius called on me just now—Cornelius Balbus I mean, Cæsar's confidant. He assures me that Cæsar will in all things act under the advice of me and of Pompey, and will make an effort to unite Pompey and Crassus. To accept this overture presents many advantages: a close alliance with Pompey, and since it comes to that with Cæsar too, reconciliation with my enemies, peace with the multitude, quiet for my old age.'

Cicero, as Mr. Beesly points out, never hints that Cæsar has betrayed him, and shows little resentment for the part that Cæsar took in his banishment. The reason is obvious. Cicero rejected all Cæsar's advances. He feels that he cannot face the disapproval of his own conscience and of Cato, and so he is

\* 'Me in tribus sibi conjunctissimis consularibus esse voluit.'—De Prov. Cons. § 41.

† Ad Att. II. i. 6 (abridged).

‡ Ad Att. II. iii. 3.

saved from being dragged, as Pompey was dragged, along the path of treason and revolution. When in after years he sees himself reduced to obey the orders of the triumvirs, Cicero laments that he who had refused to be one of the leaders of the Coalition should be compelled to be its servant; \* but at least he yielded only to an accomplished fact, and avoided the guilt of actual connivance with violence and illegality. Meantime he had to pay the penalty for his lack of pliability. In a speech defending his former colleague Antonius, he ventured to attack the new masters of the State. Instantly Cæsar struck his first blow; that very afternoon Clodius was transferred to the plebs.† True he gave his word of honour, at Pompey's bidding, that he would not annoy Cicero,‡ but the word of Clodius was better suited to salve Pompey's conscience than to take from the significance of the warning to his victim. Still Cæsar leaves a door of escape open. If Cicero will, by accepting a post under the triumvirs, give a guarantee that he will not attempt to head the republican party against the Coalition, he is to be spared further persecution. The choice is offered him of a seat on the agrarian commission, to accept which would shut his mouth for ever on the validity of the Julian Laws, or else of a lieutenantancy in Gaul which would bring him under the personal control and influence of Cæsar.

'Cæsar,' says Mr. Beesly (p. 70), 'while inflexibly carrying out the programme which justice as well as policy prescribed, harboured nothing of resentment in his open kindly heart. He was really sorry for Cicero, whose amiable qualities he was perhaps singular among his contemporaries in liking, and to break his fall he had offered to take him to Gaul as his lieutenant.'

If the 'programme which justice as well as policy prescribed' means the rehabilitation of the memory of the Catilinarians by the public condemnation and punishment of Cicero, Cæsar was willing to sacrifice it entirely to personal friendship and political exigencies. If Cicero had accepted Cæsar's offer, he would have had a moral fall indeed, but that fall which is in question here would have been, not broken, but entirely averted. As far as outward position went, Cæsar's offers were meant to be splendid and honourable to Cicero, and Cæsar in after-years unhesitatingly appeals to them as such. 'When he is justifying his conduct,' writes Cicero, 'he always throws on me the blame for the occurrences of that time: I was so bitter against him, he says, that I would not accept even honours from his hand.'§

\* Ad Att. IV. vi. 1.

† Ad Att. II. xxii. 1.

‡ De Domo, § 41.

§ Ad Att. IX. ii. 2.



Cæsar's action in the matter of Cicero's banishment shows that he cared not a straw for revenging the death of Lentulus, but had his mind set on the practical business of converting or muzzling a dangerous political opponent; and the same policy clearly appears in the circumstances of Cicero's return from exile. Cæsar's proceedings had been eminently successful. Cicero's spirit was broken and humbled by his exile, and he was also greatly irritated by the faint support which the nobles had afforded him in his hour of danger. He now made his submission to the triumvirs, and was recalled from banishment. Mr. Beesly finds it necessary to his story to represent the recal as a treasonable act of opposition to Cæsar and the democracy, contrived by the wavering faith of Pompey. 'We may take it as certain,' he writes, 'that Cæsar steadily refused to stultify himself by giving any consent to this imbecile reversal of the policy of the Coalition' (p. 76). If the 'policy of the Coalition' had been what Mr. Beesly supposes, there would be every probability of the truth of his conclusion. The argument may be reversed. We know that Cæsar assented to Cicero's recal, and we may therefore conclude that his object in banishing him was already accomplished. This is another instance of the way in which Mr. Beesly insists on setting his own conjectures above the plain statements of Cicero's letters. Cicero, writing three years afterwards to Lentulus Spinther,\* reports a conversation between Quintus Cicero and Pompey, in which the latter calls Quintus to witness that all Pompey's action in the recal of his brother had been taken with Cæsar's approval. It is also mentioned that Quintus had pledged himself that his brother would abstain from opposing the triumvirs. Evidently Cæsar acquiesced, and his acquiescence was the result of private negotiations within the knowledge of Quintus Cicero, and in which Quintus was probably the principal agent.

After his return to Rome, Cicero ventured once again to raise an opposition to Cæsar. He believed that the process of events had impaired the alliance between Cæsar and Pompey, and that the rupture which really occurred six years later was already imminent. The question on which the opposition was raised was the validity of Cæsar's law for the distribution of the public land in Campania. Pompey gave no sign of disapproval, and it was evident that a crisis was at hand in the relations of the triumvirs. That crisis ended in a way fatal to Cicero's expectations. Cæsar arranged a conference with Pompey and Crassus at Luca (April, B.C. 56), and there a new agreement was struck

\* Ad Fam. I. ix. 3.

by which the Coalition gained a fresh lease of life. The triumvirs being now at one, Cicero's position became untenable. Pompey, meeting immediately afterwards with Quintus Cicero in Sardinia, told him curtly that Marcus was acting against the understanding on which he had recalled him from exile, and that he should hold both the brothers personally responsible.\* Nothing was left to Cicero but a precipitate retreat. He retired to Antium, and left his motion on the Campanian land to shift for itself. Not content with this, he shortly afterwards publicly ratified his submission to the triumvirs by a speech in the Senate against a proposal to recal Cæsar at the end of the first five years of his Gallic command. This is the famous speech '*de Provinciis Consularibus*,' one of the most admirable specimens of Cicero's rhetorical power. It culminates in the masterly passage in which he bids the Alps, the shield given by heaven to Italy, sink in the earth, for Cæsar's conquests have left her nothing to fear within the circuit of the ocean. Nevertheless we find Cicero thoroughly ashamed of his performance. When Atticus reproaches him with not having sent him an early copy, he replies:—

'What is this you say? Do you suppose there is any one in the world whom I should wish to read and approve my work rather than you? But why did I send it elsewhere first? Well, I was pressed by the person to whom I sent it, and I had not another copy: and then—what is the use of nibbling round what I have got to swallow?—the "recantation" seems to me somewhat discreditable. However, farewell to straightforward, sincere, honourable policy!'†

Further instances of compliance were demanded of him; the defence of his old enemies Gabinius and Vatinius was a piece of subserviency to which he often refers with bitterness,‡ and on which it is impossible for us not to look back with regret. Cicero's state of mind at this time ought to be instructive to those who look on union with Cæsar as a sign of grace. 'Unfortunate Cicero,' writes Mr. Froude, 'who knew what was right, and who was too proud to do it. Unfortunate Pompey, who still did what was right, but was too sensitive to bear the reproach of it.'§ Passages like this run counter to the whole tone of contemporary utterances. Cicero believed in his soul and conscience that Cæsar was wrong, and that to serve him was to derogate from the highest and most honourable course.

\* *Ad Fam. I. ix. 3.*

† *Ad Att. IV. v. 1.*

‡ *Ad Att. X. viii. Sed cur inimicos colligo? qui meos necessarios, a me defensos, nec videre in curiâ sine dolore, nec versari inter eos sine dedecore potero.*

§ Froude's '*Cæsar*,' p. 184.

He had, indeed, many excuses. He was a bad political prophet, and just as we find him full of good hopes for the Republic at the moment when the Coalition destined to destroy it was being formed, so now he thinks that the conference of Luca has sealed the fate of Rome, and that the triumvirate has an eternity before it.\* After all, is there not something to be said for an arrangement which gives his old leader, Pompey, the first place in the State? The nobles are a broken reed to lean on; might they not, if he resisted, leave him to fight the battle alone, as they had done when Clodius attacked him? Nay, were they not even now caressing Clodius in consideration of his annoying Pompey? Clodius was an aristocrat of the bluest blood, and his persecution of a 'new man' like Cicero might be easily pardoned. Again, Cæsar was now before the world, not as the lawless demagogue of the capitol, but as the victorious general carrying the Roman arms to unknown regions, and laying for ever the spectre of Gallic invasion. Cicero was dazzled by his glories, and hoped that the cordial recognition of his services by the Senate might serve to win him over to the side of the constitution. Cæsar was all this time assiduous in his efforts to attach Cicero to himself: he courted him with every sort of attention—'never does the slightest word of mine in Cæsar's behalf, to say nothing of actions, pass without his recognizing it with such marked consideration that I cannot but regard him as firmly attached to me.' Such, and many more, are the excuses put forth by Cicero in an elaborate apology for his new policy addressed to his friend Lentulus.† We seem to read between the lines the anxious diffidence of a man arguing against his conscience. To Atticus‡ he displays his uneasiness more frankly:—

'If I speak on the affairs of state as I ought, I have the credit of a madman; if as I must, of a slave; if I hold my tongue, I appear crushed and baffled. How bitter ought my grief to be! and so it is, and all the more bitter, that I cannot even grieve, for fear of seeming ungrateful.'

And again:—

'We have lost, my dear Atticus, not only the blood and substance, but even the old colour and form of the State. There is no republic left which can give me any pleasure, or in which I can acquiesce. "Can you bear that lightly?" you will say. Well, yes, even that. . . . The place in my mind where indignation used to dwell has grown callous.'§

\* *Ad Fam. I. viii.* 'Sunt (res) quidem certe in amicorum nostrorum potestate: atque ita ut nullam mutationem unquam hæc hominum etate habituras esse videatur' (written in the second consulship of Pompey and Crassus, *b. c.* 55).

† *Ad Fam. I. ix.*

‡ *Ad Att. IV. vi. 1.*

§ *Ad Att. IV. xvi. 6.*

A great gap in the letters to Atticus occurs between the years 54 and 51 B.C. When the correspondence re-opens, Cicero is on his way to his province. He had declined the governorship, which would naturally have fallen to him as prætor and as consul, and now he was obliged, in order to carry out the new administrative arrangements introduced by Pompey, to accept the charge of Cilicia. He felt the obligation as a burden, and always yearned for Rome:—

‘I cannot tell you,’ he writes to Atticus,\* ‘how I burn with longing for the city, and how hard I find it to bear with all this weary insipid business.’

And again to Cælius Rufus :†—

‘The City, the City, my dear Cælius, cherish that, and live in the light that is shed around you there. All residence abroad—so I have judged from my youth up—is tame and mean for those whose activity can find a field in Rome.’

As we read these testimonies of the love which Rome inspired in the most accomplished of her sons, we cannot but feel that, with all its faults, Roman society must have possessed a rare charm and a subtle refinement of interests and pursuits which could compensate in some sort for much present annoyance, and many dark forebodings for the future.

Cicero’s letters from Cilicia are interesting, as showing the earnestness with which he threw himself into the task of introducing good government, and repairing the mischief caused by the rapacity of his predecessor. They are valuable also for the lively picture which they present of the details of Roman provincial administration. We have likewise a most entertaining episode in Cicero’s correspondence in the preservation of the letters addressed to him by Cælius Rufus, who had undertaken to keep the proconsul informed on all that went on in Rome. His letters are charming reading, full of wit and gaiety, and withal of a quick observation and an intelligent appreciation of events, which make us lament the unsteady character and miserable fate of the writer. With all these elements of interest, the Cilician correspondence is off the main lines of the history. It occupies the lull before the final outbreak of the storm in which the Roman Republic went down.

Cicero returned to Italy at the end of the year 50, just as the dispute between Cæsar and the Senate was coming to its crisis. A few anxious weeks, and the die was cast. Cæsar invaded Italy in armed rebellion. The mutinous folly and disobedience of

\* Ad Att. V. xi. i.

† Ad Fam. II. xii. 2.

Domitius lost his division of the Republican army at Corfinium; and Pompey, who had ordered a concentration in the south, had no longer force sufficient to hold any part of Italy. If Domitius had obeyed Pompey's orders, the stand which the Republicans made a year later behind the lines of Dyrrachium might have been anticipated at Brundisium. Pompey had command of the sea, and could not have been starved out. His position would have been much like that of Wellington at Torres Vedras. With the Pompeian armies of Spain still unbroken in his rear, it is probable that not all Cæsar's genius could have saved him from destruction. The retreat to Greece, though a necessity, was a fatal necessity for the general of the Republic. It enabled Cæsar, to use his own words, 'to go to Spain to fight an army without a general, and to return to face a general without an army.'

Throughout the time occupied by these events Cicero was in almost daily correspondence with Atticus, and in his letters we can trace each turn in the drift of the hopes and the opinions of Italy. Towards the end of December, before the actual commencement of hostilities, Cicero reports the general tone as unfavourable:—

'The tax-farmers, never to be relied on, are now fast friends of Cæsar; bankers and agriculturists wish for quiet above everything. Can you suppose that they have any dread of living under a despotism, they who have never objected to such a thing if only they may have quiet times?'

The news that Cæsar had broken the law and taken the first step in the Civil War by crossing the Rubicon caused a strong revulsion; the spectacle of the city left without magistrates, and of Pompey in flight, roused men's indignation. 'It is quite a different story now,' writes Cicero on January 19,† 'the feeling now is that no concessions should be made to Cæsar.' A month later this temper has cooled. Cicero reports of Capua,‡ 'the well-disposed feel some pain, but their feelings are blunted as usual; the rabble and the lower classes are inclined to the other side, and many are desirous of revolution.' By the 1st of March Cæsar's rapid successes and his moderation and clemency have quite turned the tide:—

'Just see what a man this is into whose hands the State has fallen, how keen, how watchful, how well prepared! Upon my word, if he puts no one to death and robs no one of his goods, he will win the hearts of those who were once most afraid of him. I have a great deal of conversation with men from the small towns and from the

\* Ad Att. VII. vii. 4.

† Ib. VII. xi. 2.

‡ Ib. VIII. iii. 2.  
country;

country; they care absolutely nothing except for their lands and their bits of houses and of money. See how things have changed; they are terrified of the man in whom they used to trust, and love the man whom they used to dread.\*

In the midst of a people thus drifting, how was Cicero to act? Both sides were courting his adherence; Pompey urged him to accompany him to Greece, Cæsar pressed him to appear in his place in the Senate in Rome. Many and anxious were the questionings which distracted him, and many the arguments for and against which crowd the pages of his letters to Atticus. Honour and duty seemed to point out his place in the Republican camp;† but a thousand minor considerations obscured the issue for the moment. Cicero had never approved the precipitation with which the proceedings against Cæsar had been forced on; he had counselled compromise and delay, and had recommended Pompey to avoid the collision by retiring to his Spanish province and leaving Cæsar a free field at home. He had still a lingering hope that by preserving an attitude of neutrality he might be useful as a mediator, and this hope was sedulously encouraged by Cæsar and his friends. Cicero was likewise terrified by the violent language of the optimates; afterwards, upon fuller knowledge, he came freely to confess the difference between Pompey and his followers, but in this hour of doubt and peril he fails to recognize it, and his fears are expressed in words grimly coined for the occasion, ‘Sullaturit jam animus ejus et proscripturit.’ It is instructive to note the prestige given to Cæsar by the fact that he held possession of Rome and Italy. Men could not dissociate the legitimate government from the local sanctity of Rome and the command of the time-honoured machinery of the State. When Cæsar first landed in Epirus, the people of Apollonia at once opened their gates, saying that they could not dispute the orders of a Roman Consul. In the same spirit we find Cicero unable to rid himself of the idea that to make war upon Cæsar will be in some sort to bear arms against his country. The examples of Hippias, Tarquin, and Coriolanus are quoted as ugly precedents; Pompey will stifle Rome with famine, he will not leave a tile on any roof in Italy, ‘and how can I, who am used to be called the preserver of this city and its father, assist in bringing on Rome a horde of Goths, Colchians, and Armenians?’ Even granting

\* Ad Att. VIII. xiii. 1.

† ‘Ad fugam hortatur amicitia Gnæi, causa bonorum, turpitudine conjungendi eum tyranno, qui quidem incertum est, Phalarimno seu Pisistratum sit imitaturus.’

—Ad Att. VII. xx.

the obligation of loyalty to Pompey, is it not staking too much on an individual to follow him out of Italy? 'Pompey is after all but a mortal man, and there are thousands of chances which might annihilate him, but our city and nation ought, as far as in us lies, to be preserved to immortality.\*' Cicero found another reason for hesitation in the fear that the two leaders might again come to some personal arrangement, and that he himself would be again sacrificed to their convenience:—

'One thing misled me,' he writes,† 'perhaps it was my own fault, but misled I was; I thought that a peace would be patched up, and in that case I should have been sorry to lie under Cæsar's displeasure when he and Pompey were friends again.'

Gradually Cicero's mind clears. It is noticeable that the blacker the fortunes of the Republicans look, the more Cicero is resolved to cast in his lot with them:—

'One thing torments me,' he writes,‡ 'that when I saw Pompey falling, or rather rushing headlong to ruin, I did not follow him like any simple soldier.'

And, again,§ on a false report that Pompey is cut off from the sea:—

'Now I lament, now I am tormented, while some think me prudent and some lucky in not having joined him. To me it is the other way: I never desired to share his victory, but would that I had shared his destruction.'

The only gleam of satisfaction in this weary time is when he has firmly resisted the pressing importunities of Cæsar that he should accompany him to Rome. Cicero was obliged to stand the ordeal of a personal interview with the master of Italy, but neither blandishments nor covert threats could shake his determination:—||

'At length, by way of closing the conversation, he desired me to think over the matter quietly; this, of course, I promised to do, and so we parted. I conceive that he is much dissatisfied with me, but I am satisfied with myself, a feeling I have not had this long while.'

Cicero was rewarded by Atticus's approval of his firmness and by the encouragement of another friend, Sextus Peducæus, whose name stirs within him the memory of his consulship:—

\* Ad Att. IX. x. By a strange misunderstanding Mr. Froude (pp. 365 and 436) applies this passage to Cæsar, and sees in it an evidence that Cicero was brooding over schemes of assassination.

† Ad Att. X. viii.

|| Ib. IX. xviii.

‡ Ib. IX. x.

§ Ib. IX. xii.

'I have



‘I have just received your letter,’ he writes,\* ‘and am looking up a little—an experience to which I have been a stranger since these calamities. It is very cheering to me that you approve my constancy. You write that our friend Sextus approves it too. This is so pleasant to me, that I feel as if my action had won the sanction of his father, a man for whom I had a singular regard. I often call to mind on that great day of the Nones of December, when I addressed him with “Well, Sextus, how now?” his replying with

“Yet not without a struggle let me die,  
Nor all inglorious; but let some great act,  
Which future days may hear of, mark my fall.” †

The weight of his opinion still survives for me, and his son, so like him as he is, has no less authority with me. Pray remember me most kindly to him.’

After this crisis Cicero made up his mind to join Pompey, and only waited for a convenient opportunity to escape from Italy. He left while the issue of the Spanish campaign was still uncertain, fully resolved that his departure would be rendered only the more imperative if Cæsar should prove victorious. He took his place in the Republican ranks, not with any hopes of a happy issue,‡ but simply because his conscience and the memory of his past life impelled him.

Cicero had resolved that the event of the civil war ought to be staked on the issue of the single conflict between Cæsar and Pompey. Accordingly he took no part in the expiring efforts of the Republicans in Africa and Spain, and returned to Italy immediately after the battle of Pharsalia.

‘I returned home,’ he says, ‘not that I thought life on these terms an enviable alternative; still, I thought that if any vestige of the Republic remained I should be there as a citizen; if not, then as an exile. I saw no reason why I should inflict death on myself, though many why I should desire it.’§

Cæsar, who had clung with singular patience to the hope of inducing Cicero to preserve his neutrality, and in spite of all rebuffs had continued to urge him by his own letters and by the pressure of his friends down to the very moment of his departure from Italy, now hastened to give him comfort and protection. With delicate courtesy he sent him a message begging him to keep the laurelled fasces which he had assumed for some victories in

\* Ad Att. X. i.

† Lord Derby’s translation of Hector’s speech in *Iliad*, xxii. 304:—

μη μὲν ἀσπουδί γε καὶ ἀκλειῶς ἀπολοίμην  
ἀλλὰ μέγα βέβας τι καὶ ἐσσομένοισι πυθίσθαι.

‡ ‘Secuti enim sumus non spem, sed officium.’—Ad Fam. IX. v.

§ Ad Fam. VII. iii.

his Cilician governorship, thus indicating that his part in the civil war was forgotten, and that Cæsar regarded him simply as a Roman general returning from his province to claim the honours of a triumph. Nevertheless, Cicero's grief and depression at this time were extreme; 'as his habit was, his restless imagination always set things at their worst, and he is ingenious in discovering in whatever happened some reason for dissatisfaction.'\* Fears for his own safety, and despair for the fortunes of the State, are aggravated by troubles in his family. His brother and nephew had turned against him, and strove to make their own peace by calumniating him to Cæsar. There are also certain mysterious references in the correspondence of this time to some misconduct on the part of his wife Terentia, apparently in relation to money matters, which gave Cicero much pain. He was afterwards reconciled to his brother, but the estrangement from Terentia continued and led to a divorce. The affection of his daughter Tullia now, as always, was his best consolation; but even in her case there were troubles, arising chiefly from the behaviour of her husband Dolabella. He, along with Antony, was the leader of the most disreputable section of the Cæsarean party. When their master was away they were always apt to indulge in freaks of insolence, which seemed to stamp the victory of Pharsalia as the triumph of reprobates and debauchees. 'These glorious exploits of my son-in-law' seemed to add the last drop of bitterness to Cicero's cup.

With Cæsar's return to Italy after the African war the situation begins to clear. Men found themselves living under the rule of a despot, but of a despot resolved to obliterate the memory of the civil war in acts of clemency and kindness. After the experience of Cinna and of Sulla, Rome was astonished to behold a conqueror whose chief pleasure seemed to be to extend pardon to his enemies. Cicero had been shocked by the projects of the optimates, 'the proscription, not of individuals, but of whole classes,' the threatenings and slaughter breathed forth even against neutrals like Atticus, and now the contrast deeply moved his sensitive and impulsive nature, and made him for the moment almost a Cæsarean. He became the chief intermediary between Cæsar and the banished Pompeians and a main channel of Cæsar's grace to the conquered. The correspondence of this period is full of letters to and from the exiles. All look to Cicero as their most trusty and most influential friend, and he spared no pains to comfort them in their troubles and to effect their recal.

\* Boissier, 'Cicéron et ses Amis,' p. 273.

'You,' writes Aulus Cæcina,\* 'must bear the whole weight of the business; on you are staked all my hopes. Your sagacity instructs you what pleases Cæsar, and how he may be won. . . . Perhaps my misery makes me foolish, or my friendship shameless in heaping burdens on you: your own practice must be my excuse for both; all your life long you have so accustomed us to see you labouring for your friends, that now we who may claim that title not only look for your aid, but lay our commands on you.'

One famous instance of clemency, the pardon of Cæsar's old enemy Marcus Marcellus, swept away Cicero's resolution never again to open his lips in the Senate-house. The scene in the Senate on the day of Marcellus's recalcitrance is described with enthusiasm in a letter to Servius Sulpicius †:—

'That day seemed to me to shine so fairly that I thought I beheld some image of the Republic rising as it were from the dead. . . . My turn came, and my resolution melted. I had determined—not, I assure you, from indolence, but because I was inconsolable for the loss of my ancient independence—to impose on myself a perpetual silence. My resolve broke down before the magnanimity of Cæsar and the gratitude of the Senate; so I delivered a full speech of thanks to Cæsar, and have thereby, I fear, cut myself off from the honourable retirement which was my only consolation in these bad times.'

Cicero again raised his voice in public in defence of Quintus Ligarius. In this case the pardon of a bitter enemy of Cæsar was granted as the prize of Cicero's pleading. We will follow Mr. Tyrrell's example in quoting Plutarch's narrative of this triumph of the eloquent tongue.

'The story goes that when Q. Ligarius was put on his trial as an enemy to Cæsar, and Cicero appeared as his advocate, Cæsar said to his friends, "We know beforehand that the prisoner is a pestilent fellow and a public enemy; what harm can it do to listen once again to a speech of Cicero's?" But soon he felt himself strangely stirred by Cicero's opening words, and as the speech proceeded, instinct with passion and exquisite in grace, one might see rapid changes of colour pass over Cæsar's face, bearing witness to the tide of emotions ebbing and flowing through his mind. At length, when the speaker touched on the struggle at Pharsalia, Cæsar became so agitated that his body trembled, and some papers which he was holding dropped from his hand. In the end he was carried by storm, and acquitted the accused.' ‡

Every such instance of success encouraged Cicero to fresh efforts in behalf of fresh petitioners, and multiplied his relations with Cæsar and his partisans. His fear of seeming to commit

\* Ad Fam. VI. vii.

† Ib. IV. iv.

‡ Plutarch, Cicero, 39.  
himself

himself to the new government gradually gives way before the delight of doing a service to a friend.

'I fought your battle,' he writes to Ampius Balbus,\* 'with more bluntness than my present situation justifies. But the very ill-luck proper to my shipwrecked fortunes was overborne by your deariness to me and by the long friendship between us which you have so sedulously cherished. Everything which relates to your restoration is promised, pledged, guaranteed, determined. I speak from my own sight and knowledge and participation. It most fortunately happens that all Cæsar's associates are bound to me by such ties of intimacy and friendliness that after himself they give me the first place in their regard. Pansa, Hirtius, Balbus, Oppius, Matius, Postumius, all of them have a singular affection for me.'

We find Cicero giving welcome assistance to his younger Cæsarean friends by teaching them the art of rhetoric. He playfully compares himself to the tyrant Dionysius, who when expelled from Syracuse, opened a school at Corinth. He found the exercise of the lungs in speaking good for his health, and he was afraid that his art might grow rusty from want of practice; these favours likewise gained him influence with the party in power, which might be used in the interests of the Pompeians. Sometimes the pettiness of these rhetorical displays, compared with the old contests of the Senate and the Forum, strikes him painfully. 'Like Philoctetes in the play,' he writes, 'I groan to think that these shafts are spent "inglorious on a feathered, not an armed prey."' Meanwhile Hirtius and his companions claimed his interest in their new art and science of good living. 'They are my pupils in speaking, but my tutors in dining,' he writes to Pætus; 'I expect I have been the death of more peacocks than you of barn-door fowls.'

It was not in the nature of the sanguine and mercurial temperament of Cicero to keep the mind long together on the stretch with political regrets, or to resist the seductions of gay and brilliant society. His old wit plays freely on the new situation, and the despotism of Cæsar, like that of Louis XIV., was 'tempered with epigrams.' Cæsar could listen with frank and fearless enjoyment to strokes of satire directed against himself and his system. He even prided himself on his critical acuteness in detecting the true flavour of Cicero's jests and in refusing to be taken in by the work of any inferior craftsman.

'Cæsar has a very keen judgment, and just as your brother—one of the most cultivated men I ever knew—used to say off-hand, "This verse is Plautus; this is not," because his ear was practised in the

\* Ad Fam. VI. xii.

style of different poets, so I hear that Cæsar, in making up an album of my *dicta* would reject any spurious piece which was brought him under my name. He has the more opportunity at present, since his most intimate friends are almost every day in my company. Many things drop out in the course of conversation which my hearers are good enough to consider not devoid of wit and elegance. These are regularly reported to him along with the news of the day—such are his orders—and so he pays no attention to forgeries from the outside.\*

The picture we get of Cicero at this time is that of a man taking refuge from a political situation which is abhorrent to him in acts of practical kindness, in literature and in the society of his friends. At the end of a playful letter † to Cassius, who ‘held Epicurus strong,’ and whom Cicero affects to wish to convert to the orthodox creed, he continues :—

“What,” you will say, “put all this stuff in your head?” Well, I had nothing else to write about. Politics I cannot write about, for I do not choose to commit my real thoughts to paper.’

And again to the same correspondent ‡ :—

‘I would write more at length if I had any nonsense to write about; for we can hardly talk seriously without danger. “We can laugh, then,” you will say. Well, that is not too easy; however, we have nothing else to distract us from our miseries. “But where has philosophy gone?” Yours to the kitchen, and mine to the rhetoric school. For I am ashamed to be a slave, and so I make believe to be employed about something to stop my ears to the reproof of Plato.’

Thus, as he says elsewhere, ‘the slaves made their life a merry one.’ The stern patriot, who forgets to smile while his country is prostrate, is perhaps a more imposing figure. Nevertheless the elasticity of temper which Cicero exhibits, is itself a kind of strength. In almost every period of his life we note the same power of throwing himself rapidly from one mood or one train of thought to another. In the crisis of the Catilinarian conspiracy, he can find spirits for the brilliant and sportive onslaught on Cato and Servius Sulpicius, which gives life to the speech for Murena; and in the last months of his life the presence of the deadly struggle with Antony does not prevent his cheering his old friend Pætus with the gayest trifles and the most good-humoured raillery. In the same versatile disposition he finds a resource under the domination of Cæsar. The despotism bows but does not crush him. Through all he preserves his freshness and vitality, and husbands the strength which was destined to be used once again in defence of the Republic.

\* Ad Fam. IX. xvi.

† Ib. XV. xvi.

‡ Ib. XV. xviii.

It was perhaps owing to this elasticity of spirits that Cicero was at this time (B.C. 46) far from despairing of the future of the State. He cannot look with any pleasure on the present condition of politics, on the degradation of the Senate, on the want of independence in the law-courts, on the rule of a master 'who takes counsel not even with his friends, but with himself.' Cicero never blinds himself to the difference between his new position as the servant of a despotism and his old glories as a statesman of Republican Rome.

'If,' he writes, 'it be "dignity" to wish well to the State, and to find that one's principles meet the approbation of good men, in that sense I preserve my dignity; but if dignity consist in the power to carry out one's principles into action, or even to defend them with freedom of speech, in that case not an atom of dignity is left me, and I am thankful if I can so rule my own conduct as to bear with fortitude the ills which we suffer and those which threaten us.'\*

But with all this the anxious question so constantly recurring, 'whether there is to be any sort of free State,' has not as yet, in Cicero's mind, received a definite answer in the negative. True, that the present situation is intolerable, but that is 'not by the fault of the victor, but of the victory itself.' Cæsar has already frustrated all the gloomy prognostications of violence and cruelty, which once hovered round his anticipated triumph. May he not have yet another surprise in store? May he not find some sort of compromise, by virtue of which there may still be a place for a freeman in Rome? Possessed as he now was with admiration for much of Cæsar's conduct, Cicero could not bring himself to believe that the Dictator really purposed the permanent destruction of the Republic. That must surely be meant for immortality, and he will not yet despair of it, nor even despair that Cæsar is destined to restore and to consolidate it.

'The all-powerful ruler,' he writes † in the first days of the year 45 B.C., 'seems to me to incline day by day more to equity and a rational order; besides, our cause is one which must necessarily revive and flourish again along with the State itself, which cannot lie thus prostrate for ever; each day something is done in a more temperate and liberal spirit than we feared.'

Cicero hoped to live to see some sort of reconstruction of the Republic. He even thought that he himself might lend a hand to the great task; and among his reasons for abstaining from an irreconcilable opposition, not the least is the feeling that the State may still have work for him to do.

\* Ad Fam. IV. xiv.

† To Trebrianus.—Ad Fam. VI. x.

'In

'In case there is any call for our help,' he writes to Varro, 'I do not say as architects but as masons, in building up the Republic, let us resolve not to be wanting but rather to hurry to offer our services: if no one will accept our aid, still let us write and read of political science; and if not in the Senate-house and the courts, yet in books and writings, like the learned men of old time, let us busy ourselves over the State and search into the truths of law and morals.' \*

These hopes, and this easy way of life, were rudely interrupted by a great and unexpected calamity. Cicero's daughter, Tullia, died suddenly at Rome, about the last day of January, 45. Tullia was her father's darling, the only one of his family of whose conduct he never complains, his consolation in all his troubles, and his tender and sympathizing companion in all his pursuits. Cicero was overwhelmed with grief, and sought refuge in tears and seclusion.

'In this desolate spot,' he writes to Atticus from Astura some six weeks after his bereavement,† 'I avoid speaking a word to any one. Early in the morning I hide myself away in a thick and rough wood, and do not quit it till evening. Next to yourself, my best friend is solitude.'

In this great sorrow Cicero found much consolation in literature. His books, 'those old friends who had forgiven his desertion of them and invited him back to their old intimacy,‡ when he returned home after the Civil War, now once again proved true to him:—

'There is not a treatise on consolation under bereavement, that I did not read through when I was in your house; but my grief is too strong for the medicine. Nay, I did what I believe no one ever did before, I wrote a treatise on consolation for myself. I will send you the book if the copyists have written it out. I declare to you, this has given more relief than anything. Now I write from morning to night; not that what I write is good for much, but it checks my grief to a certain extent.' §

These words were written in the month of March. Two months later Cicero can unhesitatingly appeal to his literary activity, which is producing the 'Tusculan Disputations,' as a proof that he is not yielding an unmanly subjection to his grief:—

'Those cheerful souls,' he writes,|| 'who find fault with me, cannot read as much as I have written in the time. Whether the work is good or bad is nothing to the point; it could not have been attempted by any one who had abandoned himself to despair.'

\* In April, 47 B.C.—Ad Fam. IX. ii.

† Ad Att. XII. xv.

‡ Ad Fam. IX. i.

§ Ad Att. XII. xiv.

|| Ib. XII. xl.

Nevertheless,



Nevertheless, Tullia's death makes a great change in Cicero's attitude towards men and things. He is resolved to show firmness in word and action, but he has 'lost for ever that cheerfulness with which we were wont to season the bitterness of the times.' The shock of domestic calamity seems to dispel illusions on which he had hitherto fed himself respecting the future of the State. 'All is lost, all is lost, my dear Atticus,' he exclaims; \* 'that is no new thing; but now that my last anchor is gone, I am driven to avow it.'

In answer to the admonitions of his friend Luceius he writes † :—

'I am not astonished that you who still hope are braver than I, but I am astonished hope should still possess you. What remains that is not so fatally blasted that we must needs confess it dead and extinct? Look around on all the limbs of the State which you know so well. Where will you find one that is not broken and paralyzed? I could prove this, if you did not perceive it as well as I do, or if I could go into particulars without the pain which your precepts enjoin me to fling from me. Therefore I will bear my private griefs as you prescribe, and the public griefs perhaps yet more bravely than you my preceptor. For you have, so you write, some consolation in hope; I am resolved to obey your precept and exhortation, and to be strong amidst absolute despair.'

Cæsar's conduct in the last months of his life was such as to open the eyes of those who had cherished the hope that he would found the Republic anew. More and more he inclined to the shows of Oriental despotism, for which the Roman world was not ripe for yet three hundred years. The setting up of Cæsar's statue alongside that of the goddess Salus and of Quirinus, the deified Romulus, brings to Cicero's lips the sharp retort, 'I am better pleased to see him share the temple of Quirinus than that of Safety.' The legend ran that Romulus had governed tyrannically, and had been torn in pieces by the senators. In indicating such an omen for the new monarch of Rome, Cicero shows that at this time (June, B.C. 45) it was already becoming clear to him that the effort to reconstruct the Republic might have to be made over the dead body of Cæsar. In the month of August the games of the circus gave Cæsar another opportunity for outraging republican sentiments by having his statue borne in procession along with the images of the gods. At the same time he employed Aurelius Cotta to discover a Sibylline oracle which might justify him in assuming the title of king. The hurried sentences of a note scribbled to Atticus ‡ give us a glimpse of Cicero's feelings :—

\* Ad Att. XII. xxiii.

† Ad Fam. V. xiii.

‡ Ad Att. XIII. xlv.

'How

'How I delighted in your letter! but this procession is a bitter business. However, it is well to be kept informed about everything, even about Cotta. Well did the people that they would not lend a hand even to clap the Victory, because of the bad company she was in! Brutus is here; he wants me to write to Cæsar. I had promised him to do so, but now I tell him to look at this procession.'

We pass on four months to the beginning of the year 44. The Ides of March are drawing on. Cæsar had not allowed the old year to expire without a deadly insult to the memory of the chief magistracy of republican Rome. Caninius Rebilus was elected Consul for a few hours of the last day of the year 45. It was the public proclamation of the fact that the consulship was now only a mockery and a farce. The account of the spectacle which Cicero gives to his friend Curius in one of the last letters \* written before Cæsar's death, may serve as a fitting close to his experiences of the government of the Dictator:—

'I give up pressing you or even requesting you to return home. All my wish is that I too could take to myself wings and come at some land "where I shall never hear the name nor the deeds of the sons of Pelops."† I cannot tell you how mean I feel for having any part in these things. Verily you seem to have had a foresight long ago of what was coming on us, when you took your flight from these parts. Bitter as things are to hear of, they are a thousand times worse to see. At any rate you have escaped being present in the Campus Martius at eight in the morning, when the elections for quæstors were being held. The curule chair of Fabius whom they were pleased to call Consul was duly set. Then comes a messenger to say the man is dead, and away goes his chair. Thereupon Cæsar, who had taken the auspices for an assembly by tribes, held an assembly by centuries instead. At twelve o'clock he returned a Consul duly elected to hold office till the 1st of January, that is to say till midnight. So you are to know that in the consulship of Caninius no one breakfasted. It must be granted that his consulship was remarkably free from crime, owing to his marvellous vigilance, for during his term of office he never closed an eye. This seems a joke to you. Yes, for you are far away; if you were here to see it, you could not refrain from tears. Am I to write anything more of the sort, for plenty more of the sort is happening? I could not bear it all, if it were not that I take refuge in the haven of philosophy and that I have our dear Atticus as the companion of my studies.'

It is no easy task to present a picture of the complication of

\* Ad Fam. VII. xxx.

† From an unknown Latin tragedian. We should say, with the Lady of the Lake:—

'Where ne'er was breathed a Scottish word,  
Nor e'er the name of Douglas heard.'

events which succeeded the assassination of Cæsar. The twenty months of life which remained to Cicero were crowded with varied activity and changing fortunes. Cæsar's work out-last-ed him; he had prostrated the Republic by the swords of his legionaries, and the soldiers were still the chief power in the State. The veterans crowded to Rome, bent on securing the grants of money and land which Cæsar had assigned them. To pacify them it was necessary to confirm all the acts of Cæsar. This confirmation and the amnesty with which it was accompanied were carried in the Senate on the proposal of Cicero, and he acknowledges in some of his letters that any attempt to call the acts of the Dictator in question will breed hopeless confusion. Yet the survival of Cæsar's ordinances and Cæsar's appointments produced inconsistencies and embarrassments enough. All the experiences recorded in Greek politics seemed to go for nothing; according to all precedent, on the removal of the tyrant the free state ought to have resumed its life. Cicero is puzzled and baffled. 'I grieve,' he says, 'over a fate which has never befallen any State before, to have rid ourselves of our master, and yet not to have restored the Republic.\*' Antony, whom the chance of the Dictator's dispositions had left as consul, seized upon the treasures of Cæsar, and used the validity accorded to his acts as a sanction for any forgery which he chose to insert in the dead man's notebooks. Shakespeare has hit the mark when he makes Antony say—

'Fortune is merry,  
And in this mood will give us anything.'

No extravagance was too much for him. Laws, immunities, decrees, kingdoms were all to be bought from the new master of the State. It seemed at one moment as if this shallow-brained soldier would advance on the shoulders of his body-guard of veterans to occupy the inheritance of Cæsar's position.

The minds of men were profoundly agitated; strong currents of conflicting opinion swept the State. To Cicero and the friends with whom he most sympathized, the season for doubt and hesitation was over. Looking back on Cæsar's career as a whole, they made no question that he was a 'tyrant' in the Greek sense of the word, that he had destroyed a free State and meant his own domination to be permanent. This granted, the rest was clear. The Greek philosophers and historians, the recognized expounders of morality, spoke with no uncertain sound of the despot and his fate. The slayer of the 'tyrant' was a hero and a public benefactor; honour and gratitude were his

\* Ad Att. XIV. iv.

due at the hands of every freeman. Not only in his public utterances, where we might suspect him of a desire to make the best of the action of his political allies, but in his most confidential expressions to Atticus, Cicero never wavers in his approval of the deed and in his admiration for the liberators. 'Their name will be glorious with posterity as heroes or rather as gods. Though the deed may be barren in good results for the rest of us, yet for themselves there is a mighty consolation in the consciousness of a great and splendid action.\*' Exultation in the punishment of the usurper was the prevailing feeling among men of standing and character, and among the mass of the Roman citizens who inhabited the country towns of Italy.† On the other hand a portion of the city populace, reinforced by the veteran soldiers and stimulated by the intrigues of the Consul, cried for vengeance on the authors of Cæsar's death. Brutus and Cassius, though holding the office of prætor, were obliged to find a pretext for leaving Rome, where their lives were no longer safe. We find the same feeling among some of the personal friends of Cæsar. 'What right have they to be angry,' writes Matius,‡ 'if I wish them to have cause to regret their act? My desire is that Cæsar's death should be a bitter thing to every one.' Elsewhere§ he is reported as using similar threatening language. 'That the tangle is hopeless; if he with all his genius could not find a solution, who is to find one now?' Well may Cicero add—'our bald friend has no mind to see things settle down quietly.' Cæsar's acts penetrated every corner of the State, and personal interests of all kinds were bound up with them. Fear, lest they should be called in question, sharpened the desire to avenge Cæsar's death. After a conversation with Hirtius, two months after the assassination, Cicero writes || :—

'These fellows make no secret of their pretensions. A great man, they say, has been murdered, and by his death the whole State has been thrown into confusion; the moment the pressure of fear is withdrawn from us all his arrangements will be set aside; what ruined him was his clemency; if it had not been for that, he would have been safe from any such attack.'

Not all the invectives of the Philippics are so damning an indictment against Antony, as the fact that before the end of the year his excesses had alienated all respectable members of the Cæsarean party. Hirtius and his associates saw in Antony the intolerable enemy of the State, and in order to resist him were

\* Ad Att. XIV. xi. † 'Exsultant lætitia in municipiis.'—Ad Att. XIV. vi.

‡ Ad Fam. XI. xxviii.

§ Ad Att. XIV. i.

|| Ib. XIV. 22.

ready to join hands with the assassins of Cæsar. Now for the first time the amnesty seemed on the point of becoming a reality. Rather than submit to the horrors of the domination which impended over them, men were willing to forget the past and to unite in a common effort to restore the Republic. Cicero's letters during the year 43 record an unprecedented unanimity of feeling in Italy. The consuls, the Senate, the populace of Rome, the Italians, even the Transpadanes bear evidence to the depth of the Republican feeling that had survived Cæsar's victory. The first taste of despotism had been bitter to the Roman people, and we hear no more of that apathy which had been so conspicuous in the struggle between Cæsar and Pompey.

'This much I must write,'\* says Cicero to Decimus Brutus in the month of January, 'that the Senate and people of Rome take the deepest interest, not only in your safety but in your glory. I am much struck to see how precious your name is held, and how notable is the affection which all the citizens have for you. All hope and trust that as once you rid the State of the despot, so now you will rid her of the despotism. At Rome and throughout Italy we are raising a conscription, if it be right to call that a conscription where every one comes forward of his own accord; men's minds are all ablaze with a longing for liberty and with hatred of the slavery we have borne so long.'

To this great wave of popular feeling Cicero himself contributed a mighty impulse. These last months are the most glorious in his life. The long years of impotence and vacillation are over, and now, with death staring him in the face, he strikes his blows freely and gaily. In the darkest moment of Antony's domination he looks forward with calmness to the end of life:—

'Brutus,' he writes † in May 44, 'seems to think of retiring into exile. For my part, I look to another haven which lies handier to my time of life; all I wish is that I could reach it, leaving Brutus in prosperity and the Republic established.'

Happily for Cicero he was to have the opportunity of selling his life dearly. He needs not to 'die on his own sword:'

'While he sees foes  
The gashes look better upon them.'

In the month of August Cicero was contemplating a visit to his son at Athens. There seemed no place for him in Rome while Antony was Consul; and all that he could hope was, that a return by the end of the year might bring him to the post of

\* Ad Fam. XI. viii.

† Ad Att. XIV. xix.

duty at a moment when his exertions could be of use. He crossed to Sicily, and had actually set sail from Syracuse, when an adverse wind, to which he declares his profound gratitude, compelled him to touch again on the Italian coast. This happy accident enabled him to receive a letter from Atticus which convinced him that the crisis would come sooner than he expected, and that to retire now would be to forsake his post. Brutus, whom he met a few days later, confirmed him in his resolve, and he set his face steadily towards Rome.

On the 2nd of September, Cicero appeared in the Senate, and delivered the speech preserved to us under the title of the 'First Philippic.' The sword is drawn, but the scabbard is not yet thrown away. He inveighs against the policy of Antony, but still urges peace, and holds out offers of reconciliation. The speech, however, was sufficient to rouse the deadly hostility of the Consul; he threatened riot or assassination, and Cicero found it necessary to retire for awhile from Rome. During the next weeks events followed thick and fast. Octavian declared against Antony, and many of the veterans, especially those of the Martian legion, joined him. The impending massacre and proscription were averted for the moment, and Antony swept northwards, to crush Decimus Brutus and secure his hold on Cis-Alpine Gaul. Meantime Cicero had employed his retirement in forging a keen weapon of offence against his adversary; the 'Second Philippic' is his reply to the threats of Antony. The present danger did not permit it to be delivered face to face in the Senate-house, but it was reserved to be published as soon as Antony had withdrawn. Its publication strikes the keynote of the national opposition to Antony. Cicero now stands in the fore-front of the battle; from the middle of December onwards his great speeches rapidly succeed one another; he is master of the situation; he feels that he is giving form and words to the thoughts and aspirations of all that is loyal and true in Rome, and so his eloquence burns free and splendid without reserve or misgiving. Under the Roman constitution, the duty of leading the debates and guiding the counsels of the Senate was not bound up, as it is under our own parliamentary system, with the possession of executive office. The magistrate might, without any dereliction of duty, confine himself to naming the subject which the Senate was to discuss; it was open to the private senator to make any motion on the subject in hand; and this motion, if approved by a majority of voices, became a binding instruction to the executive. Thus Cicero, though without any formal office, took the responsibility of the initiative and shaped the policy of the Republic. He was, in fact, prime minister

of Rome. He had returned to place himself at the disposal of the State, and now he frankly accepted the post of honour and of danger.

'What is to happen,' he writes \* at the end of December, B.C. 44, 'I know not. The single hope remains that the Roman people may at last show itself worthy of its ancestors. For my own part, I will not be wanting to the State, and whatever happens, so that it is not by my fault, I will bear it with fortitude.'

A few days later he adds :—

'As soon as ever opportunity presented itself, I used my old freedom in defence of the Republic. I offered my services as leader to the Senate and people of Rome, and when once I had taken up the cause of liberty, I did not let it slip a moment which could be used in defence of the common safety and the common freedom.' †

The position of 'princeps,' to which Cicero so justly lays claim, implied in this hour of peril not only the duties of a parliamentary leader, but other labours which belong rather to the functions of the diplomatist. While the armies of the Republic, under Dec. Brutus, Hirtius, Pansa, and Octavian, stood face to face with Antony under the walls of Mutina, the ring was kept by the legions of Spain and Gaul under the command of Pollio, Lepidus, and Plancus. It was obvious that these armies might come to have a deciding vote in the contest, and their attitude, and that of their generals, was dubious and alarming. The despatches which passed between these commanders and Cicero as the acknowledged head of the Republican Government in Rome form the best comment on the process of events. Cicero's letters to these almost independent powers are admirable in their force and dignity. Not even in the 'Philippics' is the tone more sturdy and uncompromising.

'You recommend peace,' he writes to Plancus, ‡ 'while your colleague, Decimus Brutus, is besieged by a gang of brigands. If they want peace they should lay down their arms and beg for it; if they demand it with force of arms, then we must win our way to peace through victory, not through negociation . . . Show yourself worthy; sever yourself from an ill-assorted union with bad citizens; next, offer yourself as a guide, chief, and leader to the Senate and to all honest men; lastly, believe that peace consists not in laying down arms, but in flinging off the fear of arms and of slavery. If you will act and think as I say, then you shall be not only consul and consular, but a great consul and a great consular; if otherwise, in the splendid titles of your station there will be no dignity, but only a pre-eminence in ignominy.'

\* To Cornificius.—Ad Fam. XII. xxii.

† Ad Fam. XII. xxiv.

‡ Ib. X. 6



To Lepidus he writes still more sternly :—\*

‘I am glad to hear that you profess yourself desirous of promoting peace between citizens. If you connect that peace with liberty you will do good service to the State and to your own reputation. But if your peace is to restore a villain to the possession of an unbridled tyranny, let me tell you that all true men have made up their minds to accept death rather than servitude. You will therefore act more wisely, to my judgment, if you decline to meddle with projects of accommodation which do not commend themselves to the Senate or the people or to any loyal man.’

Cicero’s efforts seemed at one moment likely to be successful. Pollio doubtfully, and Plancus possibly with sincerity, promised their assistance. The East fell to M. Brutus and Cassius; Antony proved unable to make head against the forces brought to bear on him round Mutina; Cicero never flinched or wavered, and the Roman Senate and people were heartily on his side. But the consent of public opinion in Italy, even when backed by the readiness of the people to enlist and fight for their liberties, was no longer the decisive force in the Roman Commonwealth. The centre of power had shifted, and now lay with the veteran soldiers. The army, disciplined by long service in foreign and domestic war, was an admirable fighting engine, before which hastily-levied contingents must of necessity go down. But it was also essentially a body of mercenary troops, without civic loyalty or care for the good of the State. The soldiers were attached to the memory of the great general under whom they had fought and conquered, and felt strongly that his death ought to be revenged. Plancus writes † that part of Lepidus’s army is not less disloyal than Antony’s own troops, and he fears that ‘the 10th Legion, which was brought to a proper state of mind by my efforts, may break out again into its old frenzy.’ Cicero has to inform Decimus Brutus that it is impossible to carry out the arrangement by which he was to take command of the Martian and of the 4th Legion after the death of Hirtius and Pansa. ‘Those who are familiar with those legions say that they could not be induced to join you on any terms.’ ‡ When Plancus § comes to recount the tale of Decimus Brutus’s force, we find only one veteran legion, one of two years’ standing, and eight legions of recruits. ‘Thus the whole army, though strong in numbers, is very weak in quality. How much trust can be placed on recruits in the field we know, alas, too well by experience.’ The interests as well as the sentiments of the veterans were against a peaceful solution.

\* Ad Fam. X. xxvii.

† Ib. X. xi.

‡ Ib. XI. xiv.

§ Ib. X. xxiv.

Antony had shown them that the task of avenging Cæsar might be made a profitable one. They were not disinclined to a civil war, and in the meantime were well pleased to have all sides bidding for their support. Antony, as may be supposed, was not behindhand in his promises:—

‘I have three strong legions,’ writes Pollio,\* ‘one of them, the 28th, was solicited by Antony at the beginning of the war with the promise of a donation of 500 denarii† to each soldier on the day they arrived in camp, and in case of victory the same rewards as to his own troops, and these no one ventures to suppose will be other than unlimited. The troops were most eager to go, and I kept them in check with much difficulty. I could not have done it if I had quartered the whole legion together, for some cohorts mutinied as it was. The other legions were also constantly tempted by letters and boundless promises.’

Another fatal element in the situation was the position of Octavian. The Republic was forced to accept his help, yet, claiming as he did to be Cæsar’s heir, he was bound to satisfy the opinion of the army, and could not sincerely desire the restoration of the Republic, in which the men who had killed his uncle would hold a chief place. It was obvious that his quarrel with Antony admitted of a compromise. As soon as Antony was reduced to terms he had no wish to crush him, and their union against the Republic was only a matter of time and opportunity. The single chance for Cicero and the Senate was that Antony and Octavian should hold each other in check until the Republic could possess itself of an army of its own. This chance was frustrated by the death of both the consuls, Hirtius and Pansa, in the moment of victory before Mutina. Their army fell at once under the control of Octavian, and by its means he was enabled to extort the consulship from the Roman Government. Antony’s fallen cause was meanwhile revived by the adhesion of Lepidus and his powerful army. Nothing now remained but for the three generals to come to terms.

The bargain was quickly struck; the leaders of the Republican party were proscribed, and Cicero was the first victim. He made a faint attempt to escape from Italy, but was overtaken by Antony’s assassins. His faithful slaves wished to fight in his defence, but he refused their aid, and offered his neck silently to the sword. His head, and the hand which had penned the Second Philippic, were hung on the rostra in the Roman Forum. Cicero’s work was over, and the tragedy of his death was the natural outcome of his splendid failure. He had

\* Ad Fam. X. xxxii.

† Nearly 18*l*.

staked all on one cast. The policy of the State during the brief months while he was at the helm had been vigorous, straightforward, and unhesitating. He had protested against all half-measures, and scorned all ambiguous words. He accepted the internecine conflict between the Republic of the Liberators and the revived Cæsarism of Antony. There was no door of escape, no place left in the State for him and Antony together; each of them fought in the spirit of Mezentius:—

‘Nullum in cæde nefas, nec sic ad proelia veni.’

What manner of man Cicero was, we have attempted to show from his own lips. His is one of those characters whose faults lie on the surface; and the preservation of his most secret letters has withdrawn the veil which hides the weakness and the pettiness of most men from the eyes of posterity. His memory has thus been subjected to a test of unprecedented sharpness. Nevertheless, the faithful friends who resolved to present to the world his confidential utterances, unspoiled by editorial garbling, have not only earned our gratitude by the gift of a unique historical monument, but have judged most nobly and most truly what was due to the reputation of Cicero. As it was in his lifetime, so it has been with his memory; those who have known him most intimately have commonly loved him best. He is no demi-god to be set on a pedestal for the worship of the nations, but a man with human virtues and human weaknesses, and withal possessed of a charm of grace and goodness which makes us think of him as of some familiar and beloved friend. The calm retrospective judgment of Cæsar Augustus, recorded for us by Plutarch, sums up not unfairly the story of Cicero’s life.

‘It happened many years after,’ writes Plutarch,\* ‘that Cæsar once found one of his grandsons with a work of Cicero in his hands. The boy was frightened and hid the book under his gown; but Cæsar took it from him, and standing there motionless he read through a great part of the book; then he gave it back to the boy and said, “This was a great orator, my child, a great orator and a man who loved his country well.”’

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\* ‘Life of Cicero,’ ch. 49.

- ART. III.—1. *Les Collectionneurs de l'ancienne Rome. Notes d'un Amateur.* Paris, 1867.  
 2. *Les Collectionneurs de l'ancienne Rome.* Par Edmond Bonnaffé. Paris, 1873.  
 3. *Les Arts à la Cour des Papes.* Eugène Müntz. Paris, 1879.

THE practice of forming collections of objects remarkable for beauty, rarity, or scientific interest, is one which has of late years shown a remarkable extension in this country and in France. It is one which can only flourish in societies in which wealth, leisure, and a certain amount of cultivation exist, and the yearly increasing affluence of persons who, with much time as well as wealth at their disposal, have also more or less of cultivation, has greatly augmented the number of collectors. The unprofessional inhabitant of Tyburnia, Belgravia or Kensington, as he cannot imitate his country cousin and on a fine day go out and kill something, endeavours to satisfy the natural taste for acquisition by going out and buying something; and the lawyer, the banker, or the stockbroker, on his way home from chambers or 'Change, looks into a curiosity shop and carries home to his wife a 'bit of blue' or a 'nitschki.'

The formation of collections of objects either of fine or of industrial art is a practice obviously less germane to a state of society in which a vigorous indigenous art flourishes, than to one in which, as in our own, much knowledge of the art of bygone periods exists, one in which criticism is more rife than true hearty love and appreciation, but which is almost without a living art, having its roots in and drawing its nourishment from the heart of the nation. Why should an Egyptian of the time of Sesostris, or an Athenian in the days of Phidias, have collected the works of the barbarians? They could teach him nothing which he cared to know, and such art as they might display would have appeared to him contemptible, if not hateful.

In the later days of Greece the sentiment which animates collectors evidently existed, but, with that strong patriotic feeling which a Greek bore to his native city, the temple and the agora, rather than the private house, were the repositories of the collection. The public place of many a Greek city, small in size as in most cases it was, must have had all the aspect of a museum. Even in the time of Vespasian 3000 statues remained at Rhodes (Pliny, xxxiv. 17), and there were not fewer at Delphi, Athens, and Olympia. Ottfried Müller says that an approximate calculation of the statues and images plundered by the

the Romans from Greece soon runs up to a hundred thousand. The temples also were real museums filled with statues and pictures, which in many cases had no relation to the divinity in whose shrine they were placed. As an instance, in the temple of Jupiter at Olympia were statues of Amphitrite, Neptune, Vesta, Proserpine, Venus, Ganymede, Diana, Æsculapius, Hygieia, Bacchus, Orpheus, Homer, and Hesiod, all presented by one person.\* But though the greater works of art were public property, doubtless many a wealthy citizen had his collection of vases, of engraved gems, of sculptured ivories, and of pictures.

The Grecian treasures of art, when they became the booty of Roman generals, soon inoculated their new possessors with a taste for collecting, which, as many well-known anecdotes show, they indulged in not unfrequently with boundless extravagance; but in many cases it would seem that the rarity of the object, rather than its beauty, was the attraction to the buyer. It is at this point in the history of collecting that M. Bonnaffé, in his unpretending but delightful little brochure, '*Les Collectionneurs de l'ancienne Rome*,' takes up the theme. He brings clearly before us the contest of opinion between the men of old Rome, who looked down on art and artists, as not worthy of the serious attention of their Imperial race—thinking with Virgil,

'Tu regere imperio populos Romane memento  
(Hæ tibi erunt artes) pacisque imponere morem,  
Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos—'

and the lovers and collectors of objects of art.

Cicero, in his second oration against Verres, speaks of such things as contemptible, and says that the forefathers of those whom he addressed allowed the peoples whom they had made tributary to retain them as an amusement and consolation in their slavery. In a curious passage quoted by M. Bonnaffé from the '*Paradoxa*' (V. 2), the great orator, enraged probably at seeing that the taste for these puerilities grew and increased around him, brings forward the very strange argument that, as in a house the slaves who were intrusted with the care of the objects of art held the lowest rank, so those who passionately loved such objects were in the lowest depth of slavery. It is, however, only just to Cicero to remember that Roman luxury easily ran riot, and that the crimes which Verres, the great collector of the day, had committed in amassing the treasures of art which he possessed, and doubtless the extravagant and affected admiration of the adulators of Verres and such as Verres, were reasonably offensive to the patriotic statesman.

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\* See '*Hist. Romaine à Rome*,' by M. Ampère, vol. iii. p. 609 note.

M. Bonnaffé

M. Bonnaffé has, however, the satisfaction of proving that Cicero himself did not wholly escape from the infection, for not only did he ornament his villas with statues and paintings, but he even expended a million of sesterces (some 8000*l.*) in the purchase of a table of 'citrus,' the modern thuya.

Seneca also, who (Epist. 8) denies to painting and sculpture the name of 'liberal arts,' is recorded to have possessed no fewer than 500 tables with legs of ivory; but he condemned furniture covered with tortoise-shell. Apparently both the orator and the philosopher were disposed to

'Compound for sins they were inclined to,  
By damning those they had no mind to.'

Among the many collectors in Rome one name is prominent, that of Verres. M. Bonnaffé says of his collection:

'In fact no other offers as complete a whole; it alone gives an adequate idea of what a collection and a collector were at the end of the Republican period.'

He avows that to him 'there is something fascinating in this great example of a collector passionately attracted by the *chefs-d'œuvre* of antiquity,' and insinuates that we ought not to judge him too harshly upon Cicero's invectives, but to remember that we have only the attack and not the defence.

But while by this desire to deal as tenderly as may be with the sins of Verres he shows that 'fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind,' his sense of right and justice compels him to sum up the proconsul's deeds in words which convey a warning as well as a judgment:

'Of patrician birth, a true connoisseur, but without fortune adequate to maintain his position and surround himself with the *chefs-d'œuvre* which he coveted, he allowed no scruples to bar his path.'

If this view of the character of Verres be correct, and it was not merely a sordid desire for wealth and the gross enjoyments which wealth without culture may procure that prompted his deeds, we may perhaps think rather more leniently of this great collector than we have hitherto done; but we fear that the inventory of his collection given to us by M. Bonnaffé must tempt some of our collectors to regret that 'they can't commit his crimes.' Are there not some among us whose virtue would be hardly proof against temptation if they were proconsuls in China or Japan? Clive is said to have exclaimed that when he remembered what gold and jewels were cast at his feet, he was astonished at his own moderation. The East India Company's rule that all presents made to officials should be surrendered as public property was

was a judicious one, for the virtue which could withstand rupees might be hardly proof against works of art. Miss Eden, in her delightful 'Up the Country,' has recorded with what pangs a present which suits the receiver's taste is parted with.

Certainly Verres had the courage or audacity to display openly the objects which he had 'annexed.' The entrance-doors of his house were those of the temple of Minerva at Syracuse, covered with bas-reliefs in ivory incrustated with gold. His halls were filled with statues in marble or in bronze, which had been the chief ornaments of the cities of Sicily, Asia, or Greece; the Cupid of Praxiteles, the Hercules of Myron, the Sappho of Silanion, and a crowd of other *chefs-d'œuvre* of Greek sculpture of the best period, taken with the greatest impartiality from the temple, the agora, or the private dwelling.

His collection of pictures was equally remarkable, and had been acquired in like manner. In statues, in ivory, in candelabra, vases, and armour, in Corinthian brass, in engraved gems, he was equally rich; but if there was one branch of *virtù* in which his collection was altogether unrivalled, it was perhaps that of vessels of gold and silver, or, as we should now say, plate.

Such was his passion for objects of this kind, that he even ventured to appropriate to himself the colossal candelabrum of gold enriched with precious stones, which the son of Antiochus was conveying as a present to the Republic. Worse even than this, when rich Sicilians invited him to a banquet and produced their finest pieces of plate in his honour, he was accustomed to detach from them the *ἐμβλήματα* (small plates or disks with chiselled reliefs which were attached much as enamelled plates of silver were affixed in medieval times to the centres of rose-water dishes), and to carry off those precious ornaments. The practice of which Marshal Junot is accused, of forcing out a fine diamond or other gem from the jewelled chalice or reliquary exhibited to him in some Spanish treasury, was not so cruel an outrage, for the diamond, though it may be valuable, is not a work of art.

We cannot regret that Verres at last found that 'our pleasant vices are made the whips that scourge us.' He was proscribed by Antony in consequence of his refusal to give up to him his bronzes, and his misdeeds thus brought about their just retribution. M. Bonnaffé, still desirous of doing his best for the memory of so fervid a collector, suggests that he felt that to dismember his collection was a sacrilege, and doubtless regards him as a martyr in the sacred cause.

Cæsar was also a great collector. Suetonius tells us that he eagerly



eagerly collected engraved gems, works in *repousse*, statues, pictures of ancient work, and he was also a munificent patron of the artists of his day. M. Bonnaffé remarks of him :

‘Cæsar was not governed by the narrow ideas of his day. His collections were not exiled to country villas, he had higher and wider views. He caused temporary porticoes to be constructed at the Capitôl in order to exhibit his works of art to the public. His cabinets of engraved gems, and of these he possessed six, were sent to adorn the temple which he built in honour of Venus Genetrix ; he settled the plan of a vast public library, of which Varro was to have had the management ; in fine he opened to the people his fine gardens by the bank of the Tiber, and placed there his gallery of pictures and statues.’

It was on the site of these gardens that a fine statue of Venus was discovered in the year 1860.

M. Bonnaffé registers on his list of Roman collectors many other illustrious names, as those of Sallust, in whose garden the Dying Gladiator was found ; of Asinius Pollio, in whose possession was the ‘Toro Farnese,’ now at Naples ; of Antony, and even Brutus ; but we must refer to his own pages the reader who desires to profit by his gleanings.

One of his most amusing chapters is that on the public sales and the curiosity dealers of Rome. Martial has preserved to us the name of one of these last, Milo, who it seems added a trade in incense and spices to that in works of art or curiosity.\* The poets have left some lively and amusing sketches of the collectors who haunted the ‘septa,’ the bazaar where the curiosity shops abounded. The most finished of these is the sketch of Vindex, which Statius has drawn in the fourth book of the ‘Sylvæ’ (‘Vindicis Hercules Epitrapezios’). In this we have the portrait of the real connoisseur, who could assign to each great artist his own work, though unmarked by his name ; who gladly imparted his knowledge to others ; and no doubt was equally willing to learn from them.

Statius writes of the night he passed after the supper to which the ‘benign Vindex’ invited him, with a warmth of feeling which will be shared by those whose good fortune it has been to be the guests of such as Vindex, in whom knowledge, good taste, a love of the arts, and kindly feeling were combined, when a congenial society, not less in number than the Graces nor more than the Muses, met round the hospitable board and spent

\* Martial, ‘Ep.’ xii. 102 :

‘Thura, piper, vestes, argentum, pallia, gemmas,  
Vendere Milo soles,’ &c.

the night in cheerful talk, suggested, in part at least, by the objects of art which the host could display.

The history of the little statue of Hercules, which gives its name to the poem, is too remarkable to be omitted. This statuette was the work of Lysippus, and was by him presented to Alexander the Great, who, according to Martial,\* was accustomed to place it on his table. It became the property of Hannibal, and afterwards of Sulla, and is heard of for the last time in the possession of Vindex towards the end of the first century. It was less than a Roman foot in height and was called 'Epitrapezios,' as being of a fit size to stand on a table. Statius characterizes it as 'parvusque videri sentiriue ingens:' from Martial we learn that it was seated on a rock covered by the skin of the Nemean lion.

Martial and Juvenal have given us sketches of collectors of very different calibre, such as Eros,† who weeps because he cannot afford to buy all he sees, or Mamurra,‡ who spends his day in examining tables of ivory, couches of tortoiseshell, murrhine cups, golden vases set with emeralds; and ends by buying two cups for a halfpenny. Mamurra, it appears, *smelt* bronzes § in order to ascertain whether they were genuine Corinthian. A well-recognized means of testing the antiquity or the newness of the patina of bronze at the present day is that of taste; a recently produced patina having, it is said, a flavour altogether different from that of an ancient one. M. Bonnaffé's chapter on 'Ventes Publiques, Marchands de Curiosité,' &c., contains amusing notices of several other amateurs of various types.

Unless we believe that the poets have given themselves much licence in their enumerations of the contents of the curiosity shops in their day, these are calculated to make us envy the happy collectors who could choose among such marvels of art and nature as were displayed to them. M. Bonnaffé sums them up thus:

'Statues, pictures, bronzes of the school of Ægina, made famous by Myron; of that of Delos by Polyclethus; invaluable rarities of Corinthian brass, marvels of modern chasing, pieces marked with the names of Boëthus, or of Mys, gigantic candelabra from the workshops of Ægina or Tarentum; further on the shops of the engravers, the jewellers, the dealers in vessels of murrhine, of rock crystal, of amber; delicate works in coloured glass cut on the wheel, or chased up like a piece of silver plate; *chefs-d'œuvre* in miniature in ivory, in terracotta; the beautiful pottery of Rhégium and of Cumæ; tapestries, furniture in bronze, in ivory, in *thuja* (citrus), in maple, &c.'

\* 'Ep.' ix. 44, 45.

† 'Ep.' x. 80.

‡ 'Ep.' ix. 60.

§ 'Consuluit nares an olerent sera Corinthum.'

That so little of the wonderful accumulation of precious objects with which Rome overflowed has come down to our time—that the gold and silver, and even the bronze, should have been melted and transformed into other shapes—is not surprising, but how few examples remain of the vessels of agate, onyx, crystal and the precious murrhine which so abounded in the Roman palaces! Mithridates is said to have possessed 2000 vases of precious materials. According to tradition, the ‘coupe des Ptolémées’ in the Bibliothèque Nationale formed a part of this collection, but where are the 1999? The consular personage of whom, without naming him, Pliny tells the odd story, that he showed his affection for a murrhine bowl which had cost him a sum equal to about 15,000*l.* by gnawing its rim, possessed such a quantity of vessels made of that precious material that they filled the private theatre which Nero had constructed in his gardens beyond the Tiber. Yet not one solitary vessel has come down to our times which has a fair claim to be deemed an example of ‘murrhine,’ as corresponding with the minute description given of that substance by Pliny. The great naturalist and others tell us that murrhine was imitated in glass, and fragments of glass vessels are found near Rome which correspond very fairly with Pliny’s description. Mr. Story-Maskelyne has shown very conclusively\* that murrhine was in all probability agate brought from India, the colour of which had been reddened by the application of heat, as is now actually done in that country.

Among the Roman collectors, the line between those who collected rarities of nature, and those to whom art was everything, was much less sharply drawn than is usually the case at the present day. This seems to characterize a primitive era of collecting. We find the same thing in the collections of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and still more among the Chinese, of many of whose most valued works of art it may not unfairly be said, ‘*Materies superabat opus.*’ The Romans evinced this propensity to value an object more for the rarity of its material than for the art which it evinced, by the extravagant prices which they gave for objects of precious material, when they were of more than common size or beauty. Petronius is said to have given a sum of more than 60,000*l.* for a single cup of murrhine, which he broke to pieces at his death in order to disappoint Nero of its possession. From 8000*l.* to 10,000*l.* was no uncommon price for a table of thuya of large size and perfect in its markings, or, as our upholsterers now say, pattern.

\* ‘Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries,’ 28th Jan. 1869.

These sums would seem incredible, but the statements are so frequently made, and by so many authors, that it seems impossible to doubt their substantial truth.

It must, however, be owned that many among them paid most handsomely for works in which, on the contrary, '*materiem superabat opus*;' for although Roman silver plate was much more solid and heavy in proportion to size than that of our day, 5000 sesterces (say 50*l.*) was about the price of a pound of chiselled silver;\* and Pytheas sold his work at the apparently fabulous price of 50*l.* per ounce! Doubtless none of the finest examples of silver work have reached us, but those which do survive enable us to judge how admirable Roman plate often was, both in design and execution.

When the decay of Rome began, much of the wealth of works of art which had been there amassed made a new migration, and found its way to Byzantium. The magnificent plate of the great patrician houses went to the melting-pot in order to supply the means of buying off the barbarians, or, with other precious objects, was lost in the general pillage; and if collectors and collections are henceforward to be looked for anywhere, it would be not to Rome, but to Byzantium, Narbonne, or Toledo, that observation must be directed. These misfortunes were no doubt the cause of the rapid decline of art at Rome, for its rapidity is certainly an extraordinary phenomenon. When we remember that innumerable works of excellent style existed at Rome, the extreme badness of the ivory sculpture, as manifested in the diptychs of the fifth and six centuries, or of silver *repoussé* work, as is shown for instance in the wedding casket in the British Museum, is indeed surprising. Even the cross given by the Emperor Justin, and still preserved at the Vatican, is extremely tasteless in design and rude in execution, so much so that it was more probably made in Rome than in Constantinople.

Much may be found in the '*Liber Pontificalis*' (the chronicle of the Popes) about the crosses, candelabra, crowns, patens, chalices, and other church vessels of the precious metals, and often of enormous weight, presented to various churches by the Popes during the dark ages, and much in the historians about the splendour of the vessels for table use which the successors of Alaric preserved; such as the great missorium of massive gold weighing five hundred pounds, and of far superior value from the precious stones with which it was adorned, and from its exquisite workmanship. But these cases can scarcely be

\* '*Libra quod argenti millia quinque rapit.*'—*Mart.* 'Ep.' iii. 61.

deemed those of collecting in its proper sense. M. Bonnaffé, however, is disposed to claim Clovis for one of his flock, as being 'curieux de belle orfèvrerie,' adducing in proof the story of the cup 'of jasper transparent as glass, adorned with glass and precious stones,' which St. Fridolin let fall from the King's table, and miraculously restored to entireness. Would that the saint had been at hand at the time of the catastrophe of the Portland vase, though indeed Mr. Doubleday's restoration almost deserves the name of miraculous!

The well-known story of the vase of Soissons confirms to M. Bonnaffé his view of Clovis's proclivity to collecting; he remarks upon it, that

'it shows the value which our fathers even in the sixth century, attached to works of jewellery, and the passionate manner in which they disputed their possession. With the lapse of time collectors have become more peaceful, and as far as I know no one has had recourse to the extreme method adopted by Clovis in order to get rid of a troublesome bidder.'

Perhaps, however, it is rather the fear of the law than a more pacific spirit which has brought about this result. Many a heart-burning has no doubt been occasioned to an enthusiastic collector by the success of a rival. It is remembered of the Duchess of Portland, who was the owner of the famous Portland or Barberini vase, that a long friendship between her and Lady Ilchester was interrupted by the latter having persisted in bidding at an auction for a blue-and-white plate of Chinese porcelain. The plate is still preserved at Melbury, but shows nothing to justify the anxiety of so good a judge of art as the Duchess to acquire it.

The middle ages did not afford the conditions which foster the taste for forming collections, though doubtless the Crusaders brought a few rare objects back to their native shores. One instance may perhaps be safely held to be such, the vessel of brass damascened with silver, which is preserved in the Louvre under the name of the 'cuve baptismale de St. Louis.' One of like form in the possession of the Duc d'Arenberg is decorated by the same method, the subjects being for the most part Christian.

But the collecting spirit found its chief field in amassing relics of saints, and the ecclesiastical or the royal treasury was the museum of the middle ages. The history of relics is one yet to be written, and will certainly, in the hands of a man who understands his subject, prove an interesting and curious contribution to the study of mankind. The Greeks of Byzantium would

would seem to have been among the earlier purveyors of relics, for we have a curious letter of Pope Gregory I. (the Great), in which he narrates that certain Greek monks had been caught in the act of digging up bodies which had been interred in the cemetery surrounding the great basilica of St. Paul beyond the wall. The Pope, with some *naïveté*, adds that this event has caused great doubt to arise in his mind whether the exhumed bones alleged to be those of saints were really such. A very large proportion of the earlier relics which exist or have existed in Europe were no doubt brought from Constantinople or from Syria by the Crusaders. Such, for instance, was the case with the crown of thorns which St. Louis obtained. One thorn from this is in the treasury of St. Mark at Venice, another in that of St. Maurice in the Valais; and each is contained in an elegant little *ostensoir* of the period of the King, and no doubt his gift. But whatever the authenticity of existing relics purporting to date from the earlier centuries may be, the devotion of their possessors induced them to cause receptacles of the most costly and elaborate kind to be made, in which these venerated objects might be preserved; and it may safely be said that we should have known little indeed of the history and progress of the arts of metallurgy, enamelling, &c., during the centuries which intervened between the death of classical art and the Renaissance if a feeling of veneration had not invested these receptacles of objects deemed sacred with a halo of sanctity, which has happily preserved many of them from destruction or alteration. Few indeed are the chalices, patens, or other sacred vessels still existing which date from the first ten centuries of our era; while of cups, goblets, or other vessels for domestic use scarcely an example is to be found which belongs to the dark or the earlier middle ages. If formed of the more precious metals, they have been melted and coined, or re-worked into more fashionable shapes; or if of the meaner, worn-out, disfigured and cast away. The reliquary was, however, for the most part, where the old faith remained, '*prisca formidine sacrum*,' and most remarkable examples of early art have come down even to this late day.

These collections of shrines or reliquaries, together with chalices and other sacred vessels, richly ornamented copies of the Gospels intended to be placed on the altar, diptychs, ivory tablets bearing the effigies of Roman Consuls, mitres, vestments, and other like objects, which form the so-called treasury of the churches, constitute the real museums of early medieval art. No one can study the art of the period from the sixth to the ninth century without full knowledge of the treasures of Monza, of St.

St. Maurice in the Valais, and, for Byzantine art, of that of St. Mark at Venice, which last no doubt alone contains more and more remarkable examples of the art of Constantinople up to the year 1200 than all the rest of Europe.

With the exception, however, of church treasures, we have little trace of collecting during the middle ages. Would that it had been in vogue, and that the collections had come down to us! How interesting would it have been to have seen the personal and household objects of the Briton or the Roman, of the Saxon or the Norman! Our antiquaries would have had the materials for studying the arts or manners of the various races readily accessible, instead of being obliged, like ghouls, to seek sustenance by ransacking cemeteries.

It would be hard, indeed, to find traces of any collecting with such enlightened views during the middle ages. When in inventories we find any object not of the period, it is usually connected with some ancestor or other celebrated historical personage; but the man of wealth and taste usually employed the former and indulged the latter in sumptuous objects for his table, his cupboard (in its etymological meaning), or his private chapel. Such men were no doubt in a sense collectors, inasmuch as they gathered vast accumulations of beautiful objects, and in many cases no doubt possessed a strong feeling for the art exhibited in them; but the primary object was in almost all cases probably not so much either the study of an art historically, or as serving to illustrate the manners and ideas of past centuries, as that of possessing a fine show of plate for use on festive occasions. Besides this, as M. De Laborde has remarked, these accumulations of gold and silver vessels served two purposes—that of investments for spare cash, on which money could be raised by borrowing or selling in time of need, and that of furnishing a supply of presents always at hand when required, for during the middle ages the giving of presents was as much an institution in the West as it now is in some parts of the East.

How little of the true spirit of the collector existed, may be inferred from the ruthless way in which ancient objects were broken up, melted, and re-made in the fashion of the day. Instances of this abound: in the time of St. Louis the shrine of St. Geneviève, made by St. Eloy, was melted and re-made; the shrine of St. Germain, made in 888, was treated in the same manner in 1408; as was also a frontal of an altar of the date of 1236. But this is only what is to be looked for in a period of growing vigorous art, as was that of the middle ages. It was, like all such, a period when the art of the day was enthusiastically



cally admired, and that of other times contemned—not one of knowledge, of thought, and comparison, when the merits of all styles are impartially weighed. The feeling of the medieval abbot or bishop was near akin to that of the rector of the present day, who is eager to ‘restore’ his church, and sweeps away without regret whatever is not of the kind of Gothic prettiness which he or his architect may love, regardless how he severs the threads of history and association. The still greater misfortune is that we have not now, as then, a living growing art, and that in exchange for our old buildings we merely get a piece of copyism.

We can therefore hardly reckon the Duke of Anjou, the son of King John II. of France, among true collectors, notwithstanding his careful catalogue of his plate and jewels, which, although wanting forty-two leaves, contains a list of 796 objects, and is annotated in his own handwriting.

It is in the fifteenth century that we begin to find the genuine collector. As M. Bonnaffé remarks:

‘In the fifteenth century the medieval schools of art were dying—exhausted by their very fecundity, and aged before their time. This was the hour of reaction; antiquity issues from the earth. Men were dazzled. Statues, monuments, bronzes, medals, engraved gems, fragments of ancient art, a desire to see and possess all these became general. The Renaissance is the golden age of collections.’

Italy supplied the materials of collections more abundantly than any other country, and the fifteenth century was for Italy a period of wealth, prosperity, and, relatively speaking, peace. It was therefore natural that a taste for collecting should arise and spread there.

But the history of collecting in Italy remains to be written, and will certainly in competent hands form one of the most important and interesting chapters of the tale. M. Eugène Müntz (*‘Les Arts à la cour des Papes’*) has collected some very valuable material towards such a history. He quotes from Sansovino, who wrote in the latter part of the sixteenth century a history of the illustrious men of the Orsini family, though with some distrust as to the accuracy of the statement, the assertion that Cardinal Giordano Orsini in the latter part of the twelfth century had made an *‘eletissima scelta’* of the *‘cose antichi di Roma,’* and built an edifice to receive them. Whether or not this statement be well founded, we have in the thirteenth century the inventory of Pope Boniface VIII. (ob. 1294), containing nearly fifty cameos; and he prints a curious memorandum, drawn up in 1335 by Oliviero Forza of Treviso, when

about to visit Venice, in which he notes the various acquisitions of sculptures, paintings, embroideries, books, medals, designs, and an ivory chess-board, which he proposed to make in that city. Here we unmistakably find the true collector, and one of no small courage and zeal, for he proposed to bring from the church of San Vitale at Ravenna the celebrated figures of four boys which afterwards found their way to Santa Maria de' Miracoli at Venice.

Petrarch was a collector of ancient medals, and in 1354 presented to the Emperor Charles IV. a collection of Roman coins in gold and silver, which, as he says, 'in deliciis habebam.'

In the earlier part of the ensuing century an instance occurs of a collector of the highest position and the most unlimited desires, in the person of Pietro Barbo, afterwards Pope under the name of Paul II. Nephew of Pope Eugenius IV., he began to collect from his youth, and in 1451, when he was at the age of thirty-two, he pursued the acquisition of medals and engraved gems with so much ardour, that Charles de Medicis complains, in a letter to his father John, that the Cardinal had with a mixture of gentle violence and persuasion conducted him by the hand from Santi Apostoli to his chamber, and there taken from him the contents of his 'scarsella,' in rings and coins, to the value of twenty florins, and would not return them until Charles had surrendered to him thirty silver medals which had belonged to Pisanello. It is, however, fair to add, what several writers of his day agree in saying, that he was very unwilling to accept valuable objects as presents. We may therefore suppose that he somehow settled matters fairly with Charles de Medicis.

Before he became Pope he had commenced the palace of St. Mark at Rome, now known as the Palazzo di Venezia. The construction was continued during his papacy, but he died before the works were finished, and the vast building has remained unfinished to this day. It is now occupied by the Austrian Embassy. A doorway on the Piazza di Venezia affords a singularly elegant example of early Renaissance ornament; but the interior is very bare and destitute of ornament.

In such portion of this edifice as he had been able to complete, Cardinal Barbo, titular of the ancient church of St. Mark, which is enclosed by the buildings of the palace, had by 1457 placed his collections. In that year he caused an inventory to be prepared under his personal inspection. This M. Müntz has printed in the work already mentioned.

In this inventory we find a blending of the earlier idea of a collection of objects of value and beauty, but of daily use, like the vast accumulation of articles of silver belonging to the Duke

of

of Anjou in the fourteenth century, the furniture of the chapel and the hall, with those which like ancient bronze statues, medals, and engraved gems, served no uses but those of affording subjects of study, artistic or historical.

Thus the inventory commences by an enumeration of the crucifixes and crosses; from them it proceeds to the pontifical rings; thence to other rings, set with precious stones. The next section contains the rich embroideries, '*frisias aurea*,' with which the vestments used in divine service were decorated; dalmatics, tunics, girdles, &c.; then the various towels and handkerchiefs required for the service of the altar. From these we pass to the bronze statues, and thence to the gloves and purses; objects in silver pertaining to the altar follow, as chalices, paxes, icons (*ycona*), candlesticks, thuribules, &c.; we have then some more purses of a different fashion, some hats, and some bookmarkers; these are followed by the embroidered cloths, chiefly Greek; and these again by objects of semi-precious stones, cups and other vessels, and paternosters in great variety. Then follows a splendid list of plate for table service; and we then arrive at the antique cameos, a great many of which were mounted in silver '*tabulae*'; and after them we find the intaglios and the coins; and the inventory closes with an enumeration of the tapestries and hangings for the chapel or the palace, and last of all of the carpets. It may be guessed from this brief summary how much information on numerous points, concerning manners, customs, the art of the period, or the ideas of the age concerning antique art, is to be gathered from it, particularly when it is added that every object is valued.

The bronze statues, heads, and statuettes are forty-seven in number, a few being casts: in very few cases has the Cardinal ventured to assign a name to the personage represented, seven, however, he gives to Hercules; but in three cases cautiously, with the qualification, '*ut opinor*.' The only other divinity to whom he ventures to ascribe an effigy is Jupiter: '*Senex nudus, integer, barbatus, manum dextram elevat et in sinistra tenet fulmen, credo quod sit Jupiter*.' The highest value attached to any of these statuettes is to one of Hercules, a palm high, which is priced at fifteen ducats, about 7*l.* in metallic value, but which (if, as is probable, golden ducats are meant) we may consider as corresponding to about 100*l.* at this day.

The object among the cameos on which the highest value is put is a '*tabula*' of silver, in which were set five cameos, the central the head of an emperor; this *tabula* is valued at 400 ducats, equivalent to about 2700*l.* of money of this day, a very high but not impossible price.

Of intaglios there are more than eight hundred, the highest in value among them, a head of Antoninus Pius, valued at forty ducats.

The coins were about fifteen hundred in number, ninety-seven being of gold and the rest of silver.

It may seem strange that a Venetian, as was Paul II., should have paid no regard to glass of any description, whether antique, oriental, or produced in his native city, where the manufacture was in his day attaining its highest development; but only one object of glass is to be met with in this copious inventory, an ampulla of blue glass blown within a net of fine gold.

This Pope died very suddenly from an apoplectic fit, according to Platina, the historian of the Popes, in some degree superinduced by the excessive weight of his tiara, exorbitantly loaded with pearls and gems. According to popular belief, he was strangled by demons enclosed in the stones of the rings with which his hands were covered. He seems to have felt the passion of collecting somewhat too strongly, for at his death he left only about five thousand ducats of gold in the pontifical coffers. His collections fell into the hands of his successor, Sixtus IV., who, in order to provide funds for the burial of his predecessor and his own coronation, lost no time in entering into arrangements with Lorenzo de' Medici; and the greater part of the collections of precious stones would seem to have passed into his possession. Many or most of these probably were dispersed, but many of the works of art also found their way into Lorenzo's hands and were incorporated in his then growing collection; some, as M. Müntz shows, may still be identified in the Uffizi at Florence. The bronzes and the tapestries and embroideries, M. Müntz thinks, remained at Rome, the first serving as the nucleus of the Museum of the Capitol, and the latter being transferred to the Vatican, in some of the almost innumerable chambers of which some portions may even now exist. Somewhat earlier than Pope Paul, Lorenzo de' Medici the elder, who died in 1440, had commenced the collections which, under his successors, swelled into those vast and varied accumulations which make Florence a Mecca for all lovers of art. Many names might be added both of princes and of scholars, who in this century occupied themselves in forming collections. The evil days which fell on Italy in the last century largely depleted the private collections, and the operation of the Code Napoléon, by enforcing equal division among children, has a potent effect in causing the sale and dispersion of those which still exist. Very many of the collections which at Florence, Rome, or Venice, were visited and admired by the travellers of the seventeenth

and

and eighteenth centuries, have ceased to occupy the galleries they long filled. Excepting at Rome, indeed, comparatively few private collections of works of art now exist in Italy.

Those to whom the subject is attractive will no doubt find pleasure in the perusal of M. Dumesnil's '*Histoire des plus célèbres Amateurs Italiens*' (Paris, 1863), in which he gives many most interesting details of the pursuits of Count Balthasar Castiglione (1478-1529), Pietro Aretino (1492-1557), Don Ferrate Carlo (1575-1641), and Commendatore Cassiano del Pozzo (1590-1665), and of their relations with the greatest artists of their day.

If France cannot like Italy boast of collections of the fourteenth century, one example of the race at least is to be found there in the beginning of the next century in the person of Maître Jacques Duchie. M. Bonnaffé quotes from Guillebert de Metz's '*Description de Paris*' a curious account of Duchie's hôtel in the Rue des Prouvelles in Paris, from which we may quote some passages:—

'The first room is embellished with pictures and divers tents attached and hung to the wall. Another is filled with all sorts of instruments, as harps, organs, violas, guitars, psalteries, and others, on all of which the said Master Jacques could play. Another was garnished with chess-board tables and other games in great number. Item, a study where the walls were covered with precious stones and spices (scented woods?) of sweet odour. Item, in another lofty chamber were many arbalests, some painted with beautiful figures. There were standards and banners, pennons, bows, pikes, daggers, spears, halberts, axes, coats of mail, shields, targets, pavoises, cannons, and other engines with plenty of armour.'

One contrivance is so curious, and so characteristic of those unsettled times, that we cannot omit to mention it. 'Item,' (i. e. in the armoury) 'was a window made with marvellous contrivances, by which a hollow iron head was thrust out, by which means, in case of need, one could look out and converse with those outside without dread of arrow-shot.'

It may, however, be questioned whether, although Maître Duchie had the collecting spirit strongly developed in him, he ought to be reckoned among true collectors, for we find an assemblage of objects for use in daily life, rather than that they might serve as material for study.

A more genuine example of a collector was Florimond Robertet, treasurer of the kings Charles VIII., Louis XII., and Francis I. He formed a magnificent collection in the château of Bury, which he caused to be built in 1504. His wife, Michelle Gaillard de Longjumeau, after the death of her husband, drew  
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up the inventory of the collection, which has been published in the thirtieth volume of the Society of Antiquaries of France. In this we find a mixture of furniture and hangings with what are merely articles of virtù: among the first we find—

‘Two silver fire-dogs, which are two terms, a husband and a wife, who look at each and seem to say that the fire which burns on the hearth is not greater than that of their affection. A great basin made in fashion of a fountain adorned with those lately invented pretty grotesques with a thousand branches of foliage, some bearing landscapes, others elephants, oxen, lions, horses, dogs, apes, peacocks, herons, owls, vases, lizards, snails, bees, butterflies, cockchafers, fairies, masques, cornucopias and other fantasies . . . all so well worked that I stand in admiration of the patience of the good artisans.’

How happy a time was that for the lover of art, when objects of domestic use, executed with such taste, invention, and ingenuity, were readily procurable! How different from the present day, when it is scarcely possible to procure any article which is not made by machinery and sold by the gross!

Of the latter class, besides bronzes, carved ivories, and marble statuettes, are

‘beautiful pieces of porcelain, some of the first which have come into France since the Europeans have gone into China, which are of so clear a white, so well diversified with all sorts of little pictures, French pottery adorned with all sorts of coloured effigies, and many vessels of other fine potteries, the best of Italy, Germany, Flanders, England and Spain.’

This passage is very interesting to students of ceramic art in England, for it seems to assert that as early as the beginning of the sixteenth century pottery was produced in England not wholly unworthy to stand by the side of the majolica of Italy, or at least of the semi-Moorish earthenware of Spain, a fact—if it be a fact—wholly unknown to those who have written on such matters. It is, however, not altogether impossible that pottery of considerable artistic merit may have been made in England in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, for remains of vessels showing great variety of form and decoration, although somewhat rudely fashioned, which doubtless date from those periods, have been found; and in the north of Germany vast quantities of glazed pottery, to be used for architectural purposes, were made. Besides this ceramic collection, M. Robertet possessed ‘four hundred beautiful glasses of all colours, and other vessels of crystal of Venice, beautified with the prettiest conceits which the Venetian glassmakers could invent.’ This is probably the earliest

earliest instance of a collection of Venetian glass. The taste for amassing objects of rarity and beauty was, however, not confined to those as high placed as Robertet; the author of the 'Blasons domestiques pour la décoration d'une maison honneste,' Gilles Carrozet, in 1539, describes in the verses quoted by M. Bonnaffé the 'cabinet' where were preserved both the purely artistic and the useful treasures of the house:—

'Cabinet rempli de richesses

\* \* \*  
Cabinet de tableaux remply  
Et de maintes belles ymages  
De grandz et petis personnages,  
Cabinet paré de medailles  
Et curieuses antiquailles  
De marbre, de japhe et porphire

\* \* \*  
Cabinet ou est le buffect  
D'or et d'argent du tout parfait,  
Cabinet garny de ceintures (i.e. shelves)  
De dorures et de bordures  
De fers d'or, d'estocz, de tableaulx  
De chaisnes, de boutons tres beaulx  
De mouchérons, de braceletz,

\* \* \*  
De musc plus cher qu'or de ducat  
D'ambre fin, de sauon muscat

\* \* \*  
Et parmi tant diuers joyaulx  
Sont les riches et gros signeaulx  
Les patenostres cristallines  
De perles et fins rubis

\* \* \*  
Pais les mignons et bons cousteaulx  
Les forcettes et les ciseaux  
Le miroir, le gente escriptoire  
Le chappeau, l'eschiquier d'yvoire.'

From this curious picture of a collection in which both high and industrial art were represented, we may learn among other things why it is that the most simple household utensil of almost any period down to the modern is often found to bear the stamp of refined taste and artistic feeling; in those days the artist and the artisan were not so widely apart as they now are, and there were appreciative purchasers, willing to pay more dearly for that which was at once useful and artistic; the 'mignons et bons cousteaulx' and the 'gente escriptoire' were doubtless little *chefs-d'œuvre* in their class.

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This taste for the beautiful and the elegant seems to have been widely diffused at this time in France, in the provinces as well as in the metropolis; and M. Bonnaffé enumerates many collections of which some, but in most cases only a very meagre record exists. One collector has been fortunate enough to have found his 'vates sacer.' This was Michel Tiraqueau, who had formed a collection at Bel-Esbat, near Fontenoy, which the poet celebrates as

' Un saint cabinet à qui le grand soleil  
Qui voit tout et sçait tout, ne sçait rien de pareil  
En la France aujourd'hui; mille médailles belles  
Qui nous rendent au vif les faces immortelles  
De tous ces pères vieux, et cent vases polis  
Estoffés d'alabastre et d'ouvrage embellis;  
Et des meilleures pinceaux les plus dignes peintures  
En nombre fut grand et force pourtraitures  
De bosse et de relief, et par l'art de Vulcain  
Des statues de fonte en bronze et en airain;  
Icy le basin dur, icy l'art qui émaille  
Icy la damasquine, un graveur un qui taille,  
Et cent autres ont part; d'une assiette d'yeux  
On voit de cent ouvriers les traits laborieux.'

One Lacroix du Maine at this period undertook to write an account of the 'cabinets les plus renommez de France (qu'aucuns appellent chambres de merveilles),' but unfortunately died before he had completed his work, and the manuscript is lost. The civil wars which ravaged France during the latter part of this century checked the progress of the taste for forming collections, as well as other peaceful occupations, and M. Bonnaffé can tell us little or nothing of the history of collecting until the time when the accession of Henry IV. restored peace to the kingdom. Early in the seventeenth century a German, Zinzerling, published his itinerary in France, under the pseudonym of 'Jodocus Sincerus.' In this he mentions many collectors in the provinces; and one among them, Ajard, a goldsmith of Arles, in 1611 printed a catalogue of his collection, the earliest printed catalogue of the kind known, which exists in one sole copy in the possession of M. Eugène Piot. Statuettes in bronze, cameos and intaglios, chiefly found at Arles, formed a large part of the collection; but the possessor was also rich in vessels and other objects in semi-precious stones, as jaspers, porphyry, and rock-crystals.

From the time of the accession of Louis XIV. collecting was in fashion, and was eagerly pursued both in Paris and in the provinces; 110 collectors of books or of curiosities are reckoned

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up in Paris in 1644; and a manuscript of 1648, in the 'Bibliothèque Nationale,' enumerates a very large number of 'curieux' in Paris, in all parts of France, and in some foreign cities. He mentions only one in London, 'M. Jan Bargrave, gentilhomme du Cantorbéry.' In 1693 De Blegny (*Livre Commode*) fixes the number of 'fameux curieux' in Paris alone at 134.

The first place among the collectors of this period in France, however, certainly belongs to Cardinal Mazarin. He was accused of being little scrupulous as to the methods by which he acquired a coveted object. De Brienne asserts that not being able to succeed in inducing Cardinal Barberini to sell him the 'Marriage of the Virgin Mary,' by Correggio, he persuaded Anne of Austria to ask for it as for herself, and when the Cardinal had presented it to her, to transfer it to him. He bought articles of virtù *en masse*, retained what he pleased, and sent the rest to the hammer:—

'He made a traffic,' says a Mazarinade, 'by means of a servant, in books imported from Rome, in tables of ebony and China wood, trinkets, cabinets from Germany, fire-dogs with Moors' heads and other curiosities, which were publicly sold in a hall of the Hôtel d'Estrées which he hired for this purpose.'

The inventory of his possessions has been published by the Duc d'Aumale, and comprises nearly 1248 pictures and 350 statues or busts. He possessed a prodigious quantity of rich furniture, 21 cabinets of ivory, ebony, mosaic, or tarsiatura in pietra dura; lustres in rock-crystal, marble tables, and so forth; 411 pieces of tapestry valued at 632,000 livres; Persian carpets, suites of brocade furniture in abundance.

The greater part of his collections of statuary is in the Louvre, and two fine urns of agate and basalt, on the mountings of which his arms are visible, are in the Galerie d'Apollon in the same museum.

Another very remarkable collector belongs to this period, Evrard Jabach, originally a banker at Cologne, who established himself at Paris and was at the head of the Compagnie des Indes Orientales. He profited largely by the opportunities afforded by the ever-to-be-lamented sale of King Charles I.'s works of art, and in the course of years formed a collection of pictures and of drawings by the old masters of extraordinary excellence. Some of his collections were sold to Cardinal Mazarin, and the greater part of what remained, 5542 drawings and 101 pictures, in 1671 to the King. Most of these are in the Louvre, and the collection owes to that purchase many of the best pictures of the Italian schools which it possesses.

M. Bonnaffé

M. Bonnaffé says that he has enregistered the names of more than 300 'curieux parisiens' in the time of Louis XIV., not reckoning collectors of books. At the present day he says that the 'cabinets de curiosité' in Paris may be reckoned at 650! Can London make any approach to this surprising number?

The eighteenth century was, according to M. Bonnaffé, a period in which meaner views found place among collectors. 'All the amateurs,' says a contemporary, 'mix themselves up with dealing; there is scarcely a collector who does not sell and swap. . . . In the midst of the excesses of stock-jobbing and of the rapid rise and fall of fortunes, collecting undergoes a thorough change. We have nothing but a procession of sales, a coming and going of collections which are formed and dispersed as fast as fortunes.' Ten or twelve important sales took place annually, and 'la petite curiosité' was more *à la mode* than high art. M. Bonnaffé laments that while the grands seigneurs and grandes dames of the day paid enormous prices for porcelain, and the financiers for porphyry vases (e.g. Bouret de Vezelay 5420 livres for one), lustres of rock-crystal (16,000 livres on one occasion) and other costly furniture, many pictures of the highest class were allowed to fall to foreigners, and were sent out of the country. M. Bonnaffé only alludes to the ruin brought by the Revolution, and to what he terms 'la résurrection de la curiosité sous la Restauration.' It may be hoped that he will some day carry on his history and bring it down to the present day.

Respect for the necessary limits of an article must compel us not to attempt to do more than merely glance at the collections of other European countries, though the historical as well as the artistic interest of some of those existing in Germany, Russia, and other countries, would make the attempt to give a full account of them an attractive undertaking. Important relics of the treasures of the art-loving monarchs of the Carolingian dynasty still exist at Aix-la-Chapelle, at Vienna, and elsewhere. Some ecclesiastical treasures, as that of Aix, are still almost intact, and preserve monuments of the art of a thousand years; while almost every residence of a great feudatory of the empire still retains in greater or less integrity the treasure of the Prince. Conspicuous among these in wealth in precious stones, and perhaps in artistic merit, is that wonderful accumulation preserved in the Green Vaults at Dresden, where, though few of the objects are of great age, many of them were the work of some of the best artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, who chased and enamelled the gold so profusely employed in their decoration. At Munich, though the collections be-  
longing

longing to the princely family were perhaps of less monetary value than those of Dresden, some of the objects preserved in the so-called rich chapel in the palace yield nothing in artistic excellence and historical interest to the gems of the Dresden collection.

The rich and cultivated patricians of the great German cities, such as Augsburg, Nuremberg, or Ratisbon, were active collectors in the sixteenth century, and though the wars of the seventeenth, and the impoverishment which followed them, doubtless broke up many of these cabinets, the travellers of the eighteenth still found much that attracted their observation in those cities. In our own day great efforts have been made in many German cities to form collections which should be at once useful to the artist, the artisan, and the manufacturer, as schools of design, instructive to the student of history as presenting in a well-arranged series the furniture, utensils, arms, and dresses of past times, and attractive to the lover of the beautiful as supplying a profusion of examples of what art can do when judiciously applied in the fabrication of objects in use in everyday life. Such are the National Museums at Munich and Nuremberg, the former peculiarly rich in costly furniture and tapestries from the acquisitions of former Electors.

Despoiled as Poland has been, two great church treasuries have, strange to say, been preserved for many centuries—that of the Cathedral of Cracow and that at Czenstochau—both extremely rich in shrines, monstrances, and other objects of church plate, in great part ex-votos from the pilgrims to the shrines of St. Stanislaus or of Our Lady of Czenstochau. Though in these are few works of early date, there are many both magnificent and beautiful which date from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Much also might be told of treasuries and collections in Russia. That country has long possessed a school of art and decoration which, though no doubt originally founded on the art of Constantinople, and modified by contact with Asiatic craftsmen and Asiatic designs, has developed itself in a truly peculiar and original manner; and it has enjoyed the advantage of almost complete exemption for nearly three hundred years from foreign conquest or domestic revolution. It has thus been able to preserve, not only what native artificers may have produced, but also a vast accumulation of splendid objects presented by foreign potentates to the reigning Czars, or made for them by the artistic workmen of other countries in their pay. Thus the convents and cathedrals still possess magnificent stores of mitres and vestments heavy with pearl embroideries, and of vessels for  
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use in the services of the churches, and the treasury in the Kremlin at Moscow is perhaps the richest and completest of such repositories which remains in Europe; crowns, sceptres, thrones, vessels for table use and decoration, some of native, some of foreign workmanship, embroidered vestments, fill its chambers in surprising abundance.

The germs of collecting in England are perhaps to be found in the 'unicorn's horns' (tusks of the narwhal) and similar objects, which may be met with in the catalogues of the contents of treasuries of churches, but, as elsewhere in Europe, the idea of collecting was in its earliest infancy during the middle ages. The calendars of the treasury of the Exchequer during the reigns of our Plantagenet kings, and the inventories of private persons (e.g. that of the goods of Sir John Fastolf), show that the same practice of accumulating vast quantities of gold and silver plate existed in this country as on the Continent. But this is not collecting, in a true sense.

It is much to be regretted that Henry VIII., disposed as he was to patronize art in some of its forms, had not something of the spirit of a collector, and did not use the unrivalled opportunity which the dissolution of the monasteries afforded him to preserve at least some of the more beautiful of the vast quantity of shrines, monstrances, chalices, and other vessels for sacred or domestic use, which fell into his hands; if he had done so, some small portion might perhaps have passed safely through the storm of the civil war, and reached us. Some of the German potentates were more enlightened, and at Brunswick and Hanover are or were preserved objects of early art of the greatest interest and beauty, which once adorned the treasuries of the churches of Lüneburg or Brunswick. But in England the spoil of the monasteries would seem to have gone to the crucible without regard for beauty or history. One honourable exception may be made. Sir John Strangways, of Melbury in Dorsetshire, the grantee of Abbotsbury and some smaller conventual houses, preserved the rich store of precious objects, and it remained at Melbury, until in the civil war it was requisitioned by the Parliamentarians, consigned to the melting-pot, and nothing of it remains at Melbury except the inventory.

Though our reformers in the sixteenth century only followed the example set by the iconoclastic Emperors at Constantinople in the eighth, so far as to destroy images, but not to the further point of persecuting those who produced them, there can be no doubt but that at the Reformation the sculptors, painters, and other artists, must have found a great part of their occupation gone,

gone, and themselves compelled to turn to other means of obtaining a livelihood. To this cause, and to the destruction of objects of art, we may attribute the artistic poverty of England during this period. Many great houses were, it is true, raised in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, but how contemptible is the sculpture—in stone or in wood—which can hardly be said to decorate them! How inferior to that of France at the same time! Art was in fact paralysed. Many able artists, as Torrigiano, Holbein, More, and others, worked in England, but there was no school able to profit by the lessons which they and others afforded in their works.

Under such circumstances it is not surprising that we hear little of collections during the sixteenth century in England. But in the early part of the next we have in the Earl of Arundel a collector of the highest type, one who knew how to value both works of art and historical monuments. How largely Charles I. collected works of art is known to every one; the dispersion of his collection must undoubtedly be reckoned among the causes which produced the wretched inferiority of English manufactures, so far as design is concerned, just as the acknowledged superiority in these respects of France is unquestionably in great part due to the opportunities afforded to artists and artisans, by the study of the magnificent collections formed by both kings and private persons, of cultivating and improving their taste. The French are disposed to deem their higher position in many of the arts to be due to qualities innate in their nationality; but there is no ground for the belief that in the mediæval period French art was superior to English. Patronage and opportunities of study were the causes of the superiority which was unquestionably shown in the sixteenth and later centuries.

After the storm of the civil war some lapse of time was necessary to enable the landed gentry of the Cavalier party to repair their fortunes, which in so many cases had suffered from the exactions of the Parliament or of Cromwell. Manor houses had to be repaired, plate to be bought, and furniture to be renewed. The Roundheads, on the other hand, though many of them had enriched themselves, were disposed to look on matters relating to art with an unfavourable eye.

One remarkable collection, however, was commenced before the outbreak of the war, passed through it intact and has been in great part preserved to our day—that of the Tradescants, which, having been bequeathed to Ashmole, was by him presented to the University of Oxford. The elder Tradescant, a Dutchman, was a botanist and horticulturist, who began the  
collection

collection and died about 1638. The younger published a catalogue of the museum (which was known as Tradescant's Ark, and was in South Lambeth) in 1656, and died in 1662. The anonymous poet who composed their epitaph describes the choice collections of

‘These famous antiquarians that had been  
Both gardeners to the Rose and Lily Queen,’

as composed,

‘Of what is rare in land, in sea, in air,  
Whilst they (as Homer's Iliad—in a nut)  
A world of wonders in one closet shut.’

Its contents were for the most part objects of natural history, but there were also coins and miscellaneous objects. The collection was peculiarly strong in shoes and boots. Besides ‘Boots from Lapland, Greenland, Muscovy, Babylonia, Russia, and Persia,’ were the ‘King's Great Porter's Boots,’ and ‘Little Jeffrey's Boots,’—the former no doubt Evans, the latter Sir Geoffrey Hudson. Ashmole added his valuable library, but did not much augment the museum. Among the few objects added by him were, appropriately, ‘Queen Elizabeth's Boots.’ The most precious object in the museum, the so-called Alfred's Jewel, which Mr. Parker surmises, with much probability, to have been the head of King Alfred's sceptre, was given by Mr. Thos. Palmer in 1718. This ought to be placed with the regalia.

In the earlier half of the following century one very remarkable instance of a collector is to be found, Sir Andrew Fountaine, of Narford Hall, in Norfolk. He was Resident at Florence, Secretary in Ireland, and Under-Secretary of State in England. His collection has been preserved at Narford almost intact, and was largely added to by the late Mr. Andrew Fountaine. It is specially remarkable for the magnificent series of majolica, of the pottery of Palissy, and of Limoges enamels. It may be said with truth that one who would thoroughly study the works of Palissy in earthenware, or of Léonard Limousin and the other great masters of the French school of enamelling of the sixteenth century, cannot complete his undertaking without a visit to Narford. Rich as are the public and private collections in France, Narford can exhibit unique specimens of either art. But Sir Andrew did not confine himself to these branches of collecting: very many of the finest of Sir Peter Lely's collection of prints are there preserved, with a large number of examples from other collections; the library is choice and extensive; and a multitude of objects in ivory, in bronze, in precious metals, of various periods and various countries, prove that to him nothing

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of beauty was unwelcome. A little later than Sir Andrew, Horace Walpole was ardently engaged in forming that collection which in our own day was sold from that curious monument of ill-instructed taste, Strawberry Hill, where the collection had remained since the death of the collector. It is much to be regretted that it was not preserved as left by its creator, possessing as it did a great additional interest from the repeated mention in his letters of the acquisitions which from time to time enriched it. It contained many miscellaneous objects of great beauty and interest, but perhaps its most noteworthy feature was the collection of miniatures, which included many gems of Hilliard, Oliver and other of the painters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

This sale, and that of the rich collection of the Dukes of Buckingham at Stowe, had a most powerful effect in diffusing the taste for collecting, and they were followed before the lapse of many years by the great Bernal sale, which lasted for many days in London, and comprised a vast quantity of objects, almost all of which being of beauty and interest, while of moderate dimensions, were well fitted to take their places in the decorations of the rooms of moderate size, of which the dwellings of the present day are almost exclusively composed. Very few indeed are the houses in London nor very numerous in the country in which statues even of life-size, or pictures of large dimensions, can be conveniently placed; but room can be easily found for plates and vessels of majolica, oriental china, enamels and the like. Many representatives of fashionable London filled the rooms of Mr. Bernal's house while the sale was going on, and many a collector then commenced his collection. Fortunately for the nation, funds were furnished with tolerable liberality both to the British and the South Kensington Museums, and were judiciously employed; both collections contain many admirable objects obtained on that occasion, and now worth many times the prices which they cost.

Soon after this, the club of amateurs, somewhat ambitiously styled the Fine Arts Club, was established; and by the soirées given at the houses of members, brilliant on many occasions both by the display of objects of virtù and by the assembled guests, the taste for collecting was fostered and rendered fashionable. One of the rules of the club made it imperative, under pain of expulsion, that each member should exhibit some object within each fixed period, and it will easily be conceived how great was the stimulus to acquisition when the opportunity of displaying some precious object to the discriminative eyes of the assembled connoisseurs of London was so readily afforded. Certainly the dealers

dealers in curiosities ought to have blessed the founders of this institution, which, however, having lived its day, is extinct. Those who remember the *soirée* at Dorchester House, where the beautiful objects contributed by the members had a superb surrounding in the finest house in London, or the afternoon passed at Orleans House, among the collections of the Duc d'Aumale, will feel some regret that it no longer exists.

Since those days two collections have been bequeathed to the nation: one, the splendid collection of glass formed by Mr. Slade, which, in conjunction with that, chiefly of antique glass, already existing in the British Museum, forms a collection of objects of that material unrivalled elsewhere; the other, that recently bequeathed by Mr. Henderson, extremely rich in oriental objects of pottery and of metal.

Few considerable collections have of late come to the hammer in England, and it is to be feared that when such dispersions occur England will lose many of her acquisitions, for the passion for collecting is no doubt both stronger and more generally diffused in Paris than in London, and the prices obtainable for objects of importance much higher.

It is fortunate that so many fine objects of every class of industrial art have been secured for the nation as are deposited at South Kensington, for it would now be absolutely impossible, at whatever expense, to form collections of equal merit in many departments of art; so large a proportion of the finer works having found a permanent home in public museums, that fine examples of many classes rarely find their way into the sale-room or the shop of the dealer. It would now be difficult indeed to form a really fine collection of carved ivories, majolica, or Venetian glass. Every important city aspires to have a museum, both of fine and of industrial art, and the private collector, when any first-class object comes into the market, is exposed to severe competition, and can only bear off the coveted article if his purse is deep. When more than a thousand pounds is given for a key, as was lately done for the key in chiselled steel from the Strozzi Palace at Florence, which was exhibited in the gallery at the Trocadéro in 1878, it will be easily seen that he who would purchase *chefs-d'œuvre* of even industrial art must indeed put money in his purse.

Though we cannot but rejoice that beautiful objects should be placed where they are visible to all, the sweeping of all the finest objects into public museums, a gradual but a certain process, has, like most things, a less satisfactory side. It is to be feared that objects only seen behind glass-cases will not exercise that attraction which possession bestows; that loving  
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and careful study which the collector gives to what he has obtained by trouble and outlay will be wanting; the public will be content to give a passing glance at that which deserves and would repay long study; the connoisseur will be extinct or found only in the keeper of the museum; and the born collector's energies will be expended upon unworthy objects, for such alone will be left for him to acquire. We already see something of this in the collections of uninteresting specimens of modern European porcelain, works for the most part of the feeblest art, from which nothing can be learnt except that they were made in such or such a city, and in the extravagant prices given for objects, such as blue-and-white china of the hawthorn pattern, or Sèvres vases of rare colours, prices altogether incommensurate with their real artistic merits.

Those who examined a great collection of pottery and porcelain of many periods, sold by auction at Christie and Manson's not many years ago, must have been astonished at the very mediocre quality of the vast majority of the objects it contained. It was impossible not to wonder that any man of refined taste should have endured the sight of such offences against the laws of beauty as many of them exhibited. The explanation doubtless was that the desire of acquisition was more powerful than the discriminative faculty; and rather than not collect at all, the eminent person who had formed the collection had bought good, bad and indifferent, the two latter classes of course immensely predominating. M. Demmin ('Guide de l'Amateur de Faïence,' &c.) is indeed disposed to consider this somewhat indiscriminate collecting as the badge of the tribe of amateurs of pottery, many of whom, he says, '*montrent plus d'engouement que de connoissances.*'

The importance of national collections of fine art as affording the means of intellectual refinement and of gratification of the sense of the beautiful is universally recognized, and not less so the value of collections of both fine and industrial art to the historical student, for, as Dean Stanley has well said, 'what comparative anatomy is to the study of medicine, that archæology is to the study of history.' It is comparatively of late days that the value of collections in a commercial point of view, as affording instruction to the manufacturer, has been fully appreciated in this country.

These lessons, however, have been learnt, but it is curious to observe how even now few comparatively of the more cultivated among us appreciate the objects and *raison d'être* of the collector. How few of those who throng Hyde Park ever enter the British Museum! It is *de rigueur* to visit the Royal

Academy and the Grosvenor Gallery, but how few, comparatively, are attracted to the National Gallery! The great majority of even our educated classes are indifferent to the teaching which art in all its developments is capable of affording.

Collecting has indeed become in some degree fashionable, but it is to be feared that many still fail to see in the pursuit anything more than a frivolous but tolerably harmless occupation. It is, however, capable of being made much more. Without going all the length of the enthusiast, whose aspiration it is to live up to his blue-and-white china, it may be safely asserted that if carried on in a proper spirit it may produce much pleasure and even much increase of intellectual cultivation. It is true that the acquisition of important works of art of the highest class can only be within the reach of a few, but beauty does not depend on size, and the possession and study of works of good art, though on a small scale, will enable us to understand and appreciate those of greater magnitude and importance. He who possesses and enjoys the beauty of an antique intaglio of a good period is much more capable of feeling the beauty of the sculpture of Phidias than he whose opportunities of study of antique art are confined to occasional visits to a museum. But besides their value as capable of affording gratification to the æsthetic part of our nature, objects of art are of the utmost importance as historical documents in the periods of which no written history exists, and as aiding us when studying later times in attaining that which is far more valuable than bare annals, a knowledge of the feelings and ideas of the people for whose use or gratification they were produced. How imperfect would have been our knowledge of the Egyptian or the Greek if we were deprived of their works of art! how much have we learnt of the Assyrians since the palaces of their ancient kings have been disinterred! If we descend to the lower level of objects of domestic use, we may learn from studying them the most valuable lessons as to the state of civilization, the condition of the arts, and the mental peculiarities of their makers. Few occupations are more fascinating than that of tracing in the works of various nations their characteristic idiosyncrasies, and divining their physical, social, and intellectual condition, from the peculiarities of style or ornament which they have imprinted on their furniture or their utensils. The large free style of the Greek vase speaks of the mind of the race open to learn and improve, as the minute, laboured and exquisitely finished work of the Asiatic does of the narrow cramped circle of ideas and associations in which he lives and

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has his being. How superior the quick-witted Japanese shows himself in the variety and ingenuity of invention, and in the keen appreciation of character, as well of the human race as of the other orders of animated nature, which his works display, to the Chinese, whose somewhat effete civilization and slavish adoration of his classic authors tend to keep the industrial artist bound to a treadmill of symbolical devices, a few legendary beings, as the Pa Shien or eight immortals, and some other well-worn subjects! We should look in vain in Chinese ornamental art for that intelligent unfettered study of nature which is so conspicuous in the art of Japan.

It would be easy to enlarge on this tempting theme, and to point out how many avenues of thought and speculation are opened by the study of art in even its humbler manifestations; but what has been said may suffice if it help to lead collectors to acquire, not for the sake of possessing that which no one else can show, but with the higher aim of procuring material for thought and culture.

The practice of collecting may also be recommended on somewhat lower grounds. At that period of life when active exertion either of mind or muscle often becomes irksome, it furnishes a mild excitement, an occupation to dwellers in cities whose inclination does not lead them to take much part in business or in society. For this reason, no doubt, it is held to conduce to longevity, and there certainly have been many examples of collectors who have enjoyed a serene old age of unusual duration. M. Demmin, in his '*Guide de l'Amateur de Faïences*,' &c., gives an amusing sketch of one of these, M. Aristide le Carpentier, who, though more than seventy-six years of age, had lost nothing of his love of acquisition, and added to his collections while on his death-bed only forty-eight hours before his decease. His occupations afforded him so much pleasurable interest in life, that when seventy-six he gave vent in song to his desire to see his hundredth or even hundred and twentieth year:

'Lorsque viendront cent ans  
Faudra-t-il quitter la terre ?  
Si c'est mon dernier temps  
J'avoue ici que je n'y pense guère ;  
D'ailleurs ne voit-on pas de vieux récalcitrants  
Qui vont jusqu'à cent dix et même cent vingt ans ?

Le bon temps  
Quand on n'a que cent ans,  
L'heureux temps  
Quand on n'a que cent ans.'

M. Demmin claims also for his favourite pursuit that addiction to it has good moral results, as taking the place of pastimes or occupations of much worse nature, such as gambling on the turf or the Stock Exchange; and he asserts that he had himself saved a young man of fortune given to the 'jeu de la Bourse,' by replacing that 'passion vile' by the 'passion noble et moins ruineuse' of collecting. This former victim of a passion for speculation has now, he says, arrived at the enjoyment 'of a calm and studious life, to which the gentle emotions caused by the acquisition of objects of art bring a sufficient amount of animation.'

The taste, he goes on to say, is connected with healthy political views; the collector he thinks is necessarily a Conservative, 'Est-ce que conserver et collectionner ne marchent pas toujours ensemble?' Our author would, no doubt, have been disposed to regard Mr. Gladstone's dispersion of his large collection of ceramics a few years ago as an outward and visible sign of his having put off the last rag of Conservative feeling.

M. Demmin further recommends the practice of forming collections as the one perhaps unique amusement by which fortunes may be, not dissipated, but gained. This is perhaps more true of the past than of the present time, for prices would seem to have risen to such a pitch that a decline is more probable than a further rise. At the time of Mr. Bernal's sale it was, however, asserted that the collection produced at least twice as much as it had cost. At the present moment it would produce, no doubt, at least three times its original cost. Its formation was, however, commenced very long ago, when objects of great interest and beauty were often to be obtained for very small prices. It is remembered of Douce, the well-known antiquary, who formed the beautiful collection of ivory carvings which he bequeathed to Sir Samuel Meyrick and which has unhappily been dispersed and in great part transferred to the Continent, that he was accustomed to grumble much when for one of those exquisite little works of art a price was asked which could not be liquidated in fewer shillings than make a pound sterling. Every year, however, makes the owners of objects of art more keenly alive to their possible value, and 'bargains' become rarer. Still, it is not many years since the Chapter of Sion in the Valais, requiring some money for the beautification of their church, sold a manuscript of the Gospels, said to have been the gift of Charlemagne, and certainly of the Carolingian period, with its contemporary cover of gold enamelled and *repoussé*, for the sum of about 50*l*. It was bought by a dealer in antiquities at

Geneva,

Geneva, who resold it for 700*l*.! That wonderful monument of Irish art, the so-called Tara brooch, which is ornamented with patterns in filigree more delicate than the very finest of the work of the ancient Etruscans, was sold by the finder for five shillings to a goldsmith of Drogheda. But chances such as these are rare, and we should not advise our readers to be tempted into collecting by cupidity. We would rather counsel them to eschew such thoughts and to purchase that alone which their taste and judgment induces them to prefer. They will earn the gratitude of their descendants if their acquisitions continue to adorn the patrimonial house, or of their fellow-countrymen if patriotic feeling should induce them to follow the example set by so many illustrious collectors among us, and to bequeath what they have gathered to the nation.

We cannot take leave of the subject better than by quoting the words in which an anonymous French writer in the '*Cabinet de l'Amateur*' for the year 1842 has well expressed the *raison d'être* of collecting when carried on by a man of taste and cultivation. He is writing of the Strawberry Hill collection :

'The formation of this collection must have been a source of great enjoyment for a man as well informed and possessed of as lively an imagination as Horace Walpole. Whatever may be the amount of knowledge which has been acquired, the attentive study of monuments can alone give a true idea of history; it is fertile in new ideas, in charming discoveries. In presence of the least remnants of the past all becomes animated, all becomes coloured; a medal, a picture, a jewel, helps us to reconstruct a century, an epoch which we see as it was, barbarous or corrupt, luxurious or mean, or often bizarre. In the monuments of art the spirit and the idiosyncrasy of a people may be discovered; they form a sort of jumbled alphabet by which the thought and genius of a nation may be reconstructed. With the aid of monuments history is no more an abstraction, it becomes palpable; we touch it, it surrounds us. Written story preserves for us the memory of the passions of our forefathers; monuments give us the costume, the local colour, to use a well-known metaphor, of the days in which they lived.'

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ART. IV.—1. *Diderot and the Encyclopædists.* By John Morley. New edition. 8vo. London, 1880.

2. *Œuvres complètes de Diderot.* Par J. Assézat et Maurice Tourneux. 20 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1875–1877.

OF the remarkable triumvirate of letters in the last century, whose writings may be reckoned among the chief forces that impelled France towards the catastrophe of the Revolution, it has been the adverse fate of the Editor of the celebrated 'Encyclopædia' to be the one whose name and achievements have hitherto made the least definite impress on the world's memory. For every hundred of more or less educated readers, to whom the names of Voltaire and Rousseau have become like household words, scarcely ten in all probability possess more than a very vague and shadowy acquaintance with Denis Diderot and his doings. To his personal friends this lot of comparative obscurity, if they could have foreseen it, would doubtless have appeared strange, but it is by no means difficult of explanation. We should do him injustice, indeed, if we attributed it to any lack in him of that strongly-marked individuality which makes some men stand out unmistakably from the mass of their fellows, and move conspicuous on the foreground of their age; for in many respects Diderot was one to whom a parallel is not easily found. Nor should we be warranted in tracing it to any appreciable inferiority to his more celebrated contemporaries, whether in respect of intellectual activity and force, or the extent of the influence exerted by them on the thought of their age; for in scientific method, critical insight, and constructive sagacity, Diderot may not unfairly be accounted the foremost of the three. If he was less witty and less a master of phrases than Voltaire, he was certainly less superficial. If he was less passionate and original than Rousseau, at least he had a robuster sense and a more practical energy. It is to the defect of literary finish in his writings, and to the careless exuberance with which he flung forth his ideas on the world, heedless of what became of them, that the impersonality of his influence must be chiefly attributed. Power went out from him in every direction, stimulating thought in others, and insensibly moulding the views and aims of the coming generation, but for lack of polished form and compactness in its literary vehicle it failed in an unusual degree to carry with it the impress of his person; the ideas spread and were abundantly fruitful, but their original source was overlooked and dropped out of recollection. While every word

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which Voltaire and Rousseau committed to writing, has long since been stereotyped in the pages of literature, unpublished manuscripts of Diderot have been turning up from time to time in odd corners, and swelling the successive editions of his works. Even in the recent edition named at the head of this article several very characteristic treatises are for the first time given to the world, among which may be specially mentioned a 'Refutation of Helvetius,' the 'Elements of Physiology,' and a 'Plan for a University in Russia;' and it is by no means clear that room is not still left for future discoveries.

Under these circumstances Mr. Morley has done good service to literature by the clear and critical presentation of Diderot and his manifold performances, which he has given us in the work to which we are about to direct the reader's attention. It is, however, not on this account alone that we select this volume for notice, in preference to the companion volumes in which Mr. Morley had before treated of Voltaire and Rousseau; we have been influenced also by the fact that the present work appears to us to be a striking representative of a class of books which is increasing upon us, and of which the peculiar feature is the controversial use of history—or, in plainer words, the analysis and discussion of bygone sceptical and revolutionary literature, for the purpose of pointing an attack on our existing institutions and beliefs. It is with this aspect of Mr. Morley's book that we propose, in the first place, to deal, before we pass on to consider its historical and critical elements.

Mr. Morley writes in such a hard, uncompromising tone, and shows so lofty a disregard for the feelings of those who differ from him on the most important and sacred of subjects, that it cannot occasion him any surprise to hear of pain and offence being given by his book. While far from being insensible to its great merits, we must frankly confess that we have perused it with very mixed emotions—with feelings in which pleasure has been largely qualified by a very opposite sensation. On the one hand, in its varied knowledge of the epoch of which it treats, in its critical insight and breadth of view, and the independence with which it pronounces its judgments, the reader cannot fail of finding a great intellectual gratification. It carries us on with unflagging interest, amuses and instructs us in almost equal proportions, and puts before us with remarkable vividness the character and force of that tumultuous movement of thought which preceded the breaking up of the ancient régime in France. For all this we express our hearty thanks. Historical works conceived in this philosophical spirit are not so common that we can afford to undervalue them. When we  
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sit down to study the course of human affairs and the actors in the great drama of social progress, especially at some signal crisis when the old is giving place to the new, it is not the one-sided advocate but the impartial judge to whom we desire to listen; and if, as in Mr. Morley's volume, we are so fortunate as to fall in with a guide who is at once rich in knowledge and penetrating in judgment, we follow his lead with pleasure, and are grateful for the aid which enables us the better to appreciate the actors of mark on the world's crowded and perplexing stage.

On the other hand, however, we have been conscious of a very serious counterpoise to the gratification which those aspects of the work have afforded us. As we passed on from page to page, we became acutely sensible of a discordant strain, grating harshly on our most serious convictions,—of a bitter flavour mingling itself obtrusively with the agreeable and wholesome nutriment offered for our mental assimilation, and creating in our minds an involuntary distaste and dissatisfaction. In these days of unrestrained freedom of discussion, it would indeed be idle to complain of the subjection of even the most sacred things to an unsparing analysis, so long as candour and considerateness tempered the investigation; and had Mr. Morley kept himself within this limit, we should have borne the discomfort which his views inflict upon such as think with ourselves, and have made no complaint. But it is because he appears to us to go far beyond this limit, as we shall prove by ample evidence, that we rebel against his method, and esteem it our duty to qualify our praise of his book by a strong remonstrance against its tone and spirit. In doing this, we shall be compelled to produce extracts which will be distressing to many of our readers, but we trust that whatever is disagreeable in the passages adduced will, by way of compensation, be found to be, at least in one sense, eminently instructive.

No one can read Mr. Morley's volume with moderate attention, without becoming aware that from beginning to end he writes avowedly and ostentatiously from an atheistical point of view. And the complaint which we have to make is this:—not that he rejects theism for himself, nor even that he allows his preference for a purely naturalistic conception of the world to influence all his critical estimates and judgments of the actors in his scenes,—for with such an outspoken and earnest writer to do otherwise would be scarcely possible; but that he brings his peculiar views on religion into such continual prominence, wears them with such an assumption of infallibility, and allows himself so often to fling contemptuous scoffs at what people in  
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general hold most sacred, as to make his book gratuitously and offensively polemical. It will be observed that we strictly limit ourselves to speaking from a literary point of view; with the theological or religious side of the matter we are not dealing, nor do we intend to deal. Of course we have quite as decided an opinion as Mr. Morley has, though of an opposite kind, respecting the basis of his critical thought; but the fault which we are now finding is not with that in itself, but with the effects which he has permitted it to produce on his literary method and style.

To listen to Mr. Morley, when he speaks as an historian and critic, is always a pleasure, and were he content with instructing us out of his abundant stores of information, we should receive his teaching with unmixed gratitude. But he will not be satisfied without showing himself as something else at the same time; and that is, an open, resolute propagandist of what may be styled philosophical atheism. His position towards the most majestic and venerable of human beliefs is not a matter of doubtful inference from a passage here and a passage there, or from an under-current of thought that flows obscurely beneath the surface of his narrative or his discussions; he poses before us almost defiantly in the character of a determined and unflinching opponent of theism, and will not allow us for a moment to lose sight of his attitude. He has evidently framed for himself a very distinct conception of the course on which the world is launched, and of the goal that lies at the end of its aspirations and struggles towards truth and perfection; and this conception he keeps always in the foreground of his critical discussions, and measures by it the various movements which he has to describe and estimate. What the nature is of this dominant conception, of which his volume may be called a practical exhibition and application, is made so clear by him as to leave no possible place for misapprehension. It is no other than that of the gradual emancipation of mankind, through the growth of freedom and knowledge, from all enslaving superstitions and false ideas, until the provisional and temporarily useful belief in God shall have finally disappeared from human thought, and society shall be thoroughly reorganized on a purely naturalistic basis—on a basis, namely, from which the supernatural is entirely excluded, and in which no room is found for spiritual existence, personal immortality, revelation, grace, and even God. Human perfection and the retention of theistic belief are in his judgment incompatible; as that approaches, this must recede; abolish the idea of God, and man will recover freedom to expand and to advance towards his complete development.

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And as Mr. Morley has his own sincere enthusiasm of humanity, his ardour, warm though chastened by a philosophical serenity, for the advent of what he anticipates will be its golden age, he is but consistent with himself in feeling an equal enthusiasm for atheism, an equal ardour for the emancipation of mankind from the faith which seems to him to act like a drag on human progress and to postpone the glory of the latter days.

Such is the attitude assumed by Mr. Morley, in the volume before us, towards the most fundamental tenet of all religious belief. He would, we are sure, be the last person to challenge the correctness of our description of it, for the opinions which we are attributing to him are exactly those which he has been labouring to impress on the world for no inconsiderable number of years. The work on which we are now commenting is but one of a series, conceived in the same spirit and animated by the same purpose; and it is not long since that he published a whole volume, to define the course which such free or advanced thinkers as himself ought to pursue, in regard to the presentation of their views to society and the world. In the 'Essay on Compromise,' to which we refer, he does not for a moment attempt to disguise the vastness of the gulf between his own position and that of the majority around him. After all that can be done to soften down the difference, and to prevent a painful exacerbation and antagonism, he confesses that there will remain a 'terrible controversy between those who cling passionately to the consolations, mysteries, personalities, of the orthodox faith, and *us* who have made up our minds to face the worst, and to shape, as best we may, a life in which the cardinal virtues of the common creed shall have no place.' 'No charity or good-will,' he presently adds, 'can narrow the intellectual breach between those who declare that a world without an ever-present Creator with intelligible attributes would be to them empty and void, and those who insist that none of the attributes of a Creator can ever be grasped by the finite intelligence of men.' Yet he decides, on the whole, against reticence and equivocation. 'The flaccid latitudinarianism which thinks itself a benign tolerance for the opinions of others' is sternly condemned by him; and, though he would not have the domestic circle turned into an arena of perpetual bickering between the partisans of faith and of unbelief, he strongly urges the responsibility which now lies upon all men to be open and sincere in the maintenance of their convictions in matters of religion. We give his practical conclusion in his own words, and it is no less pertinent and forcible, be it observed, for us than for himself:—

'Our plea is not for a life of perverse disputings or busy proselytising,

tising, but only that we should learn to look at one another with a clear and steadfast eye, and march forward along the paths we choose with firm step and erect front. The first advance towards either the renovation of one faith or the growth of another must be the abandonment of those habits of hypocritical conformity and compliance, which have filled the air of England to-day with gross and obscuring mists.'

How thoroughly, and without any delicacy towards the feelings of others, Mr. Morley has in his latest work put into execution his resolve in favour of plainness of speech, we now proceed to show.

It must be borne in mind that, in sketching the group of Encyclopædists, Mr. Morley has to describe men who in their divergence from traditional orthodoxy passed through a more or less naked Deism, on their passage to the Atheism in which they finally rested. Thus Diderot's earliest original work, his '*Philosophical Thoughts*,' written in reply to Pascal's '*Pensées*,' though entirely sceptical in respect of Christianity, is 'distinctly theistic' in its groundwork, and recognizes 'the existence of a Being of sovereign intelligence' to whom the original fabrication of the universe must be ascribed. Now, with this halfway station Mr. Morley is at no pains to conceal his dissatisfaction as being to his mind untenable, illogical, and needing apology and explanation. He somewhat contemptuously styles it 'the halting-place which has been the favourite goal of English physicists from Newton down to Faraday,' and accounts for Diderot's temporary acceptance of it by the remark that 'consistent materialism had not yet established itself in his mind.' Where Mr. Morley himself takes his stand is put beyond all doubt, by his calling the question of the existence of God 'the great, the insoluble enigma.' Accordingly, all the arguments by which theism is commonly sustained are superciliously dismissed by him, and notably the argument from design or final causes, to which even the late Mr. John Stuart Mill, while rejecting the rest, felt himself constrained to attribute considerable force. Such phrases as 'the hollowness of every system dealing with final causes,' and 'the invention of an imaginary agency to account for the scanty successes of creation,' are as good as whole pages of assertion to show the writer's view; and we need scarcely add his definite statement that 'the hypothetical inference of a deity from the marvels of adaptation to be found in the universe is unjustifiable,' or the opinion that 'the philosophic partisans of theology would perhaps have been wiser to keep clear of pretensions to *prove* their master-thesis. They might have been content to keep it as an emotional creation, an imaginative



imaginative hypothesis, a noble simplification of the chimeras of the primitive consciousness of the race.'

Viewing the writers of the *Encyclopædia* from this point of view, Mr. Morley of course cannot help sympathizing with the attacks levelled by them in a later stage at theism itself, even when his calmer and more philosophical temperament makes him shrink from their coarse and narrow vehemence, and prefer to it a more measured and discriminating method of assault. If he has no word of censure for Diderot's flippant remark, that 'it is very important not to take hemlock for parsley, but not important at all to believe or disbelieve in God;' neither has he for the same writer's later attitude, when he had become 'ostentatious of a total disbelief in God,' and declared that 'we must put theology to the sword' ('il faut sabrer la théologie'). But perhaps it is in his analysis of Baron Von Holbach's notorious 'System of Nature,' a work which has been justly called the Bible of atheistical materialism, that Mr. Morley's predilections will most forcibly strike the reader. Of that terribly outspoken, and indeed furious work, which not only had Diderot's warm approval, but was largely indebted to his suggestions and corrections, Mr. Morley gives an account which so calm and fair a writer as Professor Flint is compelled to describe as both 'elaborate and laudatory.' It is true, and we rejoice to note it, that Holbach's mode of conducting his argument is not altogether to Mr. Morley's mind; 'the tone,' he says, 'is not truly philosophic, because the writer habitually regards the notion of a God as an abnormal and morbid excrescence, and not as a natural growth in human development.' But with neither the purpose nor the substance of that work has he any quarrel. Yet according to his own account it is—

'An onslaught, not merely on the Church with its overgrowth of abuses, nor on Christianity with its overgrowth of superstitions, but on that great conception which is enthroned on unseen heights, far above any Church and any form of Christianity. It is theism, in its purest as in its impurest shape, that the writer condemns. No more elaborate, trenchant, and unflinching attack on the very fundamental propositions of theology, natural or revealed, is to be found in literature. . . . The most eager Nescient or Denier to be found in the ranks of the assailants of theology in our own day is timorous and moderate, compared with this direct and on-pressing swordsman. And the attack, on its own purely rationalistic ground, is thoroughly comprehensive. It is not made on an outwork here, or an outwork there; it encircles the whole compass of the defence. The conception of God is examined and resisted from every possible side,—cosmological, ethical, metaphysical.'

Of this book, which stirred the aged Voltaire to snatch up his pen



pen in indignant protest and refutation ; which filled the youthful Goethe with such horror and alarm that he describes himself as being hardly able to endure its presence, and shuddering before it as if it had been a spectre ; and which is characterized by Mr. Morley himself as having 'gathered up all the scattered explosives of the criticism of the century into one thundering engine of revolt and destruction ;' of this 'remorseless book' Mr. Morley, it is true, dislikes the vehement tone and declamatory style, and stigmatizes some of its arguments as crude, and some of its propositions as furious ; but from its central position and its main conclusions he has no dissent to express. Of its three 'appalling judgments,' Atheism, Materialism, and Annihilation, we have already seen that he substantially accepts two ; and we have only to turn to the words with which he closes the story of Diderot's life, to learn that in the third, the 'most grievous word of all,' he equally acquiesces. When analysing the 'System of Nature' he had already remarked, that 'the chapter on the Immortality of the Soul examines this memorable growth of human belief with great vigour and a most destructive penetration ;' and later, when delineating Diderot in the 'long evening of his life' as still being 'what he had been in its morning and noontide,—friendly, industrious, cheerful, exuberant in conversation, keenly interested in the march of liberal and progressive ideas,' he had quoted with unconcealed sympathy from one of his letters 'a page of affecting musings on the great pathetic theme,' the theme of death as an eternal sleep, from which there is no awaking for any man. We give a small portion of the passage, because it is full of a melancholy beauty, and shows one side of that curiously compounded character which we shall presently endeavour to sketch in outline :—

'There is nobody among us who, having worn himself out in toil, has not seen the hour of rest approach with supreme delight. Life for some of us is only one long day of weariness, and death a long slumber, and the coffin a bed of rest, and the earth only a pillow where it is sweet, when all is done, to lay one's head, never to raise it again. I confess to you that, when looked at in this way, and after the long crosses that I have had, death is the most agreeable of prospects. I am bent on teaching myself more and more to see it so.'

Now it is this strain of resignation to the prospect of annihilation which Mr. Morley adopts for his own, when he comes to say his final word on Diderot. After narrating the closing scene the biographer's task ends, and only a concluding comment remains to be added. And here is the comment, unmistakable in its sad significance, and agreeing substantially with the old Epicurean doctrine, which for modern ears has been recast in the

the scientific form, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we shall be carbonic acid, water and ammonia.'

'So the curtain fell upon this strange tragedy-comedy of a man of letters. There is no better epilogue than words of his own: "We fix our gaze on the ruins of a triumphal arch, of a portico, a pyramid, a temple, a palace, and we return upon ourselves. All is annihilated, perishes, passes away. It is only the world that remains; only time that endures. I walk between two eternities. To whatever side I turn my eyes, the objects that surround me tell of an end, and teach me resignation to my own end. What is my ephemeral existence in comparison with that of the crumbling rock and the decaying forest? I see the marble of the tomb falling to dust, and yet I cannot bear to die! Am I to grudge a feeble tissue of fibres and flesh to a general law, that executes itself inexorably even on very bronze!"'

Such, then, on Mr. Morley's own showing, is his plainly avowed attitude towards theistic belief, and those conceptions of man and the universe which are usually associated with it. Now when we say that it is out of this attitude, this deliberately chosen groundwork of thought, that the quality arises of which we are painfully sensible in his book, and which we endeavour to describe by likening it to the effect produced by a dissonant note on the ear or a bitter flavour on the palate, we do not for a moment mean to charge him with exhibiting any declamatory vehemence or fanatical rudeness in his method of forcing his peculiar views on our notice. With all his outspokenness and self-reliance, he is too calm, too much of the philosopher, has too correct a literary taste, to indulge in vulgar flippancy or coarse denunciation. We would even go so far as to admit that it would be difficult to pronounce critical judgments from a tribunal over which 'No God' is inscribed, with less of direct provocation and offence. Yet still, as a matter of fact, while we read Mr. Morley's clear and forcible descriptions and discussions we do not escape many a disagreeable shiver, many an involuntary sensation of distaste and recoil. We speak of the fact as it is felt by us in our own experience, and we think that we can amply account for it without laying ourselves open to the charge of being affected by any such morbid sensitiveness as may be supposed to belong to professed theologians.

Throughout the composition of the book the thought can scarcely have been absent from Mr. Morley's mind, that he is one of a comparatively small minority, avowedly hostile to the deepest and dearest belief of the great and good of all ages; and that he and his few allies stand almost apart and alone, challenging with mortal defiance that great Christendom which still spreads all around them, and is far enough as yet from having  
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been replaced by the Utopian Thinkingdom (*Cogitantenthum*), to which one of the modern German apostles of materialism hopefully looks forward. To bear about in the heart the sense of such an isolation, without being in some degree embittered by it and stirred to sarcastic and defiant emotion, would probably be very difficult for any one; and most of all for men of bold self-reliant temperament, who grasp their opinions all the more firmly for opposition, and stride on in unimpaired conviction amidst the frowns and the protests of the world. A tinge of arrogance in their bearing, an undertone of scorn in their accents, an occasional scoff flung carelessly on the air as they pass,—these are just the indications which we should expect, even from the calmest and most philosophical among them, of the oppressive sense of isolation and antagonism. It is precisely with these things that we find the volume before us strongly marked. They are continually recurring, and they strike us as disagreeable and offensive. To quarrel with them seriously might be out of place, for they are but symptoms of what we should call a radical disease of thought, and it is with the disease rather than the symptoms that our contest would lie. But whatever their explanation, there they are, palpable and conspicuous; and no amiable endeavour to be blind to them can purge the spectacle of its unpleasantness, or transmute the bitter into the sweet.

Let us not, however, be misunderstood. Were it only against the extravagances of theology or the corruptions of Churches that Mr. Morley discharged his arrows tipped with venom, we should not have a word of animadversion to utter. But it is very far beyond this that he habitually goes. Not the extravagances alone of theology, not the corruptions alone of Churches, are his target; it is theology itself, including the purest, sublimest, most universally accepted verities of divine truth, at which he flings his scoffs; it is Christianity itself, with all its high aims and noble achievements as the enlightener and sweetener of human life, that he flouts and scorns. Not that his language is ever coarse or violent; he never pelts with mud, or hacks like a butcher; work in that style is not to his taste, and he frankly protests against it in others who fight on his side. 'Even those of us,' he says, 'who repudiate theology and all its works may feel a shock at the coarseness and impurity of innuendo which now and then disfigures Diderot's treatment of theological as of some other subjects.' And again, 'We may regret that Holbach, in dealing with these solemn and touching things, should have been so devoid of historic spirit as to buffet David, Mahomet, Chrysostom, and other holy personages, as superstitious brigands.' Yet even in these disavowals, which

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we accept as entirely sincere, who can fail to be sensible of something very nearly akin to a sneer? How much more when he lightly scatters along his path such phrases as 'old theological fancies,' 'barren theological interests that had outlived their time,' 'the shifting sands and rotten foundations of theology,' 'the intellectual absurdities and moral obliquities that theology has nourished and approved, and only too firmly planted;' or when, to illustrate the method by which the 'Encyclopædia,' by bringing real science to the front, 'insensibly but most effectually pressed the sterile propositions of dogmatic theology into a dim and squalid background,' and made its readers lose their interest in 'the miracle of a Divine revelation, of grace, of the mass,' it is superciliously added, 'Nobody now cares to disprove Jupiter and Juno, Satyrs and Hamadryads.'

We do not think that we can be justly called hypercritical or absurdly sensitive, when we object to the tone of such passages as these, and pronounce it gratuitously offensive and needlessly bitter. Yet it is continually occurring and making itself unpleasantly felt, amidst the grave and interesting discussions in which the volume abounds. Do 'the black ranks of official orthodoxy' raise a storm against the 'Encyclopædia,' and move the authorities to interdict its publication? It was, so we are informed, because 'the Church had not yet borrowed the principles of humanity and tolerance from Atheists.' Was a rational and humane mode of treating the insane up to that time unknown? 'It was clearly impossible,' we are gravely told, 'that the great and humane reforms in this field could have taken place before the decisive decay of theology. Theology assumes perversity as the natural condition of the human heart, and could only regard insanity as an intolerable exaggeration of this perversity.' Is Holbach's style justly open to the censure of being diffuse, declamatory, and not seldom sinking into a drone? Yes; but we are asked to remember that 'Holbach's contemporaries were in too fierce contact with the tusks and hooked claws of the Church, to have any mind for the rhythm of a champion's sentences or the turn of his periods. But now that the efforts of the heterodox have taught the Churches to be better Christians than they were a hundred years ago, we can afford to admit that Holbach is hardly more captivating in style, and not always more edifying in temper, than some of the Christian Fathers themselves.' Once more, does any one wish to know with which side in the conflict the cause of morality was really identified? Mr. Morley has his answer ready, and it is no less unqualified than unhesitating. 'The Church, nominally built upon the morality of the Golden Rule, was perverted into being  
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the great organ of sinister self-interest. The Atheists, apparently formulating the morality of the Epicureans, were in effect the teachers of public spirit and beneficence.'

Enough, however, of this unpalatable topic, which a sense of duty alone has constrained us to dwell upon at such length. We have made the foregoing quotations to justify the complaint which we felt bound to add to our praise of this able and instructive book, and now we gladly pass on to consider Mr. Morley's presentation of Diderot, the great central figure round which his whole work revolves.

A very brief outline of the incidents of Diderot's career will be a sufficient introduction to the sketch we propose to give of his character and achievements. There is a scanty Memoir of him by his daughter, afterwards Madame Vandeuil, whom he carefully educated in his own principles; it is conceived in a strain of warm admiration, and contains a number of amusing anecdotes; but on the whole it has a look of being more piquant and sparkling than trustworthy in its relation of facts. Not more satisfactory is the longer Memoir by Naigeon, which, though written before the close of the century, was by some accident withheld from the public till it was prefixed to the Paris edition of Diderot's works published in 1821. This Naigeon was the most intimate friend and admiring disciple of Diderot in his later years, and might have bequeathed to us an admirable portrait of his master's daily life and manner of conversation, had he not been so eaten up by polemical zeal as to make his Memoir less an intelligent biography than a manifesto on behalf of Atheism; but being, as Mr. Morley rather oddly says, 'the most fanatical Atheist, and the most indefatigable propagandist and eager proselytiser which *that form of religion* can boast,' his acquaintance and discipleship have, so far as posterity is concerned, proved good for very little. Besides the information supplied by these two Memoirs, a good deal about Diderot may be gathered from his own works and correspondence, especially from his long series of letters to Mdlle. Voland, first printed in 1830, as well as from frequent notices of him in the gossiping literature of the time. Altogether, a fairly adequate idea of Diderot's personal characteristics may be gained from these sources, although what we should have prized most of all, an authentic and graphic record of how he looked and talked in the society of his intimates, is by no means forthcoming.

He was born at Langres, the French Sheffield, in 1713, about the middle of that period of thirty years which also saw the births of Voltaire, Hume, Rousseau, and Kant. His father, like all his direct ancestors for a couple of centuries, was a

manufacturing cutler, and was notable for a steadfast probity, sagacity, and courageous straightforwardness, which he certainly failed to transmit to his children; and least of all to the celebrated Denis. There were two daughters, one of whom became a nun and died insane; the other, who never left home, was described by her brother as 'free in her ways and still more free in her talk, a sort of Diogenes in petticoats'; but withal, if we may credit Madame Vandeuil, an excellent woman of austere piety. Of the two sons, one was trained for the Church and lived to be one of the most bigoted of Abbés, to whom his atheistical brother, with all his belongings was an abomination. 'He would,' writes the latter, 'have been a good friend and a good brother, if religion had not bidden him trample under foot such poor weaknesses as these.'

As for Denis himself, he used to trace his mobile humour and versatile genius to the climate, ever variable and windy, of his native place. 'I belong,' he said, 'to my country side;' which he explained by adding that 'the man of Langres has a head on his shoulders like the weathercock on the top of the church spire; it is never fixed at one point.' He got his schooling from the Jesuits, who tonsured him at twelve years old, and discovering his striking aptitude for knowledge hoped to enlist him in their Order; but although, after leaving school, he became for two years an inmate of their college in Paris, he finally broke with them, and refusing both the professions, law and physic, proposed to him by his father, he found himself at the age of twenty thrown on the world to live as he could by his wits.

A hard struggle he had for the next ten years, while he served his 'ragged apprenticeship of letters.' How he lived it would be difficult to say; nor did he much care, so that he just kept soul and body together. The 'blood of vagabondage' was hot in him, and careless independence was dearer to him than bread. Sometimes a dole from his mother's savings would reach him, by the hand of a faithful servant to whom his bright childhood had been dear; sometimes an old comrade from Langres would lend him a trifle, which his father would quietly repay. He tried teaching, and sometimes got a shirt, a meal, or a coin for his pains, sometimes nothing; if the lads were stupid he was apt to wash his hands of them, and face again the risk of starving. On one occasion his pining for freedom induced him to throw up, after three months' trial, a really excellent tutorship, in spite of most tempting offers to retain his services. 'Look at me,' he said to his employer, 'my face is as yellow as a lemon. I am making men of your children, but each day I am becoming a child with them. I am a  
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thousand times too rich and too comfortable in your house; leave it I must. What I want is not to live better, but to avoid dying.' And so he went back to his bare attic and short commons. During this period he seems to have done odd jobs for the booksellers, as a hack of the press; and we hear that he even composed sermons for slow-witted preachers, doubtless with his tongue in his cheek, or as one of the commentators remarks—as the devil is said to quote Scripture. But irregular and turbulent as his life was, and not exempt from an occasional touch of rascality, he retained a cheerful largeheartedness, and what Mr. Morley well calls 'a certain large carelessness of spirit,' and drank in all kinds of knowledge with an insatiable appetite.

At thirty he blundered into marriage, as heedlessly as he ordered the rest of his affairs. A woman of the working class, at least as old as himself, the daughter of a sempstress who had nursed him in an illness, was the object of his choice; and the result was in accordance with the proverb, 'Marry in haste, repent at leisure.' She was virtuous enough, but perhaps rather exasperating to such a temperament as Diderot's. Illiterate and narrow-minded, with habits as different from his as light from darkness, it was impossible for her to sympathize with his pursuits, or retain his affection. The hot passion of his courtship was not long in cooling down into indifference; and as the wise rigours of morality were little to his taste, illicit connections soon began to mar the domestic peace. With a touch of humour Mr. Morley suggests that if Mirabeau had married Hannah More the union would have turned out ill; and Diderot's marriage was unluckily of such a type. His wife's narrow pieties and homely solitudes fretted him. They never parted, however, and after forty years of married life she was still with him when he died.

It was shortly after his marriage, and chiefly at first to procure money for a rapacious mistress—so at least his daughter coolly tells us—that he presented himself to the public as an author; and such were the combined heterodoxy and ingenuity of his earlier serious treatises, the 'Philosophical Thoughts,' and the 'Letter on the Blind,' that the three months' imprisonment at Vincennes which the one quality earned for him, was more than compensated by the introduction which the other gained for him to the bookseller, who was endeavouring to bring out a translation of the 'Cyclopædia,' or 'Universal Dictionary of the Arts and Sciences,' which a Westmoreland quaker, Ephraim Chambers by name, had published in London, in 1727, in two folio volumes. Hence arose the famous 'French



Encyclopædia,' with which Diderot's name is inseparably connected. Instead of the reproduction of the English book, he proposed an original work on a vastly larger scale. To employ Mr. Morley's words:—

'His fertile and energetic intelligence transformed the scheme. By an admirable intuition, he divined the opportunity which would be given by the encyclopædic form, of gathering up into a whole all that new thought and modern knowledge which existed as yet in unsystematic and uninterpreted fragments. His enthusiasm fired Le Breton. It was resolved to make Chambers' work a mere starting-point for a new enterprise of far wider scope.'

For nearly thirty years the preparation and editing of this colossal work was the almost insupportable labour of his hand and brain. He began by associating with himself as joint editor the celebrated mathematician D'Alembert, to whose pen the larger part of the masterly Preliminary Discourse was due; and he soon gathered round him a band of writers, who were united by a common ardour for political and social reform, and a common hatred of a 'priestly aristocracy' and the religious beliefs on which sacerdotalism rested. His own contributions were many hundreds in number, but they represented only a small part of his toil. After the first seven years the whole editorial duty devolved upon him, in consequence of D'Alembert's retirement before the storms which the work aroused; and we cannot but admire the pluck and perseverance with which Diderot stuck to his post, and carried the enterprise through single-handed. Again to quote Mr. Morley:—

'He had not only to write articles upon the most exhausting and various kinds of subjects; he had also to distribute topics among his writers, to shape their manuscripts, to correct proof-sheets, to supervise the preparation of the engravings, to write the text explanatory of them, and all this amid constant apprehension and alarm from the government and the police. He would have been free from persecution at Lausanne or at Leyden. The two great sovereigns of the north, who thought it part of the trade of a king to patronise the new philosophy, offered him shelter at Petersburg or Berlin. But how could he transport to the banks of the Neva or the Spree his fifty skilled compositors, his crafty engravers on copper-plate, and all the host of his industrial army? How could he find in those half-barbarous lands the looms and engines and thousand cunning implements and marvellous processes which he had under his eye and ready to his hand in France? And so he held fast to his post on the fifth floor of the house in the Rue Saint-Benoît, a standing marvel to the world of letters for all time.'

Diderot's battles with the authorities during the progress of the

the work furnish a curious page in the history of literature. No sooner was the first volume issued in 1751, than the clerical party divined the polemical character of the enterprise. Under the guise of a summary of human knowledge, they discerned a gigantic armoury of weapons with which to attack the Church, and in self-defence they rallied all their forces to procure its suppression. Diderot had, indeed, endeavoured to evade their hostility by inserting what may be called sham articles on prominent religious topics, reserving his bolder strokes against Christianity for articles where the theological censors of the press were less likely to look for them. But even this pitiful equivocation was of little avail. When two volumes had been published a royal decree suppressed them, and Diderot was compelled, under threats of imprisonment, to hand over to the Jesuits all his papers, proof-sheets, and plates, that the reverend Fathers might continue the work in their own way. They forgot, says Grimm, to take Diderot's head and genius together with his papers, and the result was that the Government, who did not wish the work to fail, were obliged to beg the original editors to resume their labours. After the issue of the seventh volume matters came to a crisis, and a decree of the Council of State revoked the publisher's privilege, confiscated the seven volumes, and prohibited the printing of any more. It is a curious illustration of the double part played by the civil authorities in these conflicts, that the only effect produced by this decree was the postponement of any further issue, till the whole remaining ten volumes of letter-press were ready for publication at once. The printing went on without interruption under the connivance of the police; and Madame Vandeuil tells us that on one occasion when a search-warrant was obtained for the seizure of Diderot's papers, the Minister, Malesherbes, who issued it, not only warned Diderot of it beforehand, but even received the papers into his own office for safe-keeping until the baffled search was over! Even when the last volumes came out in 1765, they had a narrow escape. Though bearing the imprint of Neufchatel for precaution-sake, and being privately distributed to the subscribers, they did not escape seizure by the police; eventually, however, with some trivial mutilations, they were restored to their owners.

After the completion of the 'Encyclopædia' nearly twenty years of incessant literary activity remained to Diderot, during which in various romances, essays, plays, and dialogues he discussed almost every delicate moral and social problem, too often with a shameless disregard of the customary decencies of literature. Of external incidents the only notable one was his journey

journey by invitation to visit his imperial benefactress at St. Petersburg, who had handsomely bought his library and given him a liberal salary for keeping it; on the return from which expedition, across frozen rivers and through other wintry perils, he likened himself to Ulysses hastening homewards to rejoin his wife, only with this difference that, whereas the hero's anxiety was lest the Sirens should impair his conjugal fidelity, Diderot's was only for his own safety, for, as he characteristically said, he had much rather fail ten times in that way than be drowned once! Into any details of his life during the last period our space forbids us to enter, and we pass on to the remainder of our task, and will now endeavour, with the help of Mr. Morley and others, to give such a general estimate of Diderot and his performances as may be fairly accepted by impartial students of his age.

It is, perhaps, somewhat unfortunate for Mr. Morley that he has been preceded in this field by Mr. Carlyle. Among the brilliant essays published by the latter writer before the middle of the century, that on Diderot holds a conspicuous place; and to no one who has ever read it can it be possible to avoid bringing the work now before us into comparison with it. The contrast between the two is as sharp and vivid as can easily be conceived. In the one, we listen to the fiery strains of a prophet; in the other, to the calm discussions of a philosopher. In the one, Diderot's character and labours are judged from the point of view of a fervid Theist, in whose eyes the whole universe is a-flame with the supernatural and instinct with a divine presence; in the other, from the standpoint of the mechanical philosophy which defines the universe in the terms of matter and motion. Of the one, the ground-thought is the conviction, that ages of Unbelief, however glittering they may appear for a moment, lie under an inevitable doom of barrenness, and that it is the ages of Belief alone which are fruitful for the enrichment of mankind; of the other, the key-note is 'the pregnant aphorism, that the first step towards philosophy is incredulity.' The one is full of tumult and passion, of weird flashes and thunderous denunciations; the other professes to lead us along the paths of calm analysis and impartial discrimination. The one breathes of scorn for the toilers of the 'Encyclopædia,' as for perverse blunderers who 'with smoky tar-link' went about searching for the sun, and were unable to find it; the other lauds them as the preachers of 'a wonderful gospel,' the heralds of 'a new dispensation.' No contrast can well be more acute than that which grows out of such elements of antagonism as these, and Mr. Morley shows himself thoroughly sensible of it

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by the pains which he takes at the outset to protest against his predecessor's treatment of the subject. It is 'whimsical' and 'humoristic'; it sets up 'a standard that is half transcendental and half cynical'; it has not 'wholly escaped the taint of the intense philistinism which underlay the great spiritual reaction that followed the Revolution'; it embodies the judgment of a 'devotee of the sterile transcendentalism then in vogue,' and must now be exchanged for a criticism which is 'saner and more patient.'

Between the extremely different estimates of Diderot and his long life-toil which have been thus presented to us, we do not pretend to arbitrate with precision, or to point out exactly how much the one seems to us to be too low, and the other too high. We are content with saying that in our opinion Mr. Carlyle has, in his sweeping and impetuous way, not inconsiderably underrated the amazingly prolific and energetic Editor of the great 'Encyclopædia'; and that the depreciation seems especially to have arisen from making too little account of the immense influence exerted in one way or another by Diderot, in giving an impulse to political and social reforms. Whatever this remarkable man may have been in regard to religion and morals, we cannot doubt that his heart was stirred by a generous enthusiasm for his fellow-countrymen, and often burnt with indignation against the monstrous evils under which the French people were fast being crushed down into misery and despair. Nor did Diderot limit himself to protests and denunciations. He had a remarkable prevision of many of the economic changes that were needed, and of the general line which the reconstruction of society should take. The band of writers of which he was the centre and directing head were, in a very real sense, the pioneers of that amelioration in the conditions of government and social relation, which emerged at last out of the terrible throes of the Revolution. We cannot say that Mr. Morley exaggerates when he gives the following description of their aims and achievements:—

'They drew into the light of new ideas, groups of institutions, usages, and arrangements, which affected the real well-being and happiness of France, as closely as nutrition affected the health and strength of an individual Frenchman. It was the Encyclopædists who first stirred opinion in France against the iniquities of colonial tyranny and the abominations of the slave-trade. They demonstrated the folly and wastefulness and cruelty of a fiscal system that was eating the life out of the land. They protested in season and out of season against arrangements which made the administration of justice a matter of sale and purchase. They lifted up a strong voice against the

the atrocious barbarities of an antiquated penal code. It was this band of writers, organized by a harassed man of letters, and not the nobles swarming round Louis XV., nor the Churchmen singing masses, who first grasped the great principle of modern society, the honour that is owed to productive industry. They were vehement for the glories of peace, and passionate against the brazen glories of war.'

To this social and constructive aspect of Diderot's thought and warfare, especially as developed in the folios of the 'Encyclopædia,' Mr. Carlyle, it appears to us, has not attached quite sufficient importance. Nor is the reason far to seek. With his fervid sense of a divine mystery embracing and pervading the universe, and his broad contempt for modern economic and political doctrines, what arrests and holds his attention most, when surveying the labours of the Encyclopædists, is the utter futility of the basis that virtually, if not avowedly, underlay the structure which they endeavoured to raise—the basis, namely, of pure naturalism, materialism, atheism; the attempt to build anything upon that seems in his eyes like flinging materials, however good in themselves, into a bottomless quagmire. He sees the curse of confusion resting upon it as on the folly of Babel, and he does not care to distinguish between the soundness of many of the separate ideas or doctrines, and the rottenness of the general conception of things around which they were aggregated and compacted into a system. From this temptation to underrate the social and political teaching of the 'Encyclopædia' his rival is completely exempt. With the basis on which its writers, headed by Diderot, laboured to raise their edifice he has no quarrel; and accordingly he finds himself free to appreciate at its utmost value every penetrating criticism with which they exposed existing evils, and every wise and far-seeing suggestion of remedies and improvements which they were able to throw out. Hence, instead of seeing in them sterile busybodies and mischievous anarchists, he is able to liken them to 'a band which once went forth against barbarous hordes, to strike a blow for humanity and truth;' to credit them with 'rallying all that was then best in France round the standard of light and social hope,' and with sowing 'the seed of all the great improvements bestowed on France by the Revolution, in spite of the woeful evils which followed in its train.'

If, on the whole, it may be said that Mr. Carlyle's estimate of Diderot is about the lowest which any writer of eminence has expressed, Mr. Morley's is by no means the highest. As we have already intimated, he is too independent and philosophical

to be carried away into indiscriminate panegyric, or to allow his sympathy with the revolt of the French freethinkers against tradition and authority of every kind to blind him to much that was unsatisfactory and confused in their views and aims. Others have been far more unreserved and thoroughgoing in their eulogy. Auguste Comte, for instance, is so extravagant as to reckon Diderot the greatest genius of his century. Not much behind is Michelet, when he apostrophizes Diderot as an immense and bottomless fountain, whence men have been drawing for a hundred years, but which is inexhaustible as infinity; and says that as by Voltaire he was called Pantophile, as one whose great heart was enamoured of all Nature, so he may also be called Panurge, the universal fabricator, and Prometheus, the true maker of men. A greater than these, too, Goethe, as quoted by Mr. Morley, utters a very strong judgment in his own large manner, when he says, 'Diderot is Diderot, a peculiar individuality; whoever holds him or his doings cheaply is a Philistine, and the name of them is legion. Men know neither from God, nor from Nature, nor from their fellows, how to receive with gratitude what is beyond appraisement.' Even M. Taine, who is not a little severe on the deficiencies of the Encyclopædic group and their materialistic paradoxes, makes a partial exception in Diderot's favour:—

'With Diderot,' he writes, 'these paradoxes have correctives. When he paints modern manners, he is a moralist. Not only does he know all the chords of the human keyboard, but he classes them each according to its rank. He loves the fine and pure notes, he is full of enthusiasm for the noble harmonies, he has as much heart as genius. Better still, when he undertakes to disentangle the primary impulses, he preserves by the side of self-love an independent and superior place for pity, sympathy, kindness, charity—for all the generous affections of the heart which gives itself and devotes itself without calculation or regard to self.'

Nor have even those, who have judged Diderot from a still more distinctly religious point of view, found themselves compelled to go so far in depreciation as Mr. Carlyle does; of these Vinet may be taken as an unexceptionable representative, and this is his brief estimate:—

'Diderot was a fruitful and strong mind, almost always on the tripod, a fervent atheist, who mingled criticism in a dithyrambic emphasis and accent with the language of Billingsgate, but at times raised himself to the highest summits of pathos, simplicity, and truth.'

To this may be fitly appended a sentence from Sainte-Beuve, for the sake of the single stroke with which he depicts Diderot



as a creator in literature; 'Diderot,' he says, 'was the first in France who gave criticism a soul.'

But however different the places assigned to Diderot, by these and other critical writers, amongst those who have largely influenced the development of human thought and social relations, all agree in depicting him as one of the most extraordinary characters in the whole story of literature. The man was himself encyclopædic, alike in knowledge, in taste, and in humour. He bulked like a giant of all work amidst the intense activities and growing distractions of his time. Mathematics, physics, metaphysics, ethics, history, politics, economics, romances, dramas, art-criticism, educational theories, atheistical polemics, all came alike to him; all sprang as by a sort of spontaneous generation out of the unceasing ferment of his brain. Never was a mind more wakeful to catch every intellectual whisper, or more bold to rush with unshrinking hardihood into every question that was stirred. Eagerly omnivorous of information, his appetite was no less insatiable for pouring it forth in measureless profusion. And whatever he took in hand to treat, he could never be called merely conventional or common-place. With all his impetuous confusion and careless vehemence, he was sure, somehow or other, to plunge beneath the surface, to strike out something original, to breathe some breath of sensibility or passion into every subject which admitted of it, to sow some seed which should afterwards germinate and become fruitful. Even the modern doctrine of evolution, with its cardinal ideas of the transformation of species and the survival of the fittest, was foreshadowed, prior to Lamarck, in Diderot's ingenious speculations on physiology. 'The need produces the organ,' he wrote; 'the organization determines the function; the world is the abode of the strong.' He had in a peculiar degree the faculty of divination, the gift of invention, of throwing out hints, of suggesting new lines of thought, of dimly anticipating discoveries which should afterwards crown the labours of more patient and accurate disciples of science. 'In a thousand ways,' Mr. Morley says of him, 'one of the most unsatisfactory of men and writers; yet it is hard to deny that to whatever quarter he turned, he caught the rising illumination, and was shone upon by the spirit of the coming day.' A philosopher, in the highest sense, he could not be justly esteemed; he was too much the creature of sensibility and emotion; and was radically deficient in that calm, steadfast, organizing faculty, which gathers the facts of experience from every side, and harmonizes them in some great reasoned theory in which the intellect can rest with satisfaction. Yet it was

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not without reason that he went among his friends and contemporaries by the title of 'The Philosopher.' As M. Caro points out in his recent articles in the '*Revue des deux Mondes*' on the minor treatises of Diderot's which have been lately discovered, the title was justified by the abundance of his ideas, his freedom from conventionality, his desire to get to the bottom of everything, his independence of prejudices and even of principles; and above all by the boldness of that revolutionary attack on all the dogmas and institutions of the old world, of which he made the '*Encyclopædia*' the formidable and colossal organ.

In industry and endurance of toil, Diderot may be called a very Titan; prodigal indeed, irregular, and wasteful; but making up by his prodigious exuberance and facility for the lack of method and economy in the employment of his splendid talents. As an instance of the thoroughness with which he threw himself into the work undertaken by him, it may be mentioned that during his long and tedious years of Herculean labour over the '*Encyclopædia*,' he took the trouble to make himself personally acquainted with the leading trades and arts, that he might accurately describe their processes in the great group of articles on industrial subjects. 'He visited all the workshops in Paris; he sent for information and specifications to the most important seats of manufacture in the kingdom; he sometimes summoned workmen from the provinces to describe to him the paper works of Montargis, and the silkworks and velvetworks of Lyons.' The eleven great folio volumes of plates to the '*Encyclopædia*,' which were issued in 1772, seven years after the completion of the letter-press, and had been occupying Diderot for nearly thirty years, are said, by those who have had the leisure and patience to go through them (and we can ourselves corroborate their testimony), to furnish an amazing illustration, not merely of his laborious accuracy, but also of that poetic sympathy which is stirred by the varied scenes of human toil, and takes delight in reproducing them as vividly as possible to the reader's eye.

'The animation,' says Mr. Morley, 'of these great folio plates is prodigious. They affect one like looking down on the world of Paris from the heights of Montmartre. To turn over volume after volume is like watching a splendid panorama of all the busy life of the time. Minute care is as striking in them as their comprehensiveness. The smallest tool, the knot in a thread, the ply in a cord, the curve of wrist or finger, each has special and proper delineation. The reader smiles at a complete and elaborate set of tailor's patterns. He shudders as he comes upon the knives, the probes, the bandages, the posture,

posture, of the wretch about to undergo the most dangerous operation in surgery. In all the chief departments of industry there are plates good enough to serve for practical specifications and working drawings.'

Then again, in regard to art, Diderot for twenty years regularly wrote elaborate reports on the Exhibitions of Paintings and Sculptures at Paris; and volumes of his works, under the heading *Salons*, are filled with his critical descriptions and judgments. These are said, by good judges, to be unique in the whole range of art-criticism. 'There is such mass in his criticisms; so little of the mincing and niggling of the small virtuoso,' says Mr. Morley; and he confirms his enthusiastic appreciation of them by such testimonies as that of the most brilliant of the Schlegels, that 'it would be a truly imperial luxury to get a collection of pictures described for oneself by Diderot'; and of Mr. Carlyle, that 'what with their unrivalled clearness, painting the picture over again for us so that we too see it and can judge it, what with their sunny fervour, inventiveness, real artistic genius (which only cannot manipulate) they are, with some few exceptions in the German tongue, the only "Pictorial Criticisms" we know of worth reading.' Dramatic art, too, did not escape his handling; a theme which provokes Mr. Morley's caustic remark, that 'there is no subject in literature, not even the interpretation of the Apocalypse, which has given birth to such pedantic, dismal, and futile discussion.' To a good deal that even Diderot wrote about the stage, this censure is certainly applicable; but by no means to all. His particular scheme for making the stage the great moral teacher may justly deserve Mr. Morley's scorn, who takes occasion to observe, in his usual bitter way, that such an end, though possible, will not be attained 'by imitating the methods of that colossal type of histrionic failure, the church-pulpit.' Yet, amidst platitudes and paradoxes, there was in Diderot's critique quite enough of originality and penetrating insight, to make him no unworthy precursor of Lessing and Goethe. Besides painting and the drama, Diderot found time to trifle a little with music and poetry. It is comical to find him goodnaturedly rewriting a treatise on the 'Clavecin' by his daughter's music-master, and casting it into the form of dialogues, 'in which teacher, pupil, and a philosopher, deal in all kinds of elaborate amenities, and pay one another many compliments.' Among his minor essays we have come upon a proposal for a new kind of organ. With his fugitive pieces in verse, and his comedies in prose, the modern reader need scarcely trouble himself.

That

That a writer so prolific and versatile, so rapid and careless, should have produced masterpieces of consummate finish and excellence was not to be expected. In all the twenty big volumes, into which such of his productions have been recently collected as can be ascertained to survive, there are, it has been said, many fine pages, but no one fine work. He was too impetuous, too impatient, too lavishly prodigal in writing, to lay out and arrange his composition so as to make it a complete whole, or to sustain the style at the highest level that he was capable of reaching. About this defect he did not deceive himself, did not even care. Few authors have been so free from vanity and self-exaltation. As he often dashed off his literary tasks in the hottest haste, sometimes scribbling page after page in his best style while the printer's boy was waiting for copy in the hall, so he would leave them with an ostrich-like indifference to their fate: and unpublished papers of his, including even some of his most original treatises, were long afterwards found lying unknown in forgotten chests, or flying about, as Mr. Carlyle says, like a Sibyl's leaves in all corners of the world. In truth, taking him altogether, he was a greater talker than writer. He has been depicted for us in nightgown and slippers, talking by the hour concerning earth, air, and sea, with an impetuosity almost more than human, rising from height to height, till at length he finished the climax by dashing his nightcap against the wall. Even the presence of Majesty was unable to put a bridle on his vehemence. When on his visit to the great scandalous Empress of the North, whom he flattered with uniting the soul of Brutus to the charms of Cleopatra, we hear of him, in the heat of his eloquence, bringing down his hand with such force and iteration on the imperial knees, that Catherine complained he had made her thighs black and blue, and that she must in future interpose a table to protect her limbs from his gesticulations. In illustration of his powers of improvisation, Mr. Morley reminds us of Marmontel's saying, 'that to know Diderot from his writings alone was not to know him at all. We should have listened to his persuasive eloquence, and seen his face aglow with the fire of enthusiasm.'

In Diderot's temperament and humour there was almost as much variety, as much mixture of opposites, as in his intellectual composition. When we have read of him in Michelet's vivid pages as a young man of letters, of doubtful repute, working by the magic of his tongue a miracle on the prim old Chancellor D'Aguesseau, and fairly bewildering him by unrolling the gigantic scheme of a book that should be all books in one, 'with lips on which the sciences become light and life, with  
speech

speech which was not speech but creation'; we are somewhat surprised to find him soon afterwards the foremost of the Epicurean circle of guests, who talked 'blasphemy and bawdry' round Holbach's hospitable and luxurious table at Grandval, and to hear of the letters in which he retailed to his mistress, Mdle. Voland, conversations of which Mr. Morley can only remark that they 'cannot be reproduced in the decorous print of our age.' Or again, when we have followed Diderot into his stormy and anarchical polemics, and seen him in his battles with the authorities, now jockeying the censorship by shameless mystifications, and now confronting the police with unblushing perjuries, it seems odd to come across his moods of tender sensibility, or even grotesque sentimentalism. Is it indeed the redoubtable Diderot, we ask, who in one of his most harassed moments poured out such a strain as this?—

'A delicious repose, a sweet book to read, a walk in some open and solitary spot, a conversation in which one discloses all one's heart, a strong emotion that brings the tears to one's eyes and makes the heart beat faster, whether it comes of some tale of generous action, or of a sentiment of tenderness, of health, of gaiety, of liberty, of indolence—there is the true happiness, nor shall I ever know any other.'

Or is it the hard materialist, the remorseless preacher of annihilation, who in the 'Encyclopædia,' of all places in the world, breaks out into the following rhapsody?—

'For him who has been strongly nourished in this philosophy, the urn that contains the ashes of a father, a mother, a husband, a mistress, is truly a touching object. There still remains in it life and warmth; these ashes may perhaps even yet feel our tears and give them response; who knows if the movements that our tears stir, as they water those ashes, are wholly without sensibility?'

Strange compound, we may well exclaim, of gushing sentiment and almost brutal indelicacy! He revels in writing pages so foul that the very ink might blush at the unworthy use to which it is put, and is found bathed in tears over the sorrows of his own heroines, or gasping out over Richardson's novels, 'O my friends, Pamela, Clarissa, Grandison!'

'What can be more astonishing,' asks M. Caro, 'than that mixture of enthusiasm for virtue and of utter immorality, which characterizes both his life and his works? He is more than a Platonic and solitary lover of virtue, he is its preacher, its apostle. The idea becomes a gentle mania with him. To form the upright man, to develop in him a sacred sense of duty with all its resources, its gradations, its refinements, to make him love honour and probity—all this is the sole object of art, of eloquence, of poetry. At this noble spectacle of humanity,

humanity, thus turned into a great mutual school of virtue, Diderot's sensibility is stirred; he sheds a torrent of gentle tears; he blesses the world, he blesses his friends, he blesses himself. What an edifying patriarch! we cry; what a good father of the family! what a model of sensibility and delicacy! Reverse the medal; open his books, his romances, his letters; you are confounded by that complete absence of the moral sense, at least so far as the whole essential order of human relations is concerned, by that taste for the filthiest scenes, by that daintiness of obscenity which attracts and disturbs depraved imaginations in reading more than one or two of his works.'

Yet in all this effusiveness of sentiment there was no pretence, no unreality. Sensibility was no superficial veneer of his soul; the 'simple charm and natural tenderness of life' had an irresistible attraction for at least one-half of his nature. There was undoubtedly a good deal of the woman in his composition. What Mr. Carlyle calls a 'female uncontrollableness' entered into his temperament, as much as a masculine audacity and coarseness characterized his speculative intellect. This feminine sensibility showed to most advantage in his tenderness to his friends, and his readiness to give sympathy, consolation, and help to every one who asked of him. For friendship he may almost be said to have possessed a special genius, so unbounded were his fidelity, patience, and kindness towards all who were intimate with him. His only quarrel was with Rousseau; and to escape a quarrel with Rousseau was more than mortal man could achieve. Even to those who had not the slightest claim upon him Diderot was the most open-handed of benefactors, placing his time, his purse, his talents, at their disposal, with almost reckless generosity. We are told of his laughingly composing a puffing advertisement of some new pomatum for a mere stranger, who intruded upon him to beg the help of his ready pen. Stories about him of a similar kind abound, and in spite of the frequency with which he was duped and plundered by necessitous and whining rascals, he was never soured and never held his hand. 'Des ingrats!' he finely exclaimed, when warned against the ungrateful; 'would that I could make a hundred of them daily!' We cannot resist the temptation to give one of these stories, because it so well illustrates Diderot's gay, light-hearted carelessness about himself, and is the very comedy of heedless good-nature. Mr. Morley shall tell it in his own words:—

'There came to him one morning a young man, bringing a manuscript in his hand. He begged Diderot to do him the favour of reading it, and to make any remarks he might think useful on the margin. Diderot found it a bitter satire upon his own person and writings. On the young man's return, Diderot asked him his grounds for making  
such

such an attack. "I am without bread," the satirist answered, "and I hoped you might perhaps give me a few crowns not to print it." Diderot at once forgot everything in compassion for the starving scribbler. "I will tell you a way of making more than that by it. The brother of the Duke of Orleans is one of the pious, and he hates me. Dedicate your satire to him, get it bound with his arms on the cover: take it to him some fine morning, and you will certainly get assistance from him." "But I don't know the Prince, and the dedicatory epistle embarrasses me." "Sit down," said Diderot, "and I will write one for you." The dedication was written, the author carried it to the prince, and received a handsome fee.

We have said that Diderot gradually exchanged his early Deism for an absolute and ostentatious Atheism. The statement is entirely accurate, and yet we think that we shall make his position in regard to religious ideas better understood, if we add that it was marked by some little shade of inconsistency, of self-contradiction. When he was declaiming with fierce scorn against all religions and worships and priests, his Atheism was blatant and fanatical; the very 'notion of a God' must be sternly got rid of, as being the fatal source of every moral perversity and corruption. When he was speculating in calm philosophical mood about the physical order, his Atheism, if more tranquil, was equally unqualified; for God he dogmatically substituted mere matter as the source of all existences, from a pebble up to man. But he had his moments of enthusiasm, of exaltation, when a sense of the mystery of the universe and the wonderfulness of human nature fired his impressible temperament, and lifted him out of his blind, mechanical philosophy; and then he would occasionally deviate into language which might easily be taken as Pantheistic.

'Who has assured you,' he wrote on one occasion, 'that the world has not its brain-membranes, as man has, and that there does not reside there some central Being who might be God by his sensible contiguity with all natural beings and objects—who by his identity with them might know all that happens, by his memory all that has evolved itself in the past, and by a succession of probable guesses all that will evolve itself in the future?'

To the same effect is a curious conversation which he held with his great friend Grimm, when walking with him one day in the fields. Diderot had plucked an ear of wheat and a blue corn-flower, and was attentively regarding them, when Grimm asked him what he was doing. 'I am listening,' was the reply. 'But who is speaking to you?' 'God.' 'Indeed!' 'It is in Hebrew: the heart understands, but the intellect is not raised high enough.'

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Such idealizing moments, however, were too few, and the sentiments to which they gave birth too vague, to qualify in any appreciable degree Diderot's resolute rejection of Theism in every shape. How far it practically carried him may be learnt from his 'Plan for a University,' which he drew out for the Empress Catherine, and which she was sagacious enough to stow away securely in her library, from whence it has only lately emerged into the light. He tells her Majesty that as she did not agree with Bayle that a community of Atheists might be quite as well-ordered as one of Deists, and much better than one of the Superstitious, he must bend to her pleasure, and would advise her to keep on the priests, not as depositaries of truth, but as barriers against still more monstrous errors that might possibly spring from the old stock, belief in God, were it allowed to sprout freely. He would have the priests continued in office, not to teach sensible people, but to be guardians of the fools; and he would allow their churches to exist as asylums or madhouses for the sort of idiots, who, if they were entirely left to themselves, without any provision being made for them, might go raving mad. A readjustment, truly, of the relations between Church and State which would be supremely ridiculous, if it were not monstrous enough in its profanity to overpower the inclination to laugh at its absurdity.

Such was the man whom his destiny threw into the midst of the imbroglia that darkened the France of the last century, and issued in sweeping the land bare of all its ancient institutions. In quieter times and a more settled state of society, he would probably have been scarcely more than a *littérateur* of surprising versatility and force, without attaining the highest rank; but in the wild ferment of ideas which sprang up in revolt against all that had hitherto been held sacred he became a mighty power for destruction, and may with truth be said to have done more than any other preacher of the new light towards loosening the framework of the body politic, and bringing down in a crash the hated *Infâme*—the whole fabric of Sacerdotalism, with which French Christianity was practically identified. The time, to a great extent, made the man what he became, and cut out his work for him. And it was a work in which every part of his many-sided nature could heartily co-operate. On the one hand, his audacious spirit of irreverence and rebelliousness transformed him into a sort of 'spiritual swashbuckler,' and found a fierce delight in hacking and rending; on the other, his generous social instincts no less urged him on his revolutionary course, by making his indignation burn against the monstrous wrongs and miseries that were festering throughout the commonwealth



and presaging its dissolution. It is only by reference to his age that we can fairly judge the man; and it must be confessed that to a quick-witted freethinking Parisian under the absolutism of Louis XV., with dissolute and shameless ecclesiastics at the head of the Church, and unspeakable Pompadours and Dubarrys ruling the Court, the age may well have looked ugly enough to justify an indiscriminate rebellion against the traditions and usages which rendered such a state of things possible. But that he played his part heroically, or deserved the patriot's wreath, few, if any, would now claim for him. With all his geniality and sentiment, his loving eye for nature and open heart for mankind, he was far from possessing either the moral fibre or the spiritual insight, which alone could have equipped a champion of true freedom to deal with the abuses that were eating out the nation's heart, and to turn into the channel of wise reform the current that was wildly sweeping on towards the Revolution and the Terror. And thus, after all his good intentions, the name of Diderot survives to point the moral, that even the most brilliant and versatile talent, and the most effusive philanthropical sensibility, when unaccompanied by reverence and faith, by self-discipline and a sense of the solemn issues of life, are far from being enough to make the wise teacher and practical statesman whom a people needs in the crisis of its fate, or to save an intellectual life-work from the ultimate verdict of insufficiency, wrongheadedness, and failure.

- ART. V.—1. *Histoire des Pasteurs du Désert, depuis la Révocation de l'Edit de Nantes jusqu'à la Révolution Française.* Par Napoléon Peyrat. 2 vols. Paris, 1842.
2. *Histoire des Troubles des Cévennes ou de la Guerre des Camisards sous le règne de Louis le Grand; tirée de Manuscrits secrets et authentiques et des observations faites sur les lieux mêmes.* Par l'Auteur du Patriot François et Impartiale (Antoine Conot). 3 vols. Villafranca, 1760.
3. *Mémoires de Maréchal de Villars.* Vols. 68 to 71 of Petitot's Collection. Seconde Série. Paris, 1829.
4. *The Revolt of the Protestants of the Cévennes, with some Account of the Huguenots in the Seventeenth Century.* By Mrs. Bray. London, 1870.

IT is scarcely creditable to the nation which holds a foremost rank amongst the Protestant Powers that only so scant a portion of its literature has been devoted to the heroes of the Reformation.

Reformation. This defect is the more singular because the history of Protestantism abounds in scenes of the deepest and most dramatic interest. We think the writer would do good service, not only to history but also to religion, who would give us a true picture of the great heroes of what we may term the romance of Protestantism. The early days of the Waldenses and the other reformers before the Reformation, the struggles of Luther and his contemporaries, the brilliant exploits of Gustavus Adolphus, the adventures of the Huguenots, and the unique episode of the Camisard revolt, as well as recent missionary adventure, in India, Africa, and Melanesia, would furnish the separate chapters for such a work, of which it might be asserted with special emphasis at the present time,

*'Nosse omnia hæc saluti est adolescentulis.'*

For one chapter of such a history we have ample materials before us. Mrs. Bray's charming volume on the 'Revolt in the Cevennes' is the only English work on the subject with which we are acquainted, and may be heartily commended to all who have not opportunity or leisure to read M. Peyrat's ampler narrative. Of this later work we feel it is difficult to speak without incurring suspicion of extravagance, so fascinating is the interest awakened by its pages. Its author was fired in his childhood with a passion to collect the scattered memorials of the struggle in Languedoc. For this purpose he ransacked the public and private libraries of the province and the capital, hoarded up all the rapidly decaying stores of local tradition and family legend, visited in person not only the battlefields but every mountain cave and recess consecrated by the heroism of the Camisards, and so produced a work at once exhaustive and authentic, whose every page is instinct with the vivid power of genius and of profound sympathy with his subject.

Nowhere did the long course of annoyance and persecution which culminated in the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes press more severely than in Languedoc, where the Protestants comprised a large proportion of the population. Their increasing numbers had necessarily led to an extension of schools and 'temples' beyond those specially authorized by the charter of their religious liberties, and their distance from the courts exposed them to outrages which could be readily misrepresented or concealed. Suddenly, in 1663, upon the pretext of an exact observance of the Edict, the destruction was decreed of all temples and cemeteries, save those mentioned in it by name. All primary Protestant schools were suppressed, and the education of their scholars transferred to the priesthood. Children of

the age, at first of fourteen, and afterwards of seven years, were declared competent to avow their preference for the communion of Rome; and the utterance of an 'Ave Marie' or 'Vive la Croix,' at the prompting of a nurse, was held to be adequate evidence of their conversion, and sufficed to withdraw them from their parents' further instruction and control. Infamous penalties were enacted against the relapse of a Huguenot convert. The minister who received the returning penitent was to be deprived. The consistory which welcomed him was to be punished by the demolition of their temple. The culprit himself was fortunate if he escaped the galleys by perpetual banishment. Every inducement was held out and every stratagem employed to win over disciples to the creed of the sovereign. Every petty device that the meanest tyranny could invent was adopted to harass those who stood firm. Whole districts were converted *en masse*. The staunchest spirits fled to other lands. The indifferent, the timid, the self-seekers, yielded to the suggestions of interest or terror. Twenty years of unceasing persecution, crowned by the unutterable atrocities of the dragonnades, at length broke all thought of resistance. 'I make incessant war upon the Huguenots,' wrote Goribou, the Curé of Soubise, 'and they dare not utter the least word of complaint. We take them by the nose like woodcocks, and at the slightest word whisk them off to Rochefort.'

A single example may suffice to illustrate the burden of tyranny and oppression that at length became intolerable.

In the autumn of 1682 Isabeau Paulet, a recent convert, the daughter of a former pastor at Uzès, returned to the faith of her childhood, and was admitted to the Lord's Supper by Dubourdieu, one of the ministers at Montpellier. The Parliament of Toulouse immediately put in force the law of 1663 against the relapsed, and ordered the demolition of the Protestant church—it was the last one remaining in the town. The consistory appealed against this rigorous sentence, and solicited the intervention on their behalf of the Duc de Noailles, the military governor of the province. The Duke was inexorable. 'Monseigneur,' said two of the deputation, 'it is not well to abuse our patience too far. Do you not know that there are 185,000 Protestant families in France?' 'Until we know what these 185,000 Protestant families will do,' sneered the Duke, as he turned to an officer of the guard, 'hand me these gentlemen to prison.' Louvois ordered the temple to be razed in twenty-four hours.

At last the proverbial *patience de Huguenots* was exhausted, but it was no easy matter to decide how resistance to the royal will

will could be effectively organized. The nobility had been won over or had fled the country. The Protestant ministry was dispersed. The enterprise was accordingly entrusted to a committee of sixteen laymen, who assembled, to lull suspicion, in Toulouse, the most Catholic city of France. At their head was an advocate of Nismes, a man of great provincial celebrity, Claude Brousson, and a bold course of action was forthwith determined on. Public worship was to be at once openly resumed, and the demolished temples were to be rebuilt; such pastors as remained were to stand unflinchingly to their posts, and the places of those in exile or imprisonment were to be supplied; due preparation was to be made by repentance, charity and prayer for the renewal of public service.

Before separating, the Committee addressed and forwarded to Versailles a formal justification of their conduct. They laid down the distinction between divine and royal authority, and the necessity of disobeying any ordinance of the King which contravened the commands of God or the inalienable rights of conscience. They added, in conclusion, 'should our resistance cost us our lives, we shall gladly forfeit them, as our past compliance has culpably sanctioned the usurpations of the Romish clergy.'

There can be no question that the conditions under which it was possible to carry out this programme no longer existed, and the last chance of success was stifled by the discord which raged in the Protestant churches. 'The scheme is too hazardous,' said the politiques; 'we could hardly hold such language if we were in possession of 200 places of security.' 'It is too moderate,' said the zealots. 'It is useless to temporize with an inexorable priesthood.' These divided counsels naturally hastened and neutralized an explosion. In the middle of July, throughout the Cevennes, Vivarais and Dauphiny, one place after another rose in open and ill-concerted rebellion. The Intendant Daguesseau endeavoured to calm the rising spirit of revolt by a general amnesty; but there was hot blood on both sides which could not be restrained, and the perfidy of Saint-Ruth gave too much reason to distrust all the royalist proposals for an accommodation. One by one the members of the Toulouse Committee fled as fugitives to other lands, Brousson finding an asylum at Geneva. One after another the Huguenot leaders in arms, as Brunier, Coutaut, Homel, perished, after exhibiting heroic courage on the field and firmness on the scaffold. The insurrection, in implicit obedience to Louvois' instructions, was suppressed with unblushing perfidy, unsparing cruelty, and unutterable shame. For the moment every whisper of resistance

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was hushed. Despatches announcing the conversion of whole cities flew to Versailles—'All Montpellier is won and Nismes as well, besides five ministers.' 'By the month of November,' wrote Noailles, 'Protestantism will no longer exist in Languedoc.' Presently he added, 'I am mistaken, it will not last so long as November.' Amidst such exultation and disaster, which ushered in the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Daguesseau handed over the Intendancy of Languedoc to a successor, who fills a place of the first importance in the history of the Camisard rebellion.

Nicolas de Lamoignon de Baille, who was installed into office by the dragonnade in September 1685, was a typical example of a provincial governor, modelled in the school of Richelieu and Louvois. Able, energetic, adroit and resolute, he was possessed by an indefatigable ambition, a fixed antipathy to all restraint upon the royal will, and an utter indifference as to the means by which his own advancement could be promoted. Submissive to his superiors, he could not brook the least entrenchment upon his own authority, and displayed inexhaustible resources of audacity and cunning in removing every rival from his path. He was no bigot, and Peyrat asserts that he would not have opened his mouth to gain a million souls for the Pope or even for the kingdom of heaven; but Torquemada himself could not have pursued heresy with more unrelenting ruthlessness, and he became the most effective ally of the bishops, whose prejudices and virulence he despised, because he regarded the Protestants as traitors, not to the Church but to the King. He was too enlightened not to bewail the loss to his province and to France of so many industrious contributors to the national welfare; but he covered the Cevennes with gibbets and deluged it with blood, in pursuance of what he conceived to be the royal will. His one sincere conviction was the transcendent importance of maintaining the unity of the French kingdom unbroken, and this he believed to be imperilled by the revolt in the Cevennes. His sole creed was comprised in a single text: 'Whosoever resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God, and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation.'

After his escape from Nismes in 1683, Claude Brousson had followed his profession of advocate at Lausanne, but an irrepressible hunger was gnawing at his heart to solace the poor oppressed Huguenots in his native land. The thought of their desolation troubled him night and day. He had ever before his eyes the image of those abandoned flocks, wandering in the desert as sheep without a shepherd. For a time he concealed his

his intentions from his family; but the call was too strong for prolonged delay, and, despite the tears of wife and child and the entreaties of friends, he set out full of joy for his mournful apostolate.

That the purely spiritual character of his mission might be unmistakable, Brousson wrote to inform the Intendant Baville of his return—

‘I have many times protested, I do so now before God, that it is neither by the command nor on the advice of any foreign Power, exerted directly or indirectly, that I have come back; but I am solely influenced by my conscience and by the Spirit of God. This influence was so vehement, and I was possessed by it to such a degree that, having delayed for two or three months to obey this inward call, I fell sick of an inexplicable and apparently mortal disease. When I saw clearly that God would slay me if I resisted any longer the motions of His Spirit which bade me come and console His people, I started, ill as I was, and, without my consulting flesh and blood, God restored me my health in the course of my journey.’

How deep was ‘the necessity laid on him to preach the Gospel’ may be realized from M. Peyrat’s description of the ordinary condition of a pastor of the desert.

He had to be almost always alone; to travel by night through storm, rain, or snow; to pass through the midst of soldiers or brigands; to sleep in the woods on the bare ground, with no coverlet but the sky; to dwell in caverns, in deserted barns, in peasants’ cabins; to steal furtively at times into a village, and when admitted into some pious family, not even then to be able to soothe his desolate heart with caressing by night at the fire-side the children of his host, lest their innocent prattle should betray him or their father; to be discovered in his retreat and hemmed in by the soldiers, and have to hide under the roof or in the well, or to have resort to audacity and stratagem in boldly facing the troops and sending them after some obliging friend who had risked his life in order to give him time to slip away; to pass by the sentinels with feigned madness or the buffoonery of a mountebank. Weariness, cold, heat, hunger, agony, desertion, solitude, and at last the scaffold—such was the life now voluntarily adopted by Claude Brousson, a man past the prime of life, delicate in constitution, of sedentary habits, studious and retiring. Such was the work which he described to his wife as ‘one of the most extraordinary and important ever heard of. There beyond all question is my crown!’

Brousson laboured with indefatigable diligence. He often preached several times a day. He wrote prodigiously. Forms of private prayer and public liturgy; an edition of his sermons, entitled

entitled 'Mystic Manna of the Desert;' a confession of faith for the Huguenot pastors; apologies to refute the charge of furthering rebellion; even a 'Commentary on the New Testament,' designed to prove the fidelity of the Protestant translation—streamed from the unwearied pen of this proscribed fugitive, who also performed all the ordinary duties of a pastor, and bore the care of all the churches, whilst he was hunted from one retreat to another with a price of 500 louis d'or upon his head.

Meanwhile the tide of persecution and of revenge rolled on over the devoted land. All the troops in the district were called out against Brousson and Vivens, a leader as bold but scarcely as blameless; and a prophet named Roman was captured and brought before Baille and the Comte de Broglie. They offered him a pardon if he would betray the retreat of the two chiefs. 'If there be no other means of saving my life, have me executed at once,' was the reply. 'If it be God's will, I am as ready to die as you are to condemn me.' On this, Broglie seized him by the hair, gave him several blows, and vowed, if no other executioner could be found, he would hang him with his own hands. Dismissed to his dungeon, that he might suffer next morning, he escaped during the night by the aid of a Protestant maid-servant of the castle. Insurgents in arms could expect no mercy, but many persons were put to death by Baille on bare suspicion of having received the rebel chiefs under their roof. Such cruelties inevitably provoke reprisals, and the vengeance of Vivens was signal and bloody. The *curés* of Saint-Marcel and Conquérac were slain, the vicar of Soudourgues was poignarded in broad daylight as he was carrying the Host. Bagard (an apostate minister, first consul of Lasalle), Gautier, Claparède, Sévérac, militia officers, were found dead in their own homes or by the roadside. To the body of the last a paper was fastened, declaring that his execution was a punishment for having betrayed innocent blood. The outbreak was assuming serious proportions. A band of four hundred men were in arms under Vivens, who was arranging for the Duc de Schomberg to enter Languedoc at the head of two thousand refugees, when the plot was frustrated by his messengers falling into Baille's hands. An attempt of Vivens to seduce the garrison of Anduze led soon after to irretrievable disaster. The secret of his hiding-place was wrung under torture from one of his followers, and Vivens died a soldier's death in his cavern. At the same time many of his comrades shared his fate in the field or perished on the scaffold.

Through such incidents of sorrow and bloodshed Brousson held



held calmly on his way. The King was reported to have been disturbed by a mysterious dream, and this new Belteshazzar sent an interpretation of it, 'which God had vouchsafed to him,' for the Nebuchadnezzar of Versailles. The vision was a warning that Louis XIV. should cease to persecute the Huguenots. With sublime simplicity, in other writings despatched to the Court, Brousson counselled the Great Monarch and his whole people to become Protestants. All would be well if they would only embrace the creed of the Reformation. Baviile had endeavoured to implicate Brousson in the conspiracy with Schomberg, and had denounced him in an edict on this ground as a disturber of the public peace. Brousson repelled the charge in a long and energetic reply. He equally disclaimed, and with unquestionable truth, all share in the violence committed by Vivens. 'It is not my purpose to cause any trouble. I do wrong to no man. I hold my meetings without arms. I even go about myself without weapons and like a lamb.'

Yet Brousson's guileless innocence did not avail to preserve him from unrelenting pursuit. Baviile's emissaries were ever upon his track; but for years he bore a charmed life. Once he was so hotly pursued that he had to descend for refuge to a hole made for concealment near the bottom of a well. An archer of the party sent to seize him suspected his hiding-place, and let himself down to the spot, but failed to discern him in the darkness. On another occasion the soldiers entered the house where he was staying, and after a fruitless search retired. Brousson had come down from the roof, and was pacing up and down in one of the lower rooms when the guard suddenly burst in again. He had only time to slip behind the door, through the chink of which he could see the sergeant outside questioning some children at play whether they knew where the minister was. They made no reply, but one of the youngest pointed to the very door behind which Brousson was standing. He gave himself up for lost, and always believed that God had cast a mist upon the officer's eyes. This life of harassing adventure and unrelenting persecution continued for four years with but short intervals of repose. More than once he was pursued so closely that he was obliged to fly across the frontier for safety; but after brief visits to his family, or to friends who sympathized with his work, the old irresistible yearning for his ministry came over him again.

In April 1699 Brousson entered France for the last time. The persecution at this time was exceptionally violent, and, on being informed of his return, Baviile increased the reward offered for Brousson's betrayal. From every quarter came letters warning him

him to leave Languedoc, and he had proposed to conclude this his third apostolic journey at Poitou, when on his way to Pau he delivered to an apostate a letter of recommendation intended for a believer of the same name. He was immediately denounced, and being overtaken at the Hôtel de la Poste, at Oléron, was conveyed to the old castle of Jeanne d'Albret—once the stronghold of the Reformation and the cradle of Henry IV.—now the prison of the faith which the Béarnais had abandoned, and which Henry's grandson so bitterly persecuted. When captured, Brousson disdained, as unworthy of his cause, either to conceal his real name, or to break his parole when the opportunity presented itself of escaping from his guards as he was being conveyed from Pau to Montpellier, or even to use his remarkable powers of eloquence in his own defence. On his trial he only spoke for a few minutes. 'I am,' he said, 'a harmless and God-fearing man, and a minister of the Gospel, who have returned to France to console my unhappy brethren.' 'Since you are a minister,' inquired Baviile, 'what were the motives of your conduct in the Cevennes and elsewhere?' 'To preach the Gospel after the example of the apostles.' 'Did the apostles then preach revolt against the powers ordained of God?' 'I have never done so.' On this Baviile produced the project of invasion concerted between Vivens and Schomberg. 'Do you know this writing? Did the apostles thus?' 'It is not my writing. I have never taken part in any conspiracy.' His judges regarded the emotion with which Brousson looked on the signature of his friend as conclusive evidence of his guilt; and on this evidence—for no other was adduced—they unanimously condemned him to undergo the torture, ordinary and extraordinary, to be broken alive on the wheel and then hung on the gibbet. Baviile remitted a portion of this monstrous sentence. The prisoner was only to be shown the rack, and was to be hung before his limbs were dislocated.

On the evening of the fourth day of November crowds gathered at Montpellier round the lofty scaffold which commanded a boundless view to the west across the ocean. Troops lined the approach, and the roll of their drums drowned the dying man's voice when he essayed to speak. With his wonted gentleness he gave himself up to the executioner, who avowed himself unnerved. 'I have executed,' he said, 'more than two hundred persons, but none ever made me tremble as did Monsieur Brousson. I would have run away, if I could, to avoid putting so good a man to death. Assuredly he died like a saint.'

The courageous band of Cevenol preachers was almost extinct, and in the year 1700 all resistance seemed to have died out.

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The ministry of the desert was apparently at an end, when its dying embers were fanned into a flame that spread far and wide by an agency unique alike in its conditions and its effects. This was the outbreak of the so-called prophetic spirit in the Cevennes.

Periods of intense suffering have frequently produced abnormal effects, and have been fertile in strange hallucinations. Yet we may well beware, in estimating the nature of the religious ecstasy in the Cevennes, of drawing too hasty a conclusion from individual instances of enthusiastic extravagance. The circumstances of the Camisards were pre-eminently calculated to beget high-strained enthusiasm. Everything was in their case combined that could excite the imagination, that could kindle and sustain the passions, that could suggest and apparently justify a poetic play of religious phantasy, that could disarm the sober exercise of reason. Subject to misery and ruin in a thousand forms, which seemed to mock the gifts of heaven; deprived of their spiritual guides, whose teaching might have helped to make them patient under the burden of so many anxieties; robbed of their little ones at the sweet age of seven years, that their young hearts might be trained in a creed which their fathers believed to be idolatrous and damning; proscribed, hunted, tortured, condemned to the galleys, broken on the wheel, exposed on the gibbet, cast out to the dogs:—what wonder if the minds of men so tried lost their just balance, and the widespread conviction of their age, that God interfered in human affairs directly rather than through the operation of general laws, should have led them to expect and to believe that they enjoyed an immediate revelation of His will? The complex and conflicting nature of the problems whose solution was demanded of these simple mountaineers would help to foster such a conviction. Their fatherland, dear to them as their own lives, was their own; yet pitiless edicts forbade them either to leave it or to worship God according to their conscience within its limits. Was not God then plainly bidding them to strike for faith and freedom? Their loyalty to their king was at first as unshaken as their loyalty to their God, and the two duties came into direct antagonism. Under more trying circumstances than the Scotch Covenanters, they remained far more staunch to their sovereign; whilst, like them, they decided that their necessity could only be interpreted as the call of God. The signs of the times foreboded the destruction of their oppressors. Even Jurieu, despite his intellectual ability and wide mental culture, had been misled by the sufferings of the faithful to maintain a fanciful interpretation of the Apocalypse, and to  
foretel

foretel the infallible, immediate, and irrevocable doom of the Papacy. The fall of the Stuarts already heralded its approach. The cry of the souls under the altar was at length heard. The special promise of the last days, 'I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh,' was even now being fulfilled.

The outward manifestations of 'the prophetic gift' were those which ordinarily accompany religious ecstasy. The swollen chest, the hair standing on end, the eyes flashing with unearthly fire, the whole frame labouring under irrepressible emotion, marked, as it was believed, the descent of the divine afflatus, which spread so rapidly that the school of the prophets soon numbered a thousand disciples, and every hamlet, every group of chalets, almost every house, had its prophet. Prodigies showered upon eyes that were eagerly awaiting them, and were held to confirm the pretensions of the new-born order of teachers. The simple minds of these mountaineers—naturally inclined to the marvellous, nervously alert under the sense of impending danger, and strained to the utmost pitch of expectancy as they travelled to their midnight prayer-meetings, held on some almost inaccessible mountain-tops beneath the wide canopy of heaven—underwent sensations not unlike those which fall upon the overwrought senses of travellers in the desert. Stars seemed to glide from their places in the firmament and guide their footsteps in the surrounding darkness; whilst, through the stillness of the night, ineffable melodies of golden harps and celestial voices—souvenirs of the Apocalyptic vision—fell on their entranced ears.

Yet we should altogether misunderstand the whole movement if we failed to recognize the profound piety and the unshaken faith of these worshippers of the desert. In a graphic extract from the '*Théâtre Sacré des Cevennes*,' given by M. Peyrat, there is a description of the preaching of Isabeau Vincent, one of the earlier prophetesses, which carries conviction of its fidelity, and is supplied by a competent witness. M. Gerlan, an advocate of Grenoble, wished to hear this youthful teacher, whose fame had filled the Cevennes and extended to Holland and Geneva. The daughter of a woolcomber of Saou, her imagination had been deeply wrought upon in early childhood by the fierce persecution at Bordeaux and by the violence of Saint-Ruth. Driven from home by want, she was keeping the flock of a kinsman, when, late in May 1689, M. Gerlan called at the sheepfold and, after asking for water as a passing stranger, explained the purpose of his visit. 'You are welcome,' she replied; 'this very evening I shall preach to some of the brethren on the mountain.' At dusk she set out, accom-

panied

panied by two young men and a score of peasants, who followed with the advocate from Grenoble. A numerous assembly awaited her. 'I am of myself,' she began, 'quite incapable of speaking; but,' she added, falling on her knees, 'O Lord, unloose my tongue, if it be Thy pleasure, that I may be able to proclaim Thy Word, and to console Thy afflicted people.' Soon the spirit seized her. She offered a long prayer. 'I thought,' says M. Gerlan, 'I was listening to an angel.' Suffice it to say that the lawyer found her address so admirable and heart-stirring, so full of pathos, piety, and zeal, that he could not resist the conviction that a stream so holy issued from a superhuman source. 'I returned home,' he adds, 'touched to the heart, and filled with thought on all the wondrous things which this faithful servant of the Lord had declared.'

At what peril the congregations assembled may be illustrated by the fate of a single family. At a nocturnal meeting in the Vélai there were present the family of an aged prophet of Les Ruches, named Marliaut, consisting of two sons and three daughters, one of whom, eight months advanced in pregnancy, held her little boy by the hand. The old man could not prevail on them to stay at home, although he told them the secret warnings of disaster which the Spirit had given him. At midnight six bodies were brought back to him, two of them still breathing—a daughter, who shortly afterwards expired, and a boy, who recovered as by a miracle. 'The Lord gave me them, and the Lord hath taken them from me,' exclaimed the prophet; 'blessed be His holy name.' He passed the night in prayer amongst his family in their death-sleep, and buried them by stealth next day in one grave. On such occasions the struggle not unfrequently had a different result; but the eventual issue could hardly be doubtful. After surviving a score of combats, Gabriel, another leader, was recognized as he was studying the manœuvres of the royal troops at Montpellier in the spring of 1690, and by Baviile's order was broken alive upon the wheel.

By the execution of Brousson and Gabriel, Baviile supposed that the insurrection was effectually crushed: he was soon to be rudely undeceived. The meetings in the desert continued, and the prophetic ecstasy spread so rapidly, that 'the Children of God' formed into a hierarchy of four orders those on whom the spirit had fallen. Second in the rank of this unique theocracy were 'the prophets' or preachers; and it sounds incredible to hear that in the first year after 'the gifts' had been transmitted to Languedoc, there were no less than eight thousand prophets from whose lips inexhaustible streams of burning eloquence were ever flowing. As each of these prophets held two or three  
'prophesyings'

'prophesyings' daily, the whole country from the sea to the Lozère was shortly inundated with their doctrine. The sufferings of the faithful and the voice of the spirit alike called the Children of God to arms. Only a leader was wanting. He appeared in the person of Pierre Séguier, the Danton of the Desert.

Amongst those who were engaged in the conversion of the Huguenot population, none had so largely incurred nor so fully deserved their hatred as the Abbé du Chayla, the archpriest of the Hautes-Cevennes. He lived in a noble mansion at Pont de Montvert, whose original owner had been killed in the dragonnade of 1685; and here, surrounded by a little court of young priests and missionaries, he had for twenty years, as M. Martin expresses it, in his own person continued the dragonnades. Every crime which can make a man accursed had been committed upon the Protestants by this monster, who even invented new and atrocious tortures for his victims. In the closed hands of some he placed burning coals. Around the fingers of others he wrapped wadding steeped in oil, and then set it on fire. Most of his prisoners were tied in their cells with their heads and backs bent down like quadrupeds; none were released save men who paid for their freedom with their purses, and women with their shame. Tall in stature and stern in bearing, the archpriest combined with a fierce and gloomy fanaticism the greed, the sensuality, and the ferocity, of a Spanish proconsul. In the summer of 1702 he had surprised a party of Cevenols, including two young women of good family, who under the guidance of a muleteer were endeavouring to reach Geneva. In vain was every exertion or entreaty for their release. 'The women are destined for a convent, the men for the galleys, and their guide for the gibbet,' was his only reply.

The following Sunday an assembly was held at Bourges, when Séguier deplored the fate of the prisoners at Montvert; but he ended by saying, 'The Lord has ordered me to arm, that I may deliver our captive brethren and destroy this archpriest of Moloch.' Solomon Couderc, another prophet, averred that the Spirit had expressly enjoined him also to make war upon the priests. Abraham Mazel, a third, related a vision which conveyed the same injunction couched in simple apologue. The fire of resistance was kindled. Three lofty beech-trees on the south side of the hill were named as the trysting-place for the night following; and there the three prophets met together with a band of fifty confederates, amongst whom was Jean Cavalier, afterwards so famous, then a fair-haired boy of seventeen. But twenty of the party had pistols or fowling-pieces, the rest carried

carried scythes or axes, as they marched from the three beeches—the cradle of the Camisard insurrection—towards Montvert. Du Chayla, disturbed at his supper-table by the report of their psalm-singing, bade his men disperse them; but the house was already invested, and, as their demand for the prisoners was met by a volley of musketry, they battered down the door with the trunk of a fallen tree, forced an entrance, and hurried to the dungeons. The sight of the prisoners, many of them unable to stand, redoubled their fury. ‘Spare your powder and burn under his own roof the priest of Baal and his satellites.’ Du Chayla attempted to escape from a garret-window, but fell and broke his thigh; and although he had contrived to crawl to the garden hedge, he was quickly betrayed by the glare of the burning mansion. He begged piteously for life. ‘If I am damned,’ he said mournfully, ‘would you wish to be damned too?’ ‘No, no mercy,’ cried Séguier, ‘the Spirit wills that he die’; and he gave him the first blow. Then they all rushed at him. ‘Take that,’ said one, ‘for my father who died on the wheel’; ‘and that for my brother sent to the galleys, and that for my mother killed with grief’; and so forth. He fell pierced by fifty-two wounds. Only one servant and a soldier, who had shown some kindness to the prisoners, were spared. All night long Séguier and his comrades, on their knees amidst the corpses, chanted their psalms of praise, whose wild harmony mingled with the roar of the flames and the murmur of the waters which ran, like Kishon, hard by the place of sacrifice.

It is well for us, who sit at home at ease, untouched by cruel persecution, and guiltless of the passion which was at once its fruit and punishment, to condemn such acts of vengeance; but let us beware of making our just abhorrence of the deeds an argument against the cause on which they brought a stain. If oppression drives wise men mad, and if even natural insanity is a plea valid against condemnation, it is the very climax of injustice to allow the persecuting cause the advantage of the crimes it has provoked.

The death of Du Chayla caused a panic amongst the priests, which was augmented by the news of further assassinations. For a week Séguier burst daily from his forest ‘as the storm from the cloud,’ and executed ‘the Judgment of God’ with unsparing hand. Baviile sent troop after troop against him, and Captain Poul, in command of one of these detachments, tracked out his hiding-place, seized the prophet with his own hands and led him away in chains. ‘How do you expect to be treated after your crimes?’ asked Poul of his prisoner. ‘As I myself would have treated you, if I had taken you.’ Séguier appeared before



before his judges with a calm and dauntless air. 'Your name?' 'Pierre Séguier.' 'Why are you called Esprit?' 'Because the Spirit of God is in me.' 'Your home?' 'The desert, and soon in heaven.' 'Have you no feeling of remorse for your crimes?' 'My soul is like a garden full of shades and fountains.' He was condemned to have his right hand cut off and to be burned alive at Pont de Montvert. At the stake the prophet spoke as calmly and dauntlessly as ever. 'Brothers, wait and hope in the Lord. Our Carmel, now desolate, shall yet once more be green, and the solitary Lebanon shall blossom as the rose.'

With the death of Séguier the insurrection once more appeared to be completely crushed. Even the most stout-hearted were discouraged, and began to steal one by one across the frontier. How could a handful of mountaineers, without resources, without leaders, even without arms, withstand the forces of the Grand Monarque? Jean Cavalier, recently returned from Geneva, where he had been earning his living as a journeyman baker, was the first to suggest worthier counsels. On leaving his employer, he had said to him, 'My master, you will soon hear me spoken of.' A few bold spirits gathered round this boy of seventeen; but they had no fixed plans and no recognized leader, until Laporte, a master blacksmith, offered himself. 'Brothers,' he said, 'what could we do in a foreign land? Have we not a country of our own, our fatherland? Here ought to be our homes and our graves. The God of armies is our strength. We will thunder out the psalm of battle, and Israel will rise from the sea to the Lozère. As for arms, have we not our axes? they will obtain us muskets. Brothers, one object alone is worthy of us; to live and die as liberators of our country and avengers of our God. If it be your minds, I will be your leader.' The response was unanimous. 'Be our leader; it is the will of God.'

The first care of Cavalier and Laporte was to supply their followers with weapons. One Catholic village after another was surprised, and stripped of its arms and ammunition. The little band was gradually swelled by new adherents, all gathered from the ranks of the peasantry, until it amounted to a force of several hundred men. Their leaders were chosen by the suffrages of their comrades avowedly on account of their exceptional spiritual gifts rather than their native force of character or their experience of war. Castanet, Ravanel, and Catinat, were generals of division under Roland, Laporte's nephew, as commander-in-chief. A few touches, supplied in part by no friendly hand, may serve to present them to the reader.

Castanet, in boyhood a goatherd, in manhood a woolcomber,  
had

had fled from France for conscience' sake, but had returned 'at the Spirit's bidding' to preach the gospel and to slay its enemies. Dark-complexioned and hard-featured, with ill-formed but massive limbs, sure-footed as a chamois, fiery and cruel, his enemies compared him to a bear. He was as proud of his theology as of his military prowess, and wore the wig of a Doctor of Divinity. Ravanel, the bulldog, wiry and stunted, was of the coarsest type of rebel chieftain. He had been a soldier and looked like a bandit. His face all smeared with scars, his diet chiefly tobacco and brandy, his only occupations slaughter and psalm-singing. Catinat, so called after the great French marshal, under whom he had served and whom he had idolized, was Ravanel's inseparable companion, and presented a remarkable contrast to him. Tall, robust, and swarthy, but shy and gentle in disposition, he was terrible in the day of battle. With the spring of a tiger, Catinat excelled in fury of assault as Ravanel did in tenacity under retreat. Cavalier was conspicuous for his fair features, his deep blue eyes, and long curling light hair. He was proud of his personal appearance, and affected the dress and bearing of a high-born officer. Roland, though sprung from a family of pork factors, was, like Cavalier, one of Nature's gentlemen. Though short in stature and deeply marked with the smallpox, he inspired respect by his innate dignity, his elegant manners, and his grave demeanour. Foreigners took him for a noble, and he frequently assumed the title of Count, and even of King of the Cevennes. This prophesying was but twenty-five years old. His generals of division were only thirty. Cavalier was still a boy. Each chieftain united the functions of a prophet to the duties of a general: and as Roland was deemed to possess 'the gifts of the Spirit' in the highest degree, he was elected to the supreme command.

He soon displayed not only singular talents for guerrilla warfare, but consummate ability in organizing the commissariat of the rebel army. The mountain ranges of Languedoc abound in caverns, and some of these Roland converted into magazines in which to store ammunition and provisions. He taught his men how to manufacture gunpowder, which at times it would have been impossible to purchase. Wine, grain, and food of every kind, drugs and medicines, were carefully husbanded. Every man had his appointed place and work. Some were purveyors, others bakers, tailors, and shoemakers; and all were kept busily employed, in order that the troops might not be dependent on the towns for their supplies. A windmill was constructed on the heights, and water-mills in the ravines. Even a hospital was provided in one of the most secluded caverns. The existence of

these magazines was only known to a small body of trustworthy brethren, under the special command of a Commissary-General, named Rastelet. All this extensive preparation for a struggle of singular difficulty and danger, to be maintained against an army which eventually numbered sixty thousand men, under such experienced Marshals of France as Montrevel and Villars, was the work of a young mountaineer barely twenty-five years old.

The Cevenol chieftains took up their several positions: Castanet on the ridges of Aigoul and Esperon; Cavalier at Bouquet; Salomon near Bouges; Roland in a central station on the hills of Dufort at the gates of Anduze. Each division had its own arsenal and magazine; and, though encamped five or six leagues apart, they could support one another from mountain to mountain. On a sudden, early in November (1702), they all burst forth at once, and every monument of Catholicism in the Hautes-Cevennes—churches, crosses, presbyteries—was swept away. Cavalier did not confine himself to the mountains, but dashed into the plain of Nismes, and had the audacity to preach at the suburb of Aiguevives on his return. The Comte de Broglie hurried to the spot, summoned the townsfolk to the church, and demanded that those who were guilty of favouring the rebels should be given up to him. 'All, we are all guilty,' was their reply. Thereupon he seized the notables of the city, with the consul at their head, and handed them over to Baviile. Four were sentenced to death, and forthwith hung on an almond-tree in front of the church; twelve more were sent to the galleys; others were whipped, and the whole community was mulcted in a fine.

Early in December a serious disaster befel a detachment of the royal army on its march to Italy. The entire force was cut to pieces, and the discovery of the official instructions to their leader inspired Cavalier with the thought of attempting to destroy the castle of Servas by an audacious stratagem. This stronghold, perched on a lofty summit above the Bois de Bouquet, sheltered a garrison which inflicted constant and serious injury on the Camisards, harassed the movements of their troops, and massacred their unarmed assemblies. Cavalier disguised one of his troops in the uniform of the fallen soldiery, and selecting half-a-dozen of the fiercest-looking of his own men, he led them all bloodstained and bound to the hamlet of Plans, near Servas, and called for the village consul. 'I have beaten,' he said, 'the Camisards, and taken six of them prisoners. It would be as well to leave them for safety at the castle. Will you acquaint the commandant with my request? I act under the

the orders of Messieurs de Broglie and Baviile.' The commandant shortly arrived, and having with due military precaution asked for and perused the marching orders, he pressed Cavalier, who passed as De Broglie's nephew, to stay for the night at the castle. With feigned reluctance Cavalier allowed himself to be persuaded, and whilst supper was preparing, he walked on the platform of the fortress with his host, who called his attention to the height and strength of the walls. 'The Duc de Rohan,' he added, 'attacked it, but was compelled to raise the siege. No fear that your Camisards will escape from here!' At table the officers vied with one another in attention to their guest; the usual mirth and jests of the mess-room were at their height, when, on a signal from Cavalier, his men, who had glided one by one into the fortress, fell upon the garrison and put them to the sword. Such booty as could hastily be gathered was seized, and the Camisards retreated, after they had set fire to the castle. At the distance of half a league from it they were startled by a terrific explosion, the fire had reached the powder-magazine, and the whole building was blown into the air. Such exploits occasioned a panic amongst the Roman Catholic priesthood, and Fléchier appropriated the despairing complaint of Esther, 'We are sold, I and my people, to be destroyed, to be slain, and to perish.'

Cavalier was celebrating his Christmas Eucharist in the desert of Cauvi on the right bank of the Gardon, when an alarm from his vedettes broke in upon the voice of prayer. The Catholic army, comprising six hundred of the bourgeoisie and fifty mounted gentlemen, was approaching, under D'Aiguines. A mule laden with cords, to hang the prisoners on the cross-roads of Alais, brought up the rear. Cavalier quickly dismissed the villagers, selected his ground behind a small hillock, and calmly awaited the onset of the cavalry, who injudiciously occupied the van, and hoped to monopolize the glory of an easy victory. The Camisards' fire threw the enemy into confusion, and the panic of the cavalry was quickly communicated to the militia, which D'Aiguines vainly endeavoured to rally. A hundred Catholics lay dead on the field.

The victory on the Gardon was followed by a daring attempt upon the small fortified town of Sauve. Detachments were sent out the night before the enterprise to distract the attention of the Catholics, and one of these parties burnt the church of Monoblet to the ground. A like device was employed to that which had been so successful at Servas. Catinat with his troops, in militia uniforms, rode boldly up to the gates at midday, and in reply to the challenge of the sentinel, explained that he had

been out all night pursuing the fanatic incendiaries at Monoblet, and that his men needed rest and refreshment. The troop was drawn up in the *place*, and Catinat and his two officers were invited to join the chief magistrate who was just sitting down to luncheon. At table Catinat raged against the Camisards, lauded Baviile and Broglie to the skies, and tried to play the gallant to his noble hostess; but his rustic education soon led him to make egregious blunders, and a horrible suspicion seized Madame de Vibrac that she was entertaining three of the Camisard leaders. At dessert the approach of a large force was announced. 'Mon Dieu!' exclaimed the crafty lady, 'pray hurry, sir, to the gates: perhaps it is the Camisards.' 'Do not be afraid, Madame,' replied Catinat, 'I am off.' As soon as they were gone, the portcullis was dropt, and the governor shut himself up in his mansion. Meanwhile the approaching column was awaited with no small anxiety, and the people pressed around Catinat as their defender. 'Let them come on,' he said, 'you shall see how I will receive them.' At the first discharge of a musket from the walls, Roland and his brigade shouted forth a psalm, their wonted war-song, whilst Catinat cried fiercely, 'Down with your arms! long live the Children of God!' and opened the gates. The emblems of Catholicism were speedily destroyed, the arms and large store of provisions seized, the priests and soldiers led off as prisoners to the Place de la Vabre, outside the walls, where the former were executed; the latter were set at liberty, as soon as the retreat of the Camisards with their enormous booty had been secured. The Catholic historians of the period give a quaint and vivid picture of the terrors caused by these exploits, and of the means employed to guard against surprise. The Prior of la Rivière devised a machine by which his sacristan could keep four haliebardes in constant motion to guard the threshold of his presbytery. The most cautious, although the least exposed, was the Count-bishop of Mende, whose preparations, as described by Louvreurleuil, include an exhaustive list of the terms employed in fortification: counter-scarps, ravelins, curtains, gates, portcullises, ditches, walls, towers, parapets, and ramparts.

Baviile felt his position to be full of peril. It was no easy task to serve Louis XIV., with whom success could not command approval, and failure inevitably involved disgrace. Fortunately for the Intendant, Madame de Maintenon and Chamillart had designedly concealed the magnitude of the revolt from the King, and now that further disguise was impossible, it was their policy to place Baviile's conduct in the most favourable light. They represented that a larger force and a more skillful general

general were all that was needed. De Broglie's army was to be strengthened, and additional troops employed under Brigadier Julien, an able officer, who had once been page to William III., and who united with the bitterness of a renegade the licentiousness and cruelty of a soldier of fortune. These measures were not adopted a day too soon. The campaign of 1703 had been opened by a partisan warfare carried on with varying success around the walls of Saint-Germain de Culberte. Anxious to re-establish his reputation, De Broglie assembled a body of dragoons and militia, and fell in with the Camisards at the hamlet of G  n  rac, near Nismes. A judicious disposition of his men by Catinat enabled them to withstand the attack of the royal forces, and a well-aimed stone from a sling of a mere boy struck the famous Captain Poul and hurled him to the ground. 'To horse, captain, to horse!' cried his dragoons, who were seized with panic; but in an instant Catinat rushed at him, cut off his head at a blow, and springing with it into his saddle, dashed almost alone after the fugitives. With grim humour he shouted to De Broglie, as he held up the gory trophy, 'Here is your fowl (Poul); we have plucked him, you have only to eat him.'

At this very moment Cavalier was engaged in an act of characteristic audacity. Disguised as a merchant, he had entered Nismes to purchase gunpowder, when the fugitives entered pell-mell, crying, 'All is lost. The Comte de Broglie and Captain Poul are killed. The Camisards are coming.' The city gates were instantly shut and the Catholics called to arms. Next morning M. de Sandricourt, governor of Nismes, issued forth at the head of a small force, and Cavalier slipped out with them. With easy nonchalance he rode beside the soldiers for half an hour, with his valise full of gunpowder on his crupper, chatting upon various subjects, the Camisards amongst others. 'You are very imprudent,' they said to him; 'if you should fall in with them they will strip you of your mule, your valise, and your money, and perhaps take your life.' 'I put my trust in God: the man who does no ill fears nothing,' Cavalier rejoined, as he turned off on the road to Calvisson, to join Catinat and Ravel.

The masterly tactics of the Camisard leaders on many a field in the first weeks of the year (1703) were neutralized by the immense numerical superiority of the royal army. Yet their first encounter was most disastrous to the royalists. The blood of 500 of their number stained the field. Amongst the slain was the centenarian Henry de Merle—Baron de Laforce—a

name

name illustrious amongst the comrades of Henry of Navarre,\* in whom the Protestants had once hoped to find a worthy successor of Coligny and De Rohan.

The bright promise of the opening year was soon terribly overclouded. A second engagement took place near Vagnas, in which, although the Camisards received the enemy's fire without shrinking, their own muskets were soaked with snow and would not go off; and when they charged with the bayonet they fell into an ambuscade, and were surrounded by the royalists. A horrible carnage followed. Brueys, the Catholic historian of the revolt, asserts, 'These madmen would not ask for quarter, and they were all put to the sword.' 'Our men,' wrote Julien, 'hunted them by their footprints in the snow like wild beasts, and reserved only a score of them for the gibbets of Alais.' Two hundred men were lost, besides all the baggage, nearly all the horses, and a large stand of arms. The gallant l'Esperandieu was drowned in attempting to cross the Cèze with Catinat and Ravanel, who conducted the retreat of the shattered remnant of their forces with untiring skill and gallantry. Of Cavalier nothing could be ascertained.

The romantic adventures of this latter general after the fatal day of Vagnas recal and rival the exploits and perils of Aristomenes. The roads were all occupied by the enemy; the mountains swarmed with royal militia; the torrents were so swollen that the fords were impassable; the cold was so intense that exposure was highly dangerous. Cavalier had cut his way through the Catholic ranks into the forest, but two grenadiers pursued hard after him. Breathless, he turned and cleft the skull of the foremost with a single blow of his sword, and then disabled his companion. Wandering alone, he presently fell in with four of his comrades, when the voices of the soldiery were heard at a little distance, and the party crept into a cavern whose entrance was masked by some brushwood. The snow, falling in large flakes, quickly obliterated their footsteps, but they could hear from their retreat the voice of Julien urging his men forward in pursuit of Ravanel. Night came on and enshrouded them in friendly darkness; but the first streak of daylight showed that they had missed their way in the snowstorm, and had returned to the field of battle, where the militia were already plundering and burying the dead. Hurrying off in the opposite direction, they descried a small farmhouse, where were

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\* This nobleman possessed immense estates and vast influence in the province, and Roland had secretly offered him the command of the expedition.



a woman and her two sons, one of whom Cavalier entreated to guide them to Barjac. The mother not only refused, but whispered mysteriously to the elder boy, who at once went out towards the battle-field; and Cavalier, suspecting some treachery, had but just escaped before the militia entered. They were soon, however, tracking the Camisards by their footprints in the snow, and Cavalier, regarding their last hour as now come, exhorted his companions in simple and touching language to trust only in the justice of their cause, and to resign themselves to the will of God, when they unexpectedly came upon a mountain torrent bordered by a narrow belt of ground that was free from snow, and walking in single file, now along this strip of ground, now in the bed of the stream, they followed its course until it led them out of the forest. Presently they espied a deep hole, eaten out by the floods beneath one of the banks, into which they crawled to await the nightfall. A few minutes later they would hear the tramp of their pursuers overhead, and could see some of them as they passed down the stream in search of the lost track of the fugitives. When night came on they ventured out, half dead with anxiety, fatigue, and hunger, and, guided by a solitary light in the distance, at length reached a lonely dwelling. The old man, who was at the moment its only inmate, did not open the door until Cavalier, in the imperious tone of a royal officer, demanded an entrance, when he gave them such scanty food as he could offer, and then himself guided them to St. Jean d'Angely. The Cèze, so swollen that its waters reached his chin, once passed, Cavalier collected some thirty of his men, and pressed forward with them; but his boots were left in the mountain snow, the icicles and flints cut his feet at every step, and he fell utterly exhausted a league from Bouquet. Leaving his comrades to pursue their journey, he remained with two or three companions at a Protestant hamlet, where a pious old woman gladly gave him shelter. Even here his perils were not over. Next morning his hostess found a sentinel at her door. The hamlet had been occupied by a royalist detachment in the night, and every house was guarded. Once more all seemed lost, as the commandant arrived at the chalet. 'Have you any rebels harboured here?' 'Oh no,' replied the woman, shivering with terror. 'Are you afraid of my men, that you tremble so?' 'No; it is the fever.' Roland welcomed his friend as one restored to him from the grave, and they mourned together the loss of Rastelet, who had been taken prisoner and was broken alive upon the wheel at Alais.

The check which the revolt had sustained at Vagnas failed to extinguish the energy or the confidence of the Camisard leaders.

Cavalier

Cavalier was forthwith despatched to Vivarais to fan the flame of resistance there. Roland, with true military insight, determined not again to hazard a general engagement, but to wear out the enemy by a series of well-conceived and daring incursions and retreats. Already Joani, his young and adventurous lieutenant, was skirmishing before Genouillac with the Catholics, whose superior forces failed to secure respect for their churches or safety for their adherents. Rumours of the insurrection had spread to foreign lands, and negotiations for assistance were being held with the Court of St. James's. The recent disasters, when announced at Versailles, kindled the wrath of Louis, which no friendly intervention now diverted from the head of Baviile. The Intendant himself was too thoroughly a man after the King's own heart to be peremptorily dismissed, and escaped for the present with a reprimand, but De Broglie was forthwith recalled; and the estimate formed of the danger at the Court may be measured by the extent of the preparations for its suppression. Against the 3000 volunteers, who comprised Roland's imperfectly equipped and untrained followers, an effective force of 60,000 men, including 10,000 seasoned veterans from the armies of Italy and the Rhine, under three brigadiers, three *maréchaux de camp*, and three lieutenant-generals, was collected and entrusted to Montrevel, on whom the *bâton* of a Marshal of France was conferred, with supreme authority in Languedoc.

The new commander, described by Saint-Simon as a stage hero endowed with a magnificent fatuity, and, although sixty years of age, a libertine, an epicure, and a dandy, was received by Baviile with almost royal honours. He had secret instructions to play the spy on Baviile, whom the Court now regarded with suspicion; but Montrevel was a mere child in the hands of so consummate a tactician. The Intendant flattered his vanity, played upon his weakness, and, whilst affecting the most profound respect, so completely fascinated the Marshal that he wrote to Versailles in the highest terms of Baviile's ability, energy, and devotion to his sovereign. The most questionable of Baviile's plans were adopted, with additional military severities. An ordinance (dated February 24th) made the newly-converted collectively responsible for the security of the religious buildings and persons of their respective districts, and the death of a priest, or even of a soldier, was to be punished by the total destruction of an entire village. Under the conviction that there existed a secret consistory which aimed at the re-establishment of Protestantism, Montrevel proposed to seize all the wealthy Cevenols, whom he assumed to be without exception in  
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the plot, and to hold them as hostages, whom he could execute *in their prisons* upon any outbreak of rebellion. Pending the receipt of the King's sanction to these brutalities, the Camisards, dexterously handled by Roland and his lieutenants, so perplexed Montrevel, that he thought they must be 20,000 strong. So rapid were the movements of Cavalier, that Julien averred 'he might as well try to catch a shadow.' The rebels dashed out in small platoons, and in a brief space 'a hundred persons, thirty Catholic churches, a hundred and forty houses, castles, portions of towns, and entire towns, disappeared as if by a whirlwind.'\*

Yet whenever an opportunity arose for grappling with the foe, the overpowering superiority of the royal forces could not fail to be felt. At Mas de Cériéros and at Pompignan, against tenfold their own numbers, the Camisards performed prodigies of valour, and their leaders accomplished brilliant feats of strategy, which yet only encircled their defeat with a halo of barren glory. In such desperate hand-to-hand encounters a bloodthirsty spirit is too rapidly evoked, and the massacre of some Cevenol women, on their return from one of the 'desert' assemblies by the militia of Fraissinet, was fearfully avenged by Castanet upon the unoffending relatives of the murderers. Meanwhile the condition of the disturbed districts became increasingly deplorable. The Cevenols were no longer able to pay their taxes, and when at Montrevel's order their goods and cattle were seized, the Camisards plundered the Catholic villages by way of reprisal. Harassed by the desultory inroads of the enemy, smarting under the incessant report of the damage they inflicted on the royalists, which he was powerless to prevent or to avenge, mortified at the injury to his military reputation, Montrevel's anger was exasperated to the utmost against a foe whom he deemed utterly unworthy of his steel. Whilst he was in this frame of mind he sanctioned an act which must cover his name with everlasting infamy.

On Palm Sunday 300 persons—old men, women, and children—met for worship in a mill upon the Canal de la Gau, at Nismes. Soon the voice of psalmody, always an essential part of Huguenot devotion, was heard, and the police hastened to Montrevel with the news. They found the Marshal at table—most likely flushed with wine. He rose in a fury and hurried to the spot, and although the soldiers had forced an entrance and had begun to massacre the unresisting victims, he gave the monstrous order to set the mill on fire. An indescribable scene

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\* Peyrat, i. p. 411.

of horror ensued. A wild piercing cry rose from the building, which the fire rapidly encircled, and soon from the burning walls there issued a troop of shrieking spectres, bruised and bleeding, blackened and burned with the flames. Yet the sight inspired Montrevel with neither compassion nor remorse. His men formed a circle of steel around the blazing pile, and the poor creatures were thrust back at the bayonet's point. Not a soul escaped. One young girl had been allowed to pass through the lines by a laquais of Montrevel's, but on hearing it he ordered both her and her preserver to instant execution. The noise of the tumult and the sound of firearms alarmed the congregation assembled at the Cathedral for vespers, and it was rumoured that the Camisards had seized upon Nismes. The service was stopped, the nobles drew their swords, the crowd piled up the chairs and benches against the door, and awaited the assault of the enemy. In the panic Fléchier, their bishop—the Catholic historian Brueys is the authority for the assertion—*did not find himself in a condition to address his flock*, and he delegated the duty to the Abbé Beaujeu, who discoursed on the appropriate text, 'Why are ye so fearful, O ye of little faith?' When the real state of affairs transpired, Fléchier finished the interrupted function. Was it the memory of his unworthy consternation which induced the pious bishop, in common with all the Catholic chroniclers, to excuse this act of barbarity? 'The Protestants,' he says, 'presumed to hold an assembly at the very time when we were chanting vespers.'

The following Sunday witnessed another ceremony, the description of which by an eye-witness is too characteristic of the intensity of the religious emotion amongst the Camisards to be omitted. The united forces of Castanet and Salomon, the latter a famous prophet amongst the Children of God, had met to celebrate their Easter Eucharist, when Salomon announced that by special inspiration he was directed to purge the ranks of some unworthy members who had indulged in worldly amusements, or had disobeyed the orders of their generals. Trembling with ecstatic agitation, he strode along the lines and pointed out at the Spirit's bidding those who were unworthy to communicate. Great was the terror of those who had to submit to this ordeal. The whole assembly was melted to tears. 'As I held a command in the troops,' says Elie Marion, 'I stood at a little distance; and whilst the dread scrutiny proceeded I remained prostrate in earnest prayer that I might not be amongst the rejected ones. In the distress of my spirit I shed tears of blood, which fell in abundance on my dress and on my matchlock.'

Abundant proof was soon to be forthcoming that the Camisards

sards were neither unnerved nor weakened by their unquestioning submission to a revelation they regarded as divine. The first six months of Montrevel's command brought no decisive change in the posture of affairs. The insurrection was only checked in the places actually occupied by the royalists, and Joani reaped and safely garnered the harvest up to the very gates of Genouillac. The Marshal abandoned himself to the charms of the fair dames of Languedoc, and even changed his headquarters from Nismes to Alais, that he might rest in the arms of a beautiful but mercenary matron. Loud was the outcry of the priesthood at the audacity of their foes, and they joined with Julien and Montrevel in demanding more rigorous measures of repression. A fragment of a report from the curé of Saint-Germain-de-Culberte affords us significant information upon the condition of the Cevennes.

'Saint-Germain,' he writes, 'had been well cultivated so long as the late Abbé du Chayla's seminary existed, it has now entirely relapsed. Grizac (the cradle of Urban V.), Lhermet, and Villaret, are retreats for the wounded. Vebron bad; in this parish all are evil. . . . Saint-Martin de Boubans, they all gone out of the way, they are altogether become abominable; there is none that doeth good, no not one.'

A general disarmament was ordered, and edict followed edict in rapid succession and with increasing severity. On the 10th of April Nismes was occupied by troops, and it was proclaimed with the trumpet that Marshal Montrevel forbade any of the *nouveaux convertis* to leave their houses under pain of death. A second Saint-Bartholomew was hourly anticipated. A general devastation of the disturbed districts, and even an utter extermination of their inhabitants, was advocated by Lalande, and apparently approved by Montrevel and the bishops. Baville stoutly opposed it. 'You must cure the malady,' he replied, 'but not kill the patient outright.' Three parishes were selected for vengeance—Vaunage, Mialet, and Saumane; and so many of their inhabitants as they could capture were despatched, the old men and the women to the dungeons of Salas, the able-bodied to the galleys of Spain and America. So terrible a measure only helped to swell the strength of the rebel army. Every man that could bear arms in the condemned villages loaded his weapon with a grain of corn besides its bullet, and made for the Camisard camp.

Still Montrevel's relentless strokes fell one after another upon the hapless *nouveaux convertis* of Languedoc. A proclamation (dated May 1st, 1703) complained that they had not obeyed the  
King's

King's orders that they should close with the fanatics, and threatened them with confiscation and slavery in case of future laxity. It was no idle menace. A few days later all the *suspected* of twenty-three parishes in the diocese of Nismes were seized and transported, the old men and women to prison, the able-bodied beyond the sea. The levy of a horde of military freebooters, under the name of Florentines, was next authorized. This company gradually absorbed all the bandits and scoundrels of the district, and their excesses, practised impartially upon friends and foes, augmented the existing burden of intolerable misery. A yet more bloodthirsty band, if that were possible, was gathered under an old hermit, and by a monstrous abuse of power was supported by a tax levied upon the *loyal* Protestants. To crown all, his Holiness Pope Clement XI., by a Bull of May 1st, 1703, proclaimed a crusade against the 'heretics of the Cevennes,' and promised 'absolute and general forgiveness of their sins' to all who perished when fighting to exterminate these rebels against God and the King. How universal was the terrorism, is exemplified in the story of Montrevel's most illustrious victim.

Amongst the *haute noblesse* of Languedoc there was no nobler blood than that which flowed in the veins of François Pelet, Baron de Salgas. The family of Narbonne-Pelet had been illustrious in the campaigns of Roderick, the last Visigoth king of Spain, had contributed to the victories and shared the rewards of Charles the Great, and had been foremost amongst the Crusaders under Godfrey de Bouillon beneath the sacred walls of Jerusalem. The Cevenol branch of this distinguished and ancient stock, which had embraced Protestantism in the fourteenth century, still maintained a high position in court and camp, when François, the elder survivor of four sons who had all served, and of whom two had fallen, in the wars of Louis XIV., determined to abandon a military life and to settle at his ancestral home in Gevaudan. Had his lot fallen in happier times, De Salgas would have been the beau-ideal of a country gentleman; but his high and noble qualities of mind and character were marred by a fatal irresolution. At the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes he would neither fly with his brother to the Court of Berlin, nor lightly abjure the Reformed faith, nor stand firmly by his conviction of its truth. In vain had his friend, the Duc de Noailles, with kindly violence dragged him to a Catholic church, and compelled him to utter a few sentences, which were interpreted as an avowal of Romanism; his conscience troubled him, although he outwardly excused his compliance on the plea of necessity. In vain did his fair young wife—who refused to conform, although her husband, father, and  
brothers

brothers had all submitted—urge him to find with her in a foreign land an exile's peace of conscience and freedom of worship: he could not bear to tear himself away from his native mountains. Local tradition still relates how at length the beautiful baroness, selecting the swiftest steed in the castle stables, had its shoes reversed in order to mislead pursuit, and, leaving her husband and six little ones behind her, galloped off at midnight towards Geneva. The baron remained in unsuspecting tranquillity; but his sympathies were generally known, and it began to be whispered amongst the Catholics that De Salgas was a dangerous man.

A characteristic act of daring imprudence on the part of Castanet gave a terrible colour to these suspicions. This Camisard leader was a vassal of De Salgas, and he thought he could not better evince the love and admiration which he had for his feudal lord, than by repeated prophetic exhortations that he should boldly avow his faith, and cast in his lot with his persecuted brethren. With the same purpose, he one evening despatched a troop to bring De Salgas in honourable custody to a religious service at Vébron. The service ended, the kindly baron remained two hours with his friendly captors, but on his return home immediately informed Baville of the occurrence. A month later, when Montrevel summoned the provincial nobility to Nismes, De Salgas came to pay his respects to the Marshal, who rallied him on his adventure. 'You must be on very good terms, sir, with these gentry, for them to escort you to their assembly and bring you untouched home again.' The baron replied with spirit that his loyalty was notorious and hereditary; that his ancestors, his brothers, and himself, had all borne arms for their sovereign; that the Duc de Noailles and the Comte de Broglie were his friends. 'Monseigneur,' he added, 'I beg you will also be of the number.' Montrevel appeared to be convinced. He embraced the old man and promised (no very difficult task, quoth M. Peyrat) to be a better friend to him than those whom he had mentioned. He bade him to go home and not leave his own territory without his authority, to do his best to bring back the rebels to their obedience, and to take a guard from Vébron for his château. At the baron's departure the Marshal whispered enigmatically to him, 'Do not trust Julien.'

De Salgas had not long returned home when Montrevel summoned him again to Nismes. It was only a few days after the murder of the young Cabiron, and De Salgas, afraid to traverse unprotected a district where he was unknown, asked Julien for an escort, and, on his refusal, the baron determined, despite



despite the urgent entreaties of his friends, to write and excuse himself to the Marshal. Julien undertook to forward and support—he most likely suppressed—the baron's justification, and a few days after he treacherously informed De Salgas that Montrevel was satisfied. A month later, as the baron was starting out hunting, he met a company of soldiers, and on recognizing their commander, Prefosse, with his wonted hospitality gave him a cordial invitation to the château. The offer was accepted, and De Salgas was arrested at his own table on the charge of disobedience to the orders of the Marshal.

An impenetrable veil of mystery enshrouds the causes which led to the ruin of so eminent and so innocent a victim. He was treated from the first with exceptional severity; was stripped of the money he required for his support during his imprisonment; was denied access to any of his friends, and was only allowed to take his meals in the presence of his gaoler. The most improbable charges were brought against him. He had been, it was asserted, the prime mover in the murder of Du Chayla, and in the massacres of Ladevèze and Fraissinet; he had melted down fifty chalices; he had received Roland at his château, and, whilst the rebel captain was recovering from his wounds, had commanded the insurgents in person. Under such a torrent of perjury and falsehood, all the baron's irresolution vanished and his true nobility of character appeared. His judges were astounded to find that nothing could be proved against him, save suspicions so idle that on the strength of them, as the prisoner maintained, one would not whip a school-boy—nothing save his visit of two hours to the rebels at Vébron. This was all that the torture of the rack, from which neither his age nor his rank availed to screen him, could wring from him. But Baviile was his personal enemy, and his ruin had been predetermined. His property was confiscated; his castle of De Salgas was dismantled, and that of Des Rousses razed to the ground; his descendants were degraded from their nobility; himself condemned for life to the galleys.

Amidst the scum and stench of a convict galley, in association with the lowest and the vilest criminals, chained with four companions to one of the benches on which the miserable crew alike ate and slept, lived and died the descendant of a line that could vie with any family amongst the proudest nobility in Europe, enjoying no other distinction than that of a narrow mattress on which to sleep, and a place on the least fatiguing bank of rowers. From the deck of his prison-ship the baron could discern the undulating summit of Mont Aigoul, at the foot of which lay the home which he had loved so tenderly.

Did

Did the sight help to inspire him with the patience and resignation which for thirteen years of foul imprisonment he maintained unbroken? The repeated efforts of many powerful friends to obtain his release were fruitless until the death of Louis XIV. The regent Orléans set him at liberty, and he rejoined his wife and children at Geneva, but only to die a few months later in their arms.

The war languished during the summer months. The Marshal devoted himself to the society of his mistress at Alais, and even exposed his men to needless peril in his anxiety for her safety. Ominous murmurs were heard at Versailles against his inactivity, and were fomented by the partisans of Baville and Julien. The lady herself became weary of his assiduity, and at last asked him with audacious mockery, before a crowd of guests, why he never left Alais, and whether he was afraid of the fanatics? 'The only fanatics I fear, Sylvia,' replied the old beau, 'are your beautiful eyes.'

Yet the light taunt of his mistress stung Montrevel into activity, and a council of war was again summoned. The most sanguinary proposals were advocated by Julien, who asserted that nothing short of the utter extermination of the hostile population—men, women, and children—would avail. After much debate, the devastation of the Hautes-Cevennes was recommended to and sanctioned by the Court. Forthwith all the forges of Mende and Marvejols, of Malzieu and Milhau, were set at work to weld thousands of spades, axes and crowbars. The royalist generals had their stations allotted to them. Certain fixed cities of refuge were assigned and provision arranged for the population of the doomed parishes, who were ordered by a decree of September 14, 1703, at once to repair with all their movable property to the places indicated, under pain of being treated as rebels. In carrying out this forced exodus a number of adjacent villages were to be destroyed simultaneously, and all the property found was to be taken from its owners, who were to be comforted with the assurance that the King would take care of them. The asses, *if there were any*, were to be used for the transport of pregnant women and greybeards. The district embraced by the edict contained 466 villages and hamlets, and was inhabited by 18,689 Protestants.

With the first stroke of the axe alarming rumours recalled Montrevel to Montpellier. Cavalier had burst forth with a fury that carried all before it. Potelières, Saturargnes and Aiguevives were in flames. The disclosure of formidable plots revealed a dangerous conspiracy with the refugees in England and Holland, to which the Duke of Savoy, deserting the alliance of France, had

had given his adhesion. The English fleet under Sir Cloudesley Shovel, bearing arms and ammunition for the Cevenols, was hovering about the Gulf of Lyons. Had the various members of this confederacy been animated by one spirit or possessed of adequate self-restraint—had a complete understanding existed between the French Protestants and their foreign allies, or had one master-mind arranged and controlled the widely scattered elements of disaffection, far-reaching and important results might have been obtained. But the star of the French monarchy was still in the ascendant. Owing to some misunderstanding or mismanagement, the English admiral, after waiting in vain for the expected signals, sailed away without landing his stores. The excesses of the Camisards alienated the Catholics, who avowed that they preferred to endure their present misery rather than to combine with men who were guilty of sacrilege against their altars and their God. More than all, the ardour of the Protestants in the Rouergue could not be restrained, and they broke out into premature rebellion, were badly supported and speedily crushed. Thus every combination failed simultaneously, and with them died out the last hopes of eventual success for the Huguenot cause.

Yet for the moment the Camisards appeared truly formidable. Cavalier made a bold dash at Sommières. Castanet and Joani assailed Vébron and the other cities of refuge. Roland reduced to ashes Saint-Julien des Points and Sainte-Cécile d'Andorre, two retreats of the Florentines. The work of devastation was perilous and wearisome. Several of the devoted parishes were of considerable extent, the homesteads widely scattered on the mountains, and accessible only by footpaths or the tracks of the chamois. Storms of wintry rain swept over the ill-fed and disheartened pioneers, who deserted in large numbers or sickened from privation, fatigue and melancholy. Presently leave was granted to employ fire in the work of destruction, and the temper of the royalists, soured by suffering and dejection, betrayed them into lamentable excesses. Many of those who had been commanded to come in were afraid to comply, and met a speedy death at the hands of the soldiery. Eight out of twenty-five persons found at Solier were hastily despatched; out of eight more who lingered round the ruins of their dwellings at Runes, the men were shot and the women pitilessly scourged; at Fraissinet de Lozère, a young man turned to take a last look at the home of his childhood, when a musket-shot stretched him dead upon its threshold.

Meanwhile Cavalier was making strenuous efforts to effect a diversion in favour of his countrymen. Never did the brilliancy of

of his happy audacity and consummate generalship as a partisan leader shine more conspicuously than at this period. Disaster upon disaster befel the royal troops at Lussan and at Nages, at Ners and at Les Roches d'Aubais. Even women fought with unblenching courage in the ranks of the Camisards. Four prophetesses, mounted on horseback—amongst them one, famous as La Grande Marie—closed the van of Cavalier's army on its march to Lussan. A young girl of eighteen was the first to lead the Children of God over the ramparts of Nages, as, waving the sword of a slain dragoon, she flew at the retreating column, crying 'The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon!' In twelve months 20,000 men of Montrevel's army had perished on the field or had died of fatigue. The devastation of the Hautes-Cevennes was completed, but even Julien was constrained to acknowledge that it was a failure. Twenty leagues had been converted into a desert without securing peace. The King, says a Catholic historian, wished to make this region uninhabitable, as a lasting memorial of the revolt, and his refusal to utterly exterminate its population was an act of magnanimity *worthy of the Saviour of the world!*

The year 1704 opened with fresh enormities on the part of the Florentines. It is sickening to read the catalogue of atrocities, unrelieved by a solitary instance of pity or remorse, committed by these ruffians upon the disarmed and unoffending population. The authorities failed to supply provisions for those whom they had driven into the cities of refuge, and when the famished wretches fled to escape utter starvation, they were hunted like wild beasts by the royalists, mercilessly shot down and hurled into the Gardon. The hermit, surrounded by a bodyguard of 'soldiers of the cross,' ordered all prisoners brought before him to repeat an Ave or a Pater Noster in Latin: all who could not pronounce this shibboleth were instantly despatched before the eyes of the judge, who sat on his tribunal surrounded by corpses. For such excesses the Camisards exacted at times terrible reprisals, and Cavalier's vengeance was specially swift and stern upon offenders who brought discredit upon the Protestant cause. Ruffians, bent on murder and pillage, assumed the name of either party to serve their purpose, and plundered indifferently Catholics and Protestants.

'We are in a town,' wrote Fléchier, 'where we have neither rest nor pleasure, nor even consolation. When the Catholics are the stronger, the other side expect to have their throats cut; when the fanatics are in force near to us, the Catholics are in terror. We cannot go 150 yards beyond the walls without being in danger of our lives. We are even forbidden to walk out and take the air. The

exercise of our religion is all but abolished in three or four dioceses. Horror and misery are universal.'

The dissatisfaction now widely felt with Montrevel was increased by his unbounded arrogance. 'He should be dishonoured,' he asserted, 'if he drew his sword against a parcel of beggars, a lot of jail-birds whom it was impossible to annihilate, as they issued forth in swarms from hell.' The murmurs of the bishops and the noblesse waxed so ominous, that Montrevel despatched a considerable force under Lajonquière against Cavalier, who would have gladly avoided a contest, as his army was at the moment weakened by the absence of two brigades in Vivarais. But the sufferings of the town of Lascours, which was given up to pillage for refusing to betray the route which the Camisards had taken, stirred his blood and determined him to stand his ground. After a short and spirited address, received with general acclamation, the ranks fell upon their knees, and their general offered up the battle prayer of the Children of God. By a judicious disposition of his men on the field of battle—which bore the prophetic name of the 'Desert-fields of Mars'—Cavalier drew the royalist army into an ambuscade, and almost annihilated it. A score of officers were surrounded by the Camisards, when Cavalier, bidding his men to cease firing, cried out to them: 'Gentlemen, give in: you shall have honourable treatment. My father is a prisoner at Nismes, and you shall obtain his liberation.' They scorned to yield their swords to a peasant, and all without exception perished. Four hundred and fifty fell on the side of the Catholics, less than twenty on that of the Camisards. A few days later, another division of Montrevel's army narrowly escaped the like destruction by Roland at Salindres.

With the victories at Devois de Martignargues and Salindres the fortunes of the Camisards attained their zenith; they were destined rapidly to fall to their nadir. For the moment great was the consternation in Languedoc and at Versailles. The King peremptorily recalled Montrevel, and evinced his sense of the urgency of the crisis by appointing the first general in France to succeed him. By a whimsical caprice of fortune, Montrevel on his departure inflicted more serious injury on the insurgents than during the whole period of his command. He learned that Cavalier had formed an audacious project to surprise and carry him off on his way to Nismes, and accordingly gave out that he proposed travelling in his coach, with only a small body-guard. Having started in this fashion, he mounted his horse at a little distance, and joined his army, which had been so disposed as completely to encircle the enemy. Never had  
Cavalier

Cavalier commanded so well appointed and numerous a force as the 900 infantry and 300 cavalry which on the 16th of April were confidently awaiting the order to seize the Marshal, when the royalists unexpectedly burst upon them. The Camisards were hemmed in on all sides, and their only hope of escape was by breaking through line after line of an enemy sixfold their number. In vain did Catinat make a cavalry charge with his wonted impetuosity. In vain did the prophet Daniel Gui, with five or six prophetesses, call on God from an adjacent hill-top with uplifted hands, like Moses on Rephidim, to cause the son of Satan to fall before them. To avoid recognition, Cavalier had to strip off his magnificent dress. 'Children,' he cried, 'if we lack spirit now, we are taken and broken on the wheel: close your ranks, and follow me.' A trooper seized his bridle, when a blow struck off the assailant's hand and set him free. A second dragoon grasped him from behind; Cavalier turned and shot him down. By a fierce struggle the first line was passed, but a second barred the way: only by the bridge of Rosni was exit possible, and the royalists held it in strong force. Catinat and Ravanel had forced their way over, but the enemy were now concentrated on the spot, and escape seemed hopeless, when Cavalier's brother, a boy of ten, dashed up on his white pony. 'Children of God,' he cried, 'where are you going? Line the banks, charge the enemy, and cover my brother's retreat.' The ground was contested inch by inch, until Cavalier, who had two horses killed under him, cut his way through, and night shrouded him from further pursuit. The battle had lasted from soon after daybreak until nightfall, and a thousand men lay scattered over the wide area of the fight. The corpses of three prophetesses were found beside their brethren, of whom 500 had perished. *Not one was taken prisoner.* On learning the character of the manœuvres by which Cavalier had extricated his army, Villars could not repress his admiration. Indeed, he said, it was worthy of Cæsar.

With the arrival of Villars on the scene the interest of the Camisard epic rapidly declines. Disasters at Euzet, at Saint-Sébastien, and at Pont Montvert, followed hard upon the fatal day of Nages. The cavern-magazines of the Camisards were discovered, their resources exhausted, their forces demoralized. Villars, anxious to conclude a wearisome conflict, that he might be free to act on a more conspicuous field, lent a ready ear to the suggestions of Baron D'Aigalliers, that he should try to win over the insurgents; and Cavalier not only listened to his proposals, but thought to induce his brethren to share his views. It is needless to follow the thread of the negotiations, which

resulted in the so-called Treaty of Nismes. Much obscurity overshadows the authenticity of this document, but its terms are identical with those subsequently offered to Roland. Liberty of conscience throughout Languedoc, with permission to meet for worship except in fortified towns, besides the liberation of all Protestants imprisoned or sent to the galleys since 'the Revocation,' and licence to the religious exiles to return home, with restoration of their property and civil rights—these and some minor concessions were granted. The demand to be allowed to rebuild their churches, and to hold Montpellier and other towns as places of surety, was refused. A colonel's commission was offered Cavalier, and the rank of captain to his brave boy-brother, in a regiment to be composed of Camisards, which should serve with the French army in Spain and Portugal.

Violent remonstrances and recriminations broke out when these conditions were announced. Nothing short of the restoration of the Edict of Nantes would satisfy Roland and the fiercer spirits. History presents few more tragic contrasts than that which is displayed in the opposite fortunes of the two great Camisard generals. At Calvisson and at Nismes Cavalier was fêted by crowds who flocked to idolize him as a preacher and a hero. Three months later the corpse of Roland, who had been perfidiously betrayed, and died fighting against heavy odds, was dragged all day through the streets which had so lately resounded with plaudits for his comrade. On a calm review of Cavalier's position, the verdict seems to us not a little harsh which condemns a capitulation which he negotiated with singular good faith and upheld with unblenching courage, on terms surely not dishonourable to a conquered subject from the proudest monarch in Europe. In after years Cavalier always spoke of his conduct in this matter with regret. 'I was but a child, and had no one to advise me.' The result, however, soon showed that he had rightly estimated the actual state of affairs. With the death of Roland the Cevenol revolt was at an end.

Yet we cannot help regretting Cavalier's submission. It mars the artistic unity of a history unique in its singleness of purpose and of action. Instead of a complicated pattern woven by tangled threads of mingled and inconsistent motive, the narrative of the Cevenol revolt portrays the influence of one dominant conviction, which absorbed the whole nature of its subjects. From the grovelling details of petty diplomacy and personal antipathies in the Court of Louis XIV., from the collision of small antagonistic interests revealed in the pages of Saint-Simon, from the throng of dandies decked out as warriors,  
and



and prelates steeped to the lips in intrigue, which jostled the statesmen and generals at Versailles—where every one wore a mask, and none could trust his closest friend without reserve—it is refreshing to turn to straightforwardness resulting from loftiness of purpose, even though at times it might strain the mind unduly, or was occasionally developed in extravagant forms. \*It is easy to brand such startling singleness of aim as fanaticism—a term which, as M. Michelet observes, explains nothing. Apart from all hysterical manifestations, we assert for the faith of the Camisards what a modern writer\* claims for the first converts to English Methodism :

‘The supernatural atmosphere of miracles, judgments and inspirations, in which it moved, invested the most prosaic life with a halo of romance. The doctrines it taught, the theory of life it enforced, proved capable of arousing in masses of men an enthusiasm of piety which was hardly surpassed in the first ages of Christianity.’

The story will never lose its fascination for those who can recognize under a strange exterior and most exceptional conditions the sterling qualities of self-sacrifice, fortitude, and truth. If, as Sir Thomas Browne insists, the presence of a mystical element is the mark of all lofty imaginations—if the greatest poet is he who feels most deeply and habitually that we are but atoms in the boundless abysses of space and time—if capacity for passing from the finite to the infinite is the greatest endowment of the Shakespeares and Dantes—who that rightly reads the story of lives so spent and death so welcomed, through the realization of ‘Him who is invisible,’ shall deny that capacity to the peasant band of Protestants who maintained so gallantly the struggle in the Cevennes ?

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- ART. VI.—1. *Die Ausgrabungen zu Olympia.* Von E. Curtius, u. a. I.–IV. Berlin, 1876–80.  
 2. *Die Gymnastik und Agonistik der Hellenen.* Von J. H. Krause. Leipzig, 1841.  
 3. *Olympia.* Von J. H. Krause. Wien, 1838.

IN order that the study of History may duly fulfil its mission in enlarging the ideas and widening the charity of mankind, it is essential that both the writers and the readers of historical works should use the imagination not less than the intellect and the memory. It is not enough to study the

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\* Mr. Lecky.

chronicles of past days; what we want is to re-live the life of past days; to sympathize with the hopes and fears, to share the beliefs and the sentiments, of the age and the country which we make our study; to image to ourselves its daily life; to fall into its ways of thinking.

The historical training of the imagination is a long and laborious task. Nor can it ever be completed by the study of documents and of literature; though these, of course, have their place in the curriculum. But it is also necessary that the imagination should be approached through the senses. We must not only read, but feel and see. Thus, there are only two methods by which it is possible adequately to carry the imagination through past episodes of history. One is to study in museums the material relics—the corpses, so to speak—left by those episodes; the other is to visit their graves—the scenes where those episodes took place—and there follow with patience and reverence their details.

It is most fortunate when these methods can be combined; when in visiting the scene of great events we see also on all sides traces of their course and results of their energy. This is now the case at Olympia. The result of the excavations carried on there at great cost and with supreme disinterestedness by the German people has been to enable the traveller at Olympia not only to study the scene of the greatest of Greek athletic festivals, but to trace the celebration from hour to hour and from point to point. He not only sees the hill of Cronion, where the spectators crowded, wades through Olympic dust, and feels the sun of Olympia beat on his head; but he can wander on the threshold of the Temple of Zeus, pass from building to building in the sacred enclosure of the Altis, and stand at the starting-point of the runners in the Stadium. Taking the guide-book of the old Greek traveller Pausanias in our hand, we can follow in his steps; and out of broken pillars, truncated pedestals, and the foundations of demolished buildings, we can conjure forth the beautiful Olympia of old, with its glorious temples, its rows of altars, its statues of gods and the godlike men who conquered in the games, its treasures full of the noblest works of art and the richest spoils of war. And we can people the solitude with the combatants and with the spectators, a crowd filled with the enthusiasm of the place and with delight in manly contests; a crowd over whom emotions swept as rapidly as the chariots through the hippodrome, and who were ever breaking out into wild cries of delight or loud shouts of scorn and derision. We can see the bestowal of the crowns of wild olive, and can hear the heralds recite the names of those who have been victorious.

Scarcely

Scarcely any chapter of Greek history is of more interest, or contains more instruction for modern readers, than that which records the rise and the fall of Greek athletic sports. The chapter is a short one. The bloom of all the promising institutions of Greece was short. Abuse soon succeeded use; excess supervened on moderation; and the same causes which had made the greatness of the people, in matters athletic as in other matters, also caused its decline and eclipse.

So long as Greece lived at all, and education in any way embodied national ideas, the physical training of the body was much regarded. An harmonious development of body and mind was sought in all systems of training; and an erect carriage, well-turned limbs, and activity of movement, were considered as necessary to the gentleman as modesty and good sense. From their earliest years the boys frequented not only the house of the teacher who instructed in reading and writing, but also the *palæstra* of the athlete who carefully trained their bodies with various exercises. The greatest of Greek philosophers, when they discussed ideal possibilities in education, never dreamed of neglecting its more corporeal side. Aristotle maintained that gymnastic training ought to begin earlier than that of the mind; and Plato, in the 'Laws,' advocated the system of restricting boys to the exercises of the gymnasium until their tenth year, and only allowing them to take up letters when their physical frame was already formed. As the boys grew older, they frequented new places of training, and learned new exercises. The ball and the hoop gave way to the discus and wrestling; but no Greek youth at any stage of his life would pass a day without devoting some hours at least to systematic development of his body. On the banks of some pleasant stream, and beneath the shade of groves of *platanus*, were the early *palæstras* of the Greeks. Here in the open air and during the heat of the day the men and the lads contended one with the other in mimic contest, or sedulously set themselves to overcome any physical defect or awkwardness of person. Here all, except the classes who were bound by sordid necessity to the market or the workshop, met in the afternoon to gain an appetite for dinner, and to mix with the circle of their friends in talking, in running, in leaping, or in enjoying the most beautiful of all sights, that of the healthy human body in vigorous action. Grave and elderly men, generals, priests, and magistrates, were not too stiff or too dignified to lay aside their clothes and enter the stadium or the wrestling-ring. And in this pure democracy of the *palæstra* he was king, who was in person most beautiful and  
fittest

fittest in the various contests; he alone was despised who was mean in body or wanting in energy for the conflict.

To the life of the palæstra a new meaning and aim was given by the establishment of the great athletic festivals of Greece. Even in heroic times there had been, on the death of a chief, funereal sports wherein his companions in arms displayed their strength and activity. Homer's heroes compete in running, wrestling, and the driving of chariots. Peleus vanquished his contemporaries in wrestling and the pentathlon, and Milanion won Atalanta by his swiftness of foot. But the introduction of the great festivals at stated times brought system into athletic contests. Now athletes from the farthest ends of the Hellenic world could be sure of meeting formidable competitors, and had a chance of trying for the championship of Hellas. At first men contended at Olympia in running only, a fact which makes it seem likely that the sports of the heroic age were somewhat out of use; but, before long, wrestling, the pentathlon, and other contests were added.

The ideas of the different races and cities of Greece of course varied as to the nature of physical perfection and the objects of gymnastic training. With the Spartans endurance and hardness were most highly thought of; among the Ionians grace and symmetry were worshipped. The Bæotians cultivated wrestling in a marked manner. Croton was noted for the great stature and force of her athletes; Ægina sent forth men highly skilled in pugilism. But, setting aside these minor differences, we may find some distinctive features which specially marked the athletics of the Greeks in general.

The most striking of these, and indeed the key to them all, was the custom of complete nudity during exercise. Runners, wrestlers, leapers, and boxers, whether practising among themselves or performing at the games beneath the eyes of assembled multitudes, divested themselves of every shred of clothing. Over and over again we find it mentioned by the writers as one of the marks of distinction between Greeks and barbarians that, while the latter were ashamed to show themselves naked, a true Hellene thought no shame of doing so. This was a result brought about by gymnastic training. But when it was established it seemed, to every true Greek, part of the order of nature. The Lydians, Herodotus naïvely remarks, are ashamed to be seen naked, even the men of them. Not long ago, says Plato, the Greeks thought, just like the barbarians, that it was a shame and an absurdity for a man to appear naked. The very first thing, says Solon in a dialogue of Lucian, which an athlete has

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to learn, is to expose his unprotected body to all kinds of weather. Such exposure was made more possible by a free use of oil, which the Greek daily rubbed into every part of his body, and which probably had the effect not only of protecting its surface against sun and wind, but of diminishing the flow of perspiration and of rendering the joints supple and elastic. Over the oil was sprinkled fine sand, which had a detergent effect. Baths too were greatly used in the Greek gymnasia—not warm baths so much until late times, but frequent cold plunges in the river and douches beneath a fountain.

Such training must have had a wondrous effect in rendering the body hardy and healthy, and the skin soft and supple. This question, however, we leave to physicians, and speak only of the outward physical and moral effects of the life. The first result would be ruddiness of body. When Agesilaus stripped his Persian prisoners, their white bodies caused the utmost ridicule among the bronzed Greek soldiers, who looked on them as on women brought up delicately in houses. In Greek paintings the bodies of women are rendered by white colour, but those of men are red, and this no doubt only reproduces the facts of daily life. And with ruddiness there was joined the utmost symmetry. Grace and rhythm of movement and form aroused enthusiastic admiration wherever Greek men practised together. This, all strove to imitate, all looked for in friend and connection, all desired to perpetuate. Statues of the most beautiful and vigorous men, of victorious athletes in particular, were erected by the hundred and thousand, not at Olympia only, but in every city of Greece. Of these a small remnant remains to testify to us of Greek physical perfection. Modern sculptors sigh in vain for models which can compare with them; in the gymnastic rooms at our Universities we see no forms so powerful, yet so well-balanced and light. Yet Galen states that in his day many of the young men were not inferior in physique to the statues of great sculptors.

It is this habit of constantly watching the beautiful and powerful bodies of athletes in every attitude and in every kind of exercise, which accounts for many of the peculiarities of the Greek nature. It accounts for the unrivalled excellence of their sculpture; they had not to copy in a studio the limbs of a single unsatisfactory model, but were able by comparison of form with form daily to grow in knowledge of every part of the human frame, and daily to raise their standard as to the possibilities of human perfection. The shapes of men became as familiar to sculptor and painter as those of the sheep to a shepherd or those of horses to a groom. These artists became intoxicated

intoxicated with the beauty of men, until every force of nature presented itself to them under a human aspect; until all their decoration consisted in the introduction of human forms; nay, even abstract qualities, events, and places, seemed to clothe themselves with flesh and blood.

There is another aspect in which we may regard Greek athletic sports, that is as a training for war. Some of the contests were of a distinctly warlike character, such as running a race with a shield on one's arm, and such as hurling the spear. And in days when man clashed against man and a duel often ended in a personal grapple, it was no mean advantage to be a good wrestler. Plutarch attributes the victory of the Thebans at Leuctra to their superiority in wrestling to the Lacedæmonians, wrestling being a special art of the Bæotians. Indeed, if we examine any one of the numerous friezes from Greek temples which represent groups of fighters, we may see at once how much the victory depended on personal force and agility.

The most learned and laborious of the German writers on the Greek games, Dr. Krause, concludes his work with a comparison between ancient and modern athletic sports, resulting in the claim of immense superiority in the Greeks over any moderns. But Dr. Krause's standard of modern proficiency was that of the German Turnvereins of forty years ago. It is since that time that athletic contests very closely resembling those of the Greeks have been introduced in our English cities, and especially have taken deep root at our Universities. An able writer, gifted with more talent than patience, Mr. Mahaffy,\* has more recently compared our English athletics with those of Olympia and the Isthmus, and decided far more favourably for the moderns. The proficiency of modern athletes may be tested by any one who will pass a day at Fenner's or Lillie Bridge. But it is not an easy task to estimate properly the skill of the Greeks in this matter, and in our opinion Mr. Mahaffy takes by far too mean a view of it. In some matters he is distinctly unjust. Thus, he tries to show that Greek pugilists did not hit straight from the shoulder, and quotes a passage of Virgil in support of this view; adducing also the supposed fact that it was the ears of Greek boxers, and not their noses and cheeks, which suffered in their encounters. But Virgil knew very little about Greek athletics; and it would be easy to adduce several passages from ancient writers which show that Greek boxers attacked nose and mouth not less than other parts

\* In 'Macmillan's Magazine,' vol. xxxvi. p. 61.

of the face. The battered ears belonged to pancratiasts rather than boxers. On vases we see representations of boxers standing one against another in well-balanced attitudes, their heads thrown back and their arms well advanced; and unless the physique of the combatants is very falsely depicted, their blows must have been delivered with immense force. Mr. Mahaffy ridicules the tales of Greek prowess in leaping, and certainly we are driven into scepticism when we hear of Phaëllus clearing fifty feet at a bound, but it is extremely probable that the ancients had studied the theory of leaping more than we, and were able by means of the weights which they held in their hands to propel their bodies for considerable distances. During the recent excavations one curious memorial of Greek prowess has come to light at Olympia—an oval mass of rock two feet in length and one in depth, which bears an inscription testifying that one Bybon raised it with one hand above his head and hurled it—whither we cannot clearly make out. Nor is there reason to doubt the stock stories of Pausanias about the Olympic victors, how Pulydamas strangled a lion with his bare arms, and with one hand held back a chariot from starting, though the charioteer used his whip; or how Milo carried his own statue of bronze into the Altis, and would hold in his hand a pomegranate so strongly yet so lightly that no man could make him either let it go or crush it.

In fact, in the matter of athletic sports our more complicated civilization gives us no advantage. Red Indians run as fast as English professionals, and some of the most distinguished pugilists have been negroes. In these matters four things alone give success—strength, address, science, and practice. All four of these the Greeks united in the highest degree. Bodily forms such as theirs must have been admirably adapted for every exploit, whether of force, activity, or endurance. They lived in the open air, had no sedentary employment, did not trouble themselves about reading of any kind, or that study which is destruction to an athlete, practised for hours every day, and had the utmost inducement to attain the highest possible perfection. So the mass of their young men reached, during the best age of Greek history, a stage of physical prowess and perfection which has probably never been attained in any other age or country.

Once in every four years the heralds from Elis proclaimed through all the cities of Greece a sacred truce which was to last for a month. In the midst of that month, from the eleventh to the sixteenth day, was the great athletic festival of Zeus at Olympia. The earlier and the later days of the month were occupied



occupied with the journey to the spot and the return homeward. War, business, and pleasure, were alike stayed; and the roads leading to Olympia were daily more and more thronged with a mingled crowd. Woe to the man who molests one of the pilgrims of the Deity on his sacred journey! Zeus, the protector of strangers, will guard his votaries, and severe judgments from Heaven will dog the steps of the sacrilegious offender during life or drag him to an early grave.

We are accustomed to think of the Greeks as all alike; yet it is certain that the spectators who watched the crowds pouring towards Olympia along the road which passed up the Alpheus into Arcadia, or that which led to the sacred port of Pheia, witnessed wide differences of type and of dress. From all the shores of the Mediterranean and the Euxine Seas the Greek colonies sent deputations to represent them at the games, to bear offerings to the temple, and to perform sacrifices on their behalf. And the Greeks readily took a tinge from the land wherein they dwelt. There were dwellers on the northern shore of the Black Sea, to whom constant intercourse and frequent intermarriage with their Scythian neighbours gave almost the aspect of nomads; and colonists from Massilia, who in dress and language were half Gauls. There were people of Cyrene, with the hot blood and dark complexion of Africa, and oriental Ionians with trailing robes and effeminate airs. There were rude pirates from Acarnania, and delicate sensualists from Cyprus. And not only were various climates and different stages of civilization represented, but all social classes and all occupations. The rich rode on horseback, with a train of slaves following, or were gently transported in a litter on the shoulders of stalwart bearers; the poor marched in troops, carrying their frugal provisions with them. Here might be seen a merchant with a large stock of oriental draperies, or of works of art adapted for votive purposes, of which he hoped to dispose during the festival; there, a poet eager to recite his verses amid the throng, or a musician carrying his precious lyre with him. Here was a statuery, with his copper-smiths, hoping to secure orders for statues of victors; there a gymnastic trainer, eager to learn the latest fashion in wrestling, or to watch the prowess of a former pupil. Many would come to fulfil a vow undertaken at some time of sorrow or sickness, many to consult the various oracles at Olympia as to future conduct or past events, to seek the aid of some deity in marrying a daughter, or detecting a thief. Many would come to display their wealth before the eyes of Greece, many to hear news from all parts of the world, or to ask after seafaring relations, or friends who had long been absent and unheard-of. In one point  
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the throng was very noteworthy—it contained no women. The long journey, the fatigue of witnessing the contest, the character of the competitions, were all quite unfit for the carefully-nurtured and secluded women of the Ionian and Achæan races; even the Dorian women, who dwelt at less distance, and were not unused to mingle with men, were mostly or even entirely excluded. Pausanias indeed says that although married women were not admitted, virgins might be spectators of the festival; but it is much doubted whether that privilege was not confined to a small and select class.

Arriving at Olympia the visitors had to provide themselves with quarters. There was probably no city on the spot, certainly none at all capable of containing the arriving multitudes; perhaps few buildings besides the religious edifices and those used by judges, trainers, and athletes. The strangers had to pitch themselves tents in the field surrounding the Altis. A vast camp arose, and in the days preceding the festival the camp became a fair. Merchants set up their booths, and money-changers their tables, all the classes of artists tried to collect audiences and admirers, crowds attended the exercises of the athletes who were in training, or admired the practice of the horses and chariots which were entered for races. Heralds recited treaties, military or commercial, recently formed between Greek cities, in order that they might be the more widely known. The representatives of the various cities passed from altar to altar, sacrificing to the deities whose favour they most coveted; and the dignitaries of Elis offered a series of public sacrifices in a regular order mentioned by Pausanias, the earliest honours being awarded to Hestia and the Olympian Zeus.

The judges appointed by the people of Elis to conduct the festival were called *Hellanodicæ*. Their number varied between eight and twelve. Their first business was to conduct an examination of the candidates who wished to enter for the various contests. Duty to Zeus himself required that no person who was not of Greek blood, that no one who had been convicted of crime, or guilty of impiety, that no member of a city which had incurred the divine wrath, should be admitted. Candidates had also to prove that for ten months they had been undergoing a regular course of training in a gymnasium, and to practise for the thirty days preceding the festival at the great gymnasium of Elis, under the eyes of the *Hellanodicæ* themselves. After undergoing these tests their names were placed on a white board, and suspended at Olympia. After this there was no drawing back. He who, when the time came, shrank from the contest, was adjudged a coward, and fined with a fine as heavy as  
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that inflicted on men guilty of bribery, or of taking an unfair advantage of an opponent. The greatest of Greek athletes, Theagenes, entered at Olympia for the contests of boxing and the pancratium. In the former he was victorious, but suffered so severely that he was unfit for the terrible test of the pancratium, and even he was remorselessly fined, as failing to appear through cowardice.

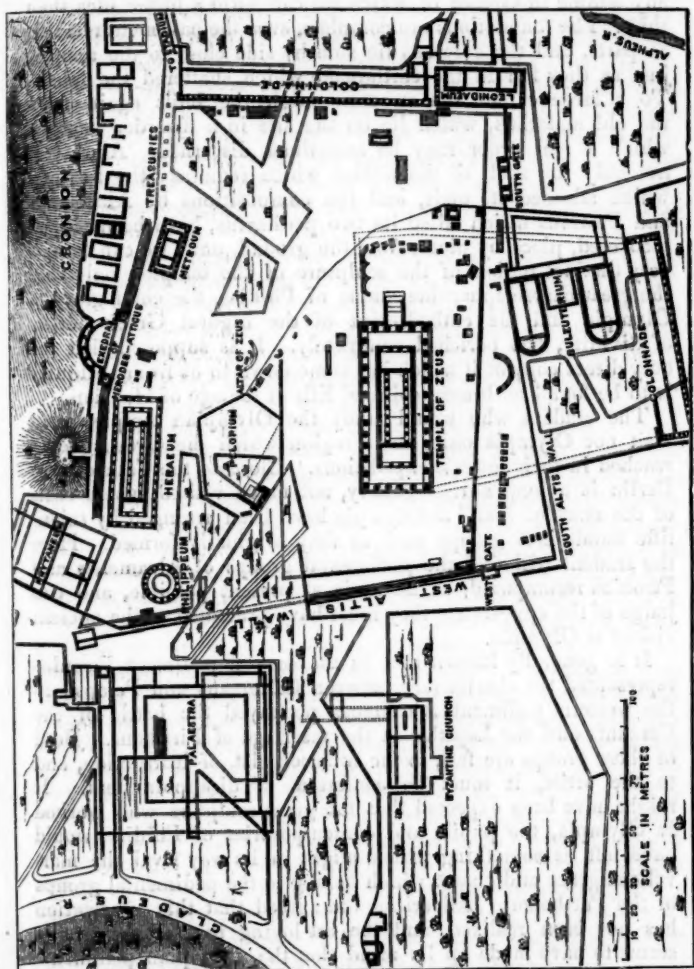
When the candidates enrolled themselves they offered a boar in sacrifice, at the altar of Zeus Horcius, the hearer of oaths, which stood in the Buleuterium, and swore solemnly to observe the laws of the contest. After they were entered, they and their friends alike besieged the altars of those deities who specially interested themselves in the games, and more particularly of the heroes who had in mythical ages distinguished themselves in the various sports. Charioteers sought the Heroium of Pelops; pancratiasts specially invoked the aid of Hercules, pentathli implored the assistance of Peleus, and boxers appealed to the protection of Euthymus, a boxer of historical times, but of world-wide fame.

The leisure days before the festival would, by most of the visitors, be spent in great part amid the temples and statues of the Altis. And we are now, in consequence of the results of the German excavations, enabled to form a clear and satisfactory idea as to what they would have found there to awaken their emotions of admiration and piety.\* The central point of it, alike in a material and a religious sense, was the great Temple of Zeus. Towards this, every visitor would at once make his way, entering at the southern gate of the Altis, and passing along the sacred road, trodden by frequent processions, between monuments erected in memory of Olympian victors and illustrious men—monuments whereof the bases still exist, with inscriptions reading like epitaphs to tell us how much of beauty and of excellence we have lost for ever. Towering above the crowd of distinguished men, a little to the right of the road, was the wonderful Victory of Paonius on her tall triangular base. The discovery of this figure, a cast of which is now set up in the British Museum, was the first important result reached by the German explorers, and the first inscription which they copied was the memorable lines, engraved below it recording the victory of the Messenians and Naupactians over their 'enemies.' Pausanias tells us that these enemies were the Lacedæmonians, and that

\* We have reproduced on the opposite page, for the benefit of our readers, on a smaller scale, the map which accompanies the German report of excavations for 1879. It shows the state of the excavations at that period, and will enable those who consult it to follow our brief description of the topography of the site.



the event really commemorated was the calamity of Sphacteria, but that those who erected the trophy dared not be more ex-



plicit. A little further on stood the bronze bull dedicated by the Eretrians, of which an ear has been recovered.

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All these monuments the visitor would pass without notice in his eagerness to behold the great temple. There is now scarcely any temple in Greece of which we can form a juster idea than this. The foundations are complete, even the pavement remains in parts, and the columns lie side by side close to the temple, just as they fell in the earthquake which shattered the fabric. To a large extent the structure might be built again from the old materials, which lie on the site in a disorder beneath which a real order may be sometimes discerned. And it is not only the shell of the edifice which remains; the metopes which adorned its ends, and the compositions by Alcámenes and Pæonius which filled its two pediments, have been slowly recovered, piece by piece, from the ground, until we can form a very distinct notion of the sculpture of the temple; only that the great chryselephantine statue of Phidias, the chief glory of Olympia and the embodiment of the highest Greek notion of divinity, has perished completely. It is supposed that the only direct copy of it which has come down to us from antiquity is to be found on bronze coins of Elis of the age of Hadrian.

The student who would study the Olympian temple, must visit not Olympia only, but a region which the Greeks never reached in their longest expeditions. Close to the Cathedral of Berlin is a long narrow gallery, not much visited, where casts of the marbles found at Olympia have been arranged by scientific hands into groups such as they originally formed. Here the student will find the pedimental groups of Alcámenes and Pæonius recomposed, as far as is at present possible, and can judge of the appearance they must have presented to the ancient visitor at Olympia.

It is generally known that in the eastern pediment Pæonius represented the chariot-race between Cénomaus and Pelops; in the western pediment Alcámenes portrayed the battle of the Centaurs and the Lapithæ at the marriage of Pirithous. Both of these groups are full, to the archæologist, of instruction, and to the artist, it must be confessed, of disappointment. It might have been expected that the great sculptors who worked at Olympia, the pupils and contemporaries of Phidias, would have left us something which might in its way rival the marvellous grace and charm which belong to the pedimental groups of the Parthenon. All critics are agreed that this expectation has not been realized, and the art-loving part of the public seems to have made up its mind that the Olympian pediments may be neglected or despised. It is allowed by those who have the best right to judge, that some of the groups which represent Centaurs struggling with their prey, are of great force of design,  
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and some of the standing and reclining figures by no means devoid of a certain largeness and nobility of treatment. But it is agreed that the whole effect, more especially of the CEnomaus group, is poor; that the drapery of the figures is rendered in a shallow and feeble manner; that the faults of execution are numberless. Indeed, an ordinary student of art will find, in an hour's study of these figures, faults which in our day an inferior sculptor would not commit. And, what is still worse to a modern eye, the figures are not only faulty, but often displeasing, and the heads have a heaviness which sometimes seems to amount to brutality, and are repellent, if not absolutely repulsive.

That which repels the artist, attracts the archæologist, who is bound to explain how this character can attach to sculptures from the most celebrated temple in Greece. In seeking an explanation we have lighted on many new truths. It has been suggested by Professor Brunn, that the peculiarities of Olympian sculpture arise from the circumstance that both Pæonius and Alcamenes were trained in the backward schools of Northern Greece. Others, among whom is Mr. Newton, conceive that the two artists only furnished the designs for the pedimental groups, and that these designs were very much marred in the execution by the clumsiness of the Peloponnesians who were employed as craftsmen. It can scarcely be doubted that there is much truth in this latter theory, and we may safely lay to the credit of unskilled stone-masons the smaller defects of the pedimental sculptures. But, even then, the artist who designed the Chariot-contest can scarcely be acquitted of jejuneness and poverty, and he who designed the Combat of Centaurs sins quite as deeply in the direction of excess of strain and deficiency in balance. The clearest result of the whole controversy is the perception how far Phidias was in advance of his contemporaries in the construction of groups and in all qualities of design, and how superior were the Athenian stone-cutters in knowledge of their craft to those of other parts of Greece. This is a lesson which we might have learned already from a study of the frieze of the temple at Bassæ; but now we are not likely ever to forget it. And further, it would seem to result that Greek art was not so rapid and so early in development as we used to think ten years ago.

The metopes from the Temple of Zeus, representing the various Labours of Hercules, though by an unknown artist, are certainly more pleasing than the pedimental groups. They are not, indeed, without rudeness and stiffness, but in their backward style there is the charm which so usually marks the works

of early Greek art, but which the pediments have lost, without getting knowledge and mastery in exchange. One of the most marked characteristics of the metopes is the want of elaboration in detail. The hair and beards of the figures are merely blocked out; the parts of the garments are not clearly distinguished from one another. Critics have long seen that evidently the artist who made these groups trusted chiefly to the use of colour for the effect of his compositions. And actual discovery has entirely verified this conjecture. Among the most recent of discoveries at Olympia is a head of Hercules, from that metope wherein he is strangling the lion. Of this head the hair and eyes still bear distinct traces of colour. In the group of Hercules and the bull, the background was blue, and the body of the bull brown. Another metope had a red background. It is thus quite certain that the sculpture of the metopes of the temple was painted throughout. And, indeed, the pedimental groups were also painted, for a part of the chlamys worn by the middle figure of the western pediment has been found still stained with a deep red colour. And colour was not confined to the sculpture, but extended also to the architectural decoration. All the buildings of Doric order at Olympia are largely coloured in blue and red. The pillars are not coloured, but the triglyphs are of an intense blue, the abacus beneath them red. Of the cornices the cymatia have blue and red leaves alternately, and the *væ* are blue and red. It is clear from these very exact indications, that we shall always greatly misjudge Greek architecture and sculpture if we think of them as cold and colourless. And although the colours of the ancients may seem crude, and their juxtaposition harsh, yet it is certain that the climate of Greece requires that the brilliancy of marble should be moderated by colour of a strong degree. The Athens of our day, because the mansions in it are built of pure white marble, is most dazzling to the eyes, and all beauty of form in the buildings is lost amid the glare of the cloudless Athenian sky.

A little to the north of the great Temple of Zeus was the Pelopium. The space between, as Pausanias says, as well as the precincts of the Pelopium itself, was a grove of trees and full of statues. The chapel of the chief hero of Olympia nestled close to the temple of the chief deity of Olympia, and there was the closest connection between the honours rendered to Pelops and the worship offered to Zeus. But Pelops would seem to be the older dweller in the Altis. The Scholiast to Pindar tells us that on the tomb of Pelops at Olympia young boys were on occasions scourged. Now it is well known that this scourging on the altar of a deity is a later substitute for  
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human sacrifices. It is, therefore, by no means improbable that Pelops was a very old deity at Olympia, and that he was only degraded to the condition of a hero when the cultus of Zeus was fully established in the Altis. Pelops came, according to the tradition, from one of the regions of oldest civilization in Asia; and the seat on Mount Sipylus, which bore his name, was in the immediate neighbourhood of some of the most ancient shrines and cities of the Levant.

Close by, again, was the huge elliptical altar of Zeus, of which the base was of stone, but the whole of the upper part consisted of the ashes of victims moistened with the sacred water of the Alpheus. In the solid mass of ashes steps were cut, whereby men could mount to the summit of the altar; but women, even at those seasons when they might come within the Altis, were not allowed to walk on the ashes.

A little farther still to the north was the Temple of Hera. The worship of Hera was at least as ancient at Olympia as that of Zeus, and belonged in a special degree to the people of Elis. The temple of the goddess was built in nearly the same form as that of the god; but it was smaller and decidedly more ancient. Some parts of it were to the last made of the primitive wood, though in most parts the wood had decayed and been replaced with stone. In every respect Hera stood to the women of Elis in the same relation in which her lord stood to the men of Elis. The men had an athletic contest in honour of Zeus; and the virgins of Elis ran races in honour of Hera. The Hellanodiceæ were picked from the tribes of the country, to conduct the festival of Zeus; and women were chosen from the same tribes to preside at the festival of Hera, and, in addition, to weave every year a *peplum* for the goddess.

Of the *Heræum* no sculptured remains exist, like those which bring before our eyes the glories of the *Olympieum*. The marvellous riches which Pausanias beheld stored up within the temple, among which was the wondrous coffer of Cypselus, and the disk of Iphitus, on which was inscribed the proclamation of the Olympic truce, have disappeared. Only two important pieces of sculpture remain. Of these the first is the head of a large and very early statue of Hera herself. It may indeed belong to the primitive seated statue of Hera which Pausanias mentions, and which was set up as her representative in the temple as soon as ever the Greeks began to venture on anything more ambitious than the primitive pillars and xoana. The huge flat face and rude features remind us of the earliest sculptures from Selinus, and make even the archaic Hera of the Ludovisi gallery seem modern. The other piece of sculpture has already gained world-

wide fame, and casts of it are already to be found in all the principal museums of Europe. It is the statue by Praxiteles of Hermes carrying the child Dionysus, which Pausanias mentions as having been dedicated in the Temple of Hera, and which was found by the German explorers there, lying on its face within the cella, broken indeed, yet with its surface almost uninjured—a wondrous contribution to our knowledge of art, and an addition to our pleasures for all time.

The statues of the Parthenon belong to the school of Phidias, and those of the Mausoleum to the school of Scopas; but we cannot lay our hand on any one of the figures and say, This is the veritable work of the great master. Of the works of Myron, Polycletus, Praxiteles, we had many copies, some earlier and some later, some better and some worse. But we had nothing of which we were sure that it contained no misunderstandings and no embellishments of a later hand. Now for the first time we possess a work which may with reasonable certainty be attributed to one of the very greatest sculptors of antiquity, and for every line and touch of which we can hold him responsible.

That this figure of Hermes is of surpassing beauty is acknowledged by all. Though it is wanting in the lofty idealism of Phidias and the boldness of design and anatomical detail of the later Greek schools, yet it has charms of its own which strike every observer. Power and grace are mingled in charming proportions in the figure of the deity, and in his face is a sweetness of expression which is most attractive. The surface is admirably finished, and we find everywhere the originality and absence of convention, which ordinarily mark the work of a master-hand. We are perhaps somewhat surprised to find, that at a period in Greek art so comparatively early as that of Praxiteles, every trace of archaic stiffness had disappeared; that the god, indeed, may almost be said to lounge. And though there is no effeminacy in the form, we may find its softness and roundness of outline to exceed our expectations. But in that case, all we have to do is slightly to correct our notions of the art of Praxiteles. He seems to have entirely accomplished his mission of calling the gods down to earth, and thoroughly clothing them in the flesh of beautiful humanity. His style suited the Greek taste better than the loftier manner of Phidias, and the effect it had on the whole Greek world was immediate and prodigious. The Olympian pediments prove that the influence of Phidias, as is the way when artists strike too high a note, spread but slowly in Greece; but that of Praxiteles and Scopas may be traced at once in all parts of the Greek world, from Syracuse in the West to Lycia in the East. It is worthy of notice that on this statue also

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were found traces of colour. Lips and hair still retained a tinge of red, and on the foot there were remains of colour and of gilding; indeed, a sandal of gilt bronze had been attached to it.

Close to the Heræum was the Prytaneum, the official house of the magistrates who had charge of the entire Altis. In it was an altar whereon the flame never died out, night or day. The burnt-out ashes were periodically removed and heaped on the great altar of Zeus which we have already mentioned. In the Prytaneum continual libations were made to a great variety of deities, and mystic songs were sung, of which Pausanias does not venture to give us the words. It was a sort of meeting-ground of all the deities who were held in honour by the people of Elis. In the Prytaneum also took place the feast given at the end of every festival to the various victors by the people of Elis—a feast the materials of which were probably supplied from the flesh of the hecatomb of oxen who were slaughtered in sacrifice to Zeus. Thus the successful athletes became in a special degree the guests of the great deity of Olympia, and received honour from him in return for their labours in his service.

The Heræum was in the north-west corner of the Altis. As the stranger passed thence eastward along the northern border of the sacred enclosure, he would light on the only remaining temple which had a place in it, the Metroum, or shrine of the Mother of the Gods. The reason which induced the people of Elis to erect this temple in the very precincts of Zeus must remain unknown. The German explorations have ascertained the fact that it was not erected at an early period, indeed not before the time of Alexander, when many Eastern cults first found a home on Greek soil. But on whatever occasion the worship of Cybele was introduced at Olympia, it did not long continue, for in the time of Pausanias the building was without any statue of her, but full of those of Roman emperors. Beyond the Metroum was a long line of statues of Zeus, the pedestals of which still exist. These were erected out of the fines incurred by those competitors in the Olympic games who had acted unfairly or violated the solemn regulations of the contest. Pausanias gives a list of the fines inflicted. We are astonished alike at the smallness of their number and the greatness of their amount, two circumstances which alike testify to the honour in which the games were held and the sportsmanlike spirit of the Greeks.

Opposite to the *Zanes*, as the statues of Zeus were called, and the Metroum, were the treasuries of various States, wherein were stored the offerings which they or their citizens bestowed from time to time upon the god of Olympia. The contents of these treasuries are of course gone, but the line of foundations remains.

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They were built in the form of small Greek temples *in antis* with pronaos and cella, and in some instances adorned with sculpture. Thus Pausanias tells us that the pediment of the treasury of the Megarians, which stood at the eastern end of the Street of Treasuries, was adorned with a representation of the Battle of the Gods and Giants. And in fact, in taking down a rude wall erected in the Altis in Byzantine times for purposes of defence against the barbarians, several blocks of *poros* stone were discovered which are proved by many indications to belong to the treasury of the Megarians, and which certainly do offer us figures from such a contest. We may distinguish Zeus and Athene, Poseidon and Ares, with some of their opponents, and a monster of the sea who comes to the aid of Poseidon. It is of great interest to compare this Gigantomachia, executed in times which preceded the Persian wars, with that recently recovered from another Byzantine wall at Pergamum, and now to be found in the Berlin Museum, which represents Greek art at a much later stage, dating from the second century before our Era. The fundamental idea which inspired the early work reappears in the later, but with infinite variety in detail. Another treasury of peculiar interest, which has been protected from complete destruction by a fortunate landslip, is that erected by Gelo and his Syracusans in memory of the ever-memorable defeat which they inflicted on the Carthaginians on the very day, as is said, on which the battle of Salamis was fought in Greece.

Three temples, a Prytaneum, and the Treasuries: such, together with numberless figures of deities and altars for sacrifice, and statues of victors and warlike trophies, were the contents of the sacred Altis in the period of Greek independence. Before passing outside the four walls which on all sides secured and shut it in from the outer world, we may for a moment glance at the changes which came over it at a later period. Indeed in after time the fortunes and the calamities of Greece alike left their marks in the sacred enclosure. After the melancholy battle of Chæroneia, Philip of Macedon erected in it a round temple, of which the foundations still remain. In this temple were statues in gold and ivory, materials usually reserved for the gods, of Philip and his son Alexander, as well as of Amyntas, father of Philip, and of Olympias and Eurydice. Philip was very powerful at Elis, and in his day kings and generals were fast taking the place of the Greek deities and appropriating the honours due to them. So of Demetrius and of Pyrrhus and of Ptolemy, the inheritors of the empire of Alexander, there were conspicuous statues near the Temple of Zeus.

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The sack of Corinth by Mummius, which concludes the chapter in Greek history opened at Chæroneia, also left its traces at Olympia. It would seem that Mummius was not quite satisfied at heart with his work; at any rate his offerings at Olympia were on a most profuse scale. The Temple of Zeus was hung by him with twenty-one gilded shields, and two large statues of Zeus in bronze were set up by him—being the first offerings, as Pausanias says, ever dedicated by a Roman. And when in the time of Hadrian and the Antonines material prosperity returned to Greece, a notable sign of it was erected in the Altis by Herodes Atticus, wealthiest and most beneficent of the later Greeks. This was a great reservoir of pure water, built in the Street of Treasuries, and flanked by two small temples, containing statues respectively of Marcus Aurelius and the younger Faustina. There had always been a difficulty at Olympia in procuring pure water, and that difficulty was finally overcome only when Greece was in its dotage, and past real enjoyment from any outward change.

Then came the ravages of the Christians, who used the materials of the buildings of the Altis for their churches, and to form walls of defence against roaming bands of Goths and Slavs; and then the havoc of the earthquakes which levelled the proud temples with the ground; and then a degraded race who built their wretched cells all about the enclosure of any material that came to hand; and then Turkish times, when lime-kilns were established on the sites of all the great Greek temples. When we think of such a series of ages of misery and fighting and ignorance, we are almost ready to be surprised, not that so little of Olympia remains to us, but that so much has escaped the grasp of successive swarms of plunderers and successive generations of barbarians seeking by every means to eke out a wretched existence.

Around the Altis as a centre were grouped the other buildings used by the people of Elis and the Hellanodicae for purposes connected with the festival. To the north-west of it, between the Heraeum and the Cladeus, may still be seen the remains of a great palæstra. This is an elaborate edifice some 200 feet square, divided into a number of rooms and corridors. Vitruvius has left us a detailed description of the gymnasium of the Greeks, showing how the various rooms were grouped about the hall specially belonging to the Ephebi; how one was devoted to the games of ball, in another was the corycus, a leathern sack hung up for pugilists to try their fists on; how one apartment was devoted to the oiling of the athletes, another to the cold bath, and another to the hot bath. In other parts of the  
gymnasium

gymnasium were galleries with sanded floors for the wrestlers, and raised platforms round their sides, where trainers and friends could stand out of fear of the contact of the oily bodies of the athletes; and besides, shady walks for the studious, and exedrae where the philosophers could hold forth among their disciples. We hear that the plan of the Palæstra of Elis, which has by this time been almost cleared of earth, corresponds very closely to the words of Vitruvius. But Olympia was no place for philosophers. It was in the various gymnasia that the final preparations for the momentous struggles of the festival took place, and the feverish air which hung over the place, and infected alike competitors and spectators, must have greatly indisposed them for unimpassioned dialogue and ethical niceties.

Still on the east of the Altis, but farther south than the Palæstra, lie the remains of a most interesting Byzantine church. The early date and excellent preservation of this building make it of great value to the enquirers who concern themselves with Christian antiquities. But it is no less interesting to classical archaeologists. The chapel is erected on the solid foundations of an earlier building. This earlier building lay exactly to the west of the Temple of Zeus; its size and aspect are almost precisely those of the cella of the temple, and there was a very large door opening in the direction of the Altis. It is conjectured by the German excavators that this building was the celebrated workshop of Phidias, wherein the great chryselephantine statue of Zeus was put together in a space and a light almost exactly corresponding to those which awaited it in the cella of the Olympiæum. The piety of the people of Elis spared this workshop, and it was still shown in the days of Pausanias as one of the most venerated buildings of the district.

On the south of the Altis lay the Buleuterium, or Senate-house of Olympia. This is in shape a very remarkable building, and was erected piece by piece. From the sixth century B.C. dates one long narrow hall with apse. To this a second erection, of similar shape, was added in a few years. Then a smaller square building was set up between the two; and finally, in Roman times, all three buildings were united together by a porch with colonnades. Greek architecture did not easily lend itself to enlargements. When a building had become too small for the purposes to which it was appropriated, it was necessary either entirely to pull it down and rebuild, or to add a new building without. The strict architectural rules of the Greeks prevented them from altering the proportions of temples and halls. In the Senate-house sat the Olympian Senate, the body which was the final court of appeal in all matters relating to the

the festival—who inflicted fines on competitors, and to whom an appeal lay from the *Hellanodicæ*. Within this building, too, was the altar of Zeus, at which all competitors took a solemn oath to abide by the conditions of the contest, and to take no unfair advantage. After the oath their names were placed on the list, and read out to the assembled multitude. Here, too, was the treasury, whence the expenses of the feast and the sacrifices were defrayed.

Along the whole eastern side of the *Altis* ran long pillared galleries, which furnished a retreat in inclement weather to the Olympian throng, and possibly afforded them shelter at night. At least we know that the *Leonidæum*, which was in a line with these halls, was used as an inn by distinguished Roman visitors in the time of Pausanias. At the north-eastern corner of the *Altis* there was a covered way into the Stadium, which ran eastward from that point. It had been expected that the end or head of the Stadium would be placed in a recess of the hill of Cronus, such being the usual arrangement of the stadia of Greece. But such has not turned out to be the case here. The Olympian Stadium runs, not into the Cronion, but along at its base. And, in fact, in this way the hill would offer a better vantage-ground for spectators. It rises so steeply, that the crowd could stand, row above row, to the very top of the hill, and obtain a clear view of the course from the starting-point to the goal; though, of course, a less near view than could be had from the sides of the Stadium itself. These sides are specially made sloping for the convenience of spectators, so that as many as possible might see well. As they uncovered the marble slabs which marked the starting-place and the goal so eagerly looked forward to by the runners, the explorers must have felt such a pleasure as rarely falls to the lot of their kind.

We understand that the last year of researches, of which the official account has not yet appeared, has been as fruitful in results as any. On the west side more especially, between the *Altis* and the *Cladeus*, discoveries have thickened. The *Palæstra*, of which mention has already been made, has been cleared of earth, and the ground-plan laid bare, and another and larger gymnasium has been found farther to the south; and, farther to the north, a whole series of buildings and spaces appropriated to special sports, stadia for runners, and spaces for the practice of spear-throwers, and for the use of the discus. The *Heroûm* of the *Seer Iamus* has been brought to light, and the altar used by his descendants in their professional divination; also the foundations of numerous buildings used as residences by trainers and by athletes.

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As to all these discoveries we await fuller information. Indeed, as we look over the photographic plates of the great volumes, one of which is annually issued by the German Government to record progress in the excavations, we cannot help feeling that at present we are all overwhelmed by the extent of the new discoveries, and somewhat dazzled by the flood of light which they shed on many fields of archæology. By degrees only can we realize our gains; and, as years go on, we shall find more and more how much the Olympian excavations have added to our knowledge of Greek life and history.

When the celebrated eleventh day of the sacred month arrived, nothing was thought of but the athletic contest. Before the sun arose, every point of Cronium whence a good view could be obtained, every part of the Stadium, was thronged. Only the Hippodrome was deserted, for the contests of horses did not take place on the first day. And the throng still stood in the deep dust, as the day grew hotter and hotter; no one dared to leave his place for a moment, or it would be lost. Such light refreshment of food and drink as would support an abstemious Greek, each carried with him. No hats were allowed; every man must appear bareheaded in the presence of Zeus. Only when the sun went down, and there was no more light whereby to continue the contest, the people trooped away to their tents, and to snatch a hurried sleep before they thought of securing places for the next day. But neither heat nor dust, hunger nor thirst, could quench the general enthusiasm. At every skilful blow of a boxer, at every cunning throw of a wrestler, a tempest of cheers rent the air. And woe to the wretch who ventured on an unfair stroke, or who succumbed without a gallant struggle. He had to endure infinite cries of scorn until he escaped by flight from the hooting crowd. Fathers and teachers were near to encourage by their voices their sons and pupils who were engaged in the contests. We hear of one case in which a mother was present in male disguise to witness the victory of her sons. She was detected; but the Hellanodica, recognizing the irresistible force which urged a member of so athletic a stock into the neighbourhood of contests which touched her so nearly, left her unpunished. The water at Olympia was scarce and bad; the assembled people must have suffered terribly from thirst; but against another of the plagues of Greece, flies, they were protected, it is said by a special interposition of Zeus, who, in reply to a prayer of Hercules, drove the flies across the river. We cannot wonder that, as the festival recurred, sacrifices were continually offered to Zeus, the averter of flies.

In the times preceding the Persian wars, the whole of the Olympic

Olympic contest had been crowded into one day. But at the seventy-seventh celebration, night fell before the contests were completed, and it was resolved to extend the time. After that, five days were occupied; already Pindar, in one of his later odes, speaks of a five days' contest. Unfortunately, we cannot accurately trace the order in which the various competitions succeeded one another. The running probably came first, then the pentathlum, the decision of which occupied a considerable time. Then followed the horse-races and chariot-races, and the boxing and wrestling came last of all. Such, at least, seems to be the order indicated by Xenophon, who says that when the confederated Arcadians attacked Olympia in the midst of the 104th celebration of the festival, they arrived after the horse-races were over, and the running which formed part of the pentathlum, but before the wrestling. Pausanias says that in his time the running and the pentathlum preceded the contests in which horses took part. In our brief description of the games we will follow this same order; we will begin with the running and the kindred contests, then speak of the horse-races, and last of the wrestling and boxing.

The foot-races all took place in the Stadium. They were in number four. There was the single course, wherein the competitors ran one length of the Stadium or about two hundred yards; the double course, in which they ran once up and once down the stadium; the long race; and the armed race, in which each competitor had to carry on his left arm a shield. In each of these races, if the number of entries was considerable, there were various heats, and the winners of the heats contended again in the final and decisive race. We know from vases the attitudes of the runners. Those who were running a long distance clenched their fists and held their arms close to their sides like our runners. But those who were contending in the short and in the armed race swung their arms with violence backwards and forwards at each stride, or rather each spring, propelling themselves with their arms almost as much as with their legs. How this can have answered we scarcely know; yet if the custom had not led to success it would surely have been discontinued.

Next to the running came the pentathlum, which was, of all the contests, the most complicated. It comprised no less than five distinct competitions, and it would seem that in order to secure victory, it was necessary to win in three out of the five. First came leaping. The leaper held weights like our dumb-bells, called *halteres*, in his hands. He probably leaped standing. The leap was measured in length, not height; but

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as to the distance which a Greek athlete could cover we are in perplexity, being, as we said, unable to receive the statements of certain writers that fifty feet was sometimes covered. Next came the hurling of discus and spear. The discus, if we may judge from a specimen at present in the British Museum, weighed about twelve pounds. It was round and flat, and a skilful athlete, by putting all his weight into the throw, would sometimes hurl it nearly a hundred feet. The spear was thrown either with the hand or by means of a strap attached to it, the precise working of which is rather obscure. These three competitions—leaping, throwing the spear, and hurling the discus—were the chief and essential parts of the pentathlic contest. They did not recur at any other stage of the festival, and it is probable that any athlete who vanquished his competitors in all three exercises was adjudged winner of the prize. But when, as more usually happened, the first place in these three exercises was secured by different men, then the final award was determined by the result of a farther competition in running and wrestling, although both running and wrestling had separate crowns reserved for them at other stages of the festival. Thus it was necessary that the athlete who entered for the pentathlon should be skilled in many forms of exercise; and those who were distinguished in it were the most beautiful and accomplished men of Greece.

The horse-races at Olympia were very numerous. First in honour and importance was the race of four-horse chariots, wherein the kings and despots and the wealthiest of Greek nobles thought it an honour to be successful. Certain cities, such as Syracuse and Agrigentum, were so proud of the victories of their citizens at Olympia that they adopted the victorious quadriga as the normal type of their coins. The family which secured a victory in the chariot-race at once acquired a certain standing, and was looked up to even in the most democratic cities. Yet this victory must have rested in a great degree with fortune. For, as all the chariots had to turn round a pillar at the end of the course, collisions between them were excessively common. The best chariots might easily thus be wrecked and the worst survive. Thus, when Dionysius the Elder, Despot of Syracuse, contended at Olympia in the chariot-race, all the other competitors agreed to crush his quadriga, in order that the prize might not fall to one who had inflicted so much injury on Greeks, and ruined so many cities.

Besides the race of four-horse chariots there was a race of pair-horse chariots, of mule-chariots, of quadrigas of colts, and other chariots. Horses were also run out of harness. Philip of Macedon won in the single-horse race, and was so elated that he placed

placed on his coinage the victorious horse, with a jockey on his back and a wreath on his neck. This was in the same year in which his son Alexander was born and Potidæa fell into his hands, and he classed all three events together as splendid gifts of Fortune. But of course at Olympia he won no stakes, only an olive-wreath, and the name of having been victorious in the sacred contest.

To the equestrian contests succeeded wrestling, boxing, and the pancratium. The wrestling of the Greeks was as full of tricks and feints as that of modern times. As the Greeks wrestled quite naked, and rubbed themselves with oil before entering the lists, it must have been no easy matter to get a hold, and the ancients naturally thought a good grasp the better part of the battle. We learn that victory was bought with three throws; but it remains uncertain as to how throws were counted, and whether when the combatants had fallen they continued the struggle on the ground. The Greek boxers wound about their hands a strip of raw ox-hide, which seems to have been intended partly to protect the hand, and partly to moderate the force of blows, like our boxing-gloves. Certainly at its introduction it was not meant to inflict a cruel wound; the nail-studded cestus was unknown to the Greeks in early times. Peculiar to the Greeks was the pancratium, a mixture of boxing and wrestling—a cruel combat, continued whether standing or on the ground, until one of the contending athletes acknowledged himself defeated.

In these three competitions the competitors had, of course, to be drawn in pairs, and the Hellanodicæ managed this in a very business-like manner. They put into an urn two tesseræ marked A, two marked B, and so forth, the number of tesseræ corresponding to that of the competitors. The athletes then drew each a tessera at random, and the two who drew an A had to contend together, likewise the two who drew a B, and so on. If there was an uneven number of competitors one would have a letter to himself and so draw a bye. He was called the Ephedrus. Of course the victors in the first round drew again for opponents in the second round, thus proceeding until only two were left in.

When the toils and agonies of the Olympic contest were over, there followed the rewards of the victors. From the sacred olive-tree several branches, as many indeed as there were contests, were cut with a golden knife by a boy specially selected, both of whose parents must still be alive. Of each of these branches a wreath was made, and these wreaths were placed upon a brazen tripod in full view of the people. On the fifth day of the contest, the fifteenth of the sacred month, a solemn assembly was held, and the victors came up in order to receive their

their prizes. They wound woollen fillets round their heads, and over the fillets one of the Hellanodicæ placed the wreath, while another probably handed a palm. At the same moment a herald announced in loud tones the name and city of the athlete who was being crowned, together with the contest in which he had been victorious. On every announcement followed a burst of acclamation, and not the victor alone, but all his friends and relations felt a thrill of pride and delight, which extended even to all the spectators who could boast of being born in the same city.

Then followed a round of feasting and sacrifices. All the gods, whose protection the athletes had implored before the contest, were rewarded with sacrifices by those who attributed the victory to their favour and assistance. Again the magistrates of Elis were lavish with offerings at the altars of the Altis. To Zeus himself a whole hecatomb of oxen was brought; the victims were slaughtered, and with their flesh a great feast was made—a feast to which the people of Elis invited all the victorious athletes. Meantime, if these were wealthy, they would be, like Alcibiades, keeping open house for all their friends; if they were not, they had but to choose whom among their friends and townsfolk they would honour by accepting invitations to their tables. The poets were called in to write odes in honour of the victors and of all their ancestors. Sculptors were called in to execute portraits of them in bronze and marble, to be placed in the Altis for the study of all future generations. As they moved about, distinguished by the fillets they wore and their palms, they were ever the centres of admiring crowds, and followed by the eyes of all.

What became of the vanquished? Of them we hear but little. But it is to be feared that the Greeks did not treat athletes who had manfully striven and failed of success with that respect which they merited. We may fear that they often incurred undeserved hissing and ridicule; certainly they retired from the scene of contest, or hid themselves in the throng, and tried to escape notice. Respect for a vanquished competitor could never be counted among Greek virtues.

Soon Olympia began to empty. In groups and parties as they had come, the spectators dispersed. Only those who knew any of the victors formed a cortège about him, in order to lead him home in solemn procession. Travelling, they beguiled their way with song and merry-making. And as they approached their native city they began to prepare for a splendid reception. In the city the success of the athlete had been already announced, and his approach was expected. It was a white

white day; no work was done, but all the population crowded out to welcome him who had brought it into such honour. According to ancient usage, a part of the city-wall was thrown down in order that the hero might pass by a way not made vulgar by other footsteps. And so he entered to the notes of a triumphal song, written by a Pindar or Simonides and sung by the noblest-born of the city, passing over a path strewn with flowers towards the house of his father. Nor did the honours even then cease; ever after the hero was a man to be followed and respected. The proudest and wealthiest houses sought an alliance with him in marriage, his voice was listened to with respect in council, and in war the place of greatest honour and danger was specially reserved for him.

Such was the Olympian festival at its best, in the age between the Persian invasion of Greece and the Greek invasion of Persia. But it was not long before evil days came. The degradation of Greek athletic sports may be traced to several causes. The less pleasing of them—boxing and the pancratium—came more into favour and use, and at the same time changed their character. Boxing had, indeed, from early times been practised at Olympia, but was not at first savage in character. The early cestus was very unlike the cruel instrument made of iron and leather which suited the brutal tastes of the Romans, and which was even introduced in late times at Pytho and Olympia. The pancratium, in which two athletes were set together to fight with fists and feet and in wrestling until one confessed himself vanquished, must always have been a sport unfitted for gentlemen. At Sparta it was proscribed, it being contrary to the genius of the people that any one of them should allow that he was vanquished, even in sport. Yet for a time the victors in boxing and the pancratium are frequently men of the noblest and wealthiest Greek families—such as the Diagoridæ of Rhodes, and the wealthy Dorians of Ægina. It was only by degrees that the professional element among the competitors came in, and the gentlemanly spirit went out. The first Alexander of Macedon was proud to enter among the runners at Olympia; the third Alexander was indignant when such a course was suggested to him.

We cannot trace the change in detail, but only discern a landmark here and there. It was Dromeus of Stymphalus who, in the fifth century, substituted a meat diet for the previous regimen of cheese and figs, and ever after his time athletes who intended to be successful had to devour great quantities of flesh, a diet unnatural in the climate of Greece, and apt to produce sleepiness and slowness of wit. But it was Herodicus of Selymbria,

bria, a contemporary of Socrates, who ruined athletics, by introducing elaborate rules for eating and drinking and exercise. In fact, he first made training into a system, and discovered the fatal truth that, by scientific tending, the human body can be made, not healthy and beautiful, but muscular, and adapted to this or that special exercise. He, no doubt, improved the speed of the races and the skill of the wrestlings, but he spoiled athletics as a means of education for life and happiness. After his time, victory at Olympia became a thing which had to be worked for by special methods, instead of being the crown of a career good in itself. The competitors ceased to be drawn from the better classes: probably many of them trained for the games in order that they might make a living afterwards as professional trainers, or in order that they might secure the more substantial prizes allotted to victors in the Hellenistic cities of Asia. Instead of being an element in the life of all, athletic sports became the whole of the life of a special class.

We know that this lamentable change did not take place all at once. Sparta, in particular, true to her high traditions, opposed all specialization in the matter of athletics. In that city new tricks in athletic contests, and new methods of training, were not allowed; we even hear of youths who were chastised by the Ephori for attempting finesse in ball-play. But in all countries that which secures success must succeed; and there can be little doubt that the Olympian victory went more and more to the specialist. At the same time a complete change comes over the sentiments of poets, philosophers, and the leaders of Greek thought in relation to the games.

By an old custom of Athens an Olympian victor had a right to live at the public expense in the Prytaneum; by an old Spartan law he had a right in battle to stand next the King. In the time of Pindar a victorious athlete was placed almost among the demi-gods, and Dionysius the Elder offered the athlete Antipater a large sum if he would allow Syracuse to receive the credit of giving him birth. But in the time of Plato, thinking men were beginning to find the reverse of the medal. Xenophon makes Socrates complain that excess in some one sport spoils the symmetry of the body, runners acquiring thick legs and feeble shoulders, and boxers large shoulders and weak legs. Socrates's disciple, Euripides, declares athletes to be one of the greatest pests of Greece, and asks what throwing the discus and wrestling have to do with leading to wisdom and virtue. Perhaps in the strictures of this poet we may see too much of the sophist, who is inclined to value the intellectual faculties of his countrymen only, and to despise mere physical prowess. But some of the most distinguished



distinguished warriors of later Greece echo his sentiments as regards the value of athletes. Epaminondas declared that fleshy boxers and pancratiasts were of no good as soldiers, and dismissed them from his army. Alexander the Great cared not for athletic sports. When Philopœmen was urged to cultivate his natural gift of wrestling, he refused, saying that if he studied to become a better wrestler, he should become a worse soldier. Special diet and special training made athletes into a special class, and late writers do not tire of ridiculing them—their vast muscle and small wit, their extreme appetite for food and sluggishness in war, their sleepiness and stupidity. The great physician Galen sets his face against athletic training, though he of course thinks highly of bodily exercises. He declares the state of health of professional athletes to be most deceptive and precarious, and their strength to be of no use for any sound and practical purpose.

We may, then, easily account for the contempt in which the Romans held the Greek sports. They knew them only after they had passed their best. They considered that athletic sports unfitted for war; that they made men lazy, always hanging about the gymnasia, and quarrelling for want of something better to do. What specially disgusted the Romans was the Greek custom of entire nudity when at exercise. This custom suited neither the better nor the worse side of the Roman character. It offended the Roman sense of dignity and respectability; and at the same time it did not suit the hard and brutal fibre of the nation. Certain ugly vices attended the practice at gymnasia even in Greece. Among the coarser Romans these same vices would, had they adopted Greek manners, have been conspicuously in the foreground, and that in their worst and most vulgar form. The Greek who was luxuricus was so at least with something of refinement and grace; but the Roman who quitted his native hardness and sank into luxury was a mere swine, a repulsive spectacle to all who were not entirely corrupted.

From the time of Roman predominance to our own, military exercises superseded those which had reference merely to health and beauty. In most of the countries of the Continent it is still from military drill that the youth of the nation receives its physical training. Among ourselves there has been a great revival in the practice of athletic sports, which now occupy in our schools and Universities a place which is, in the opinion of many teachers, too large and too honourable. Whether they will retain that place or not will probably depend on their capacity to acknowledge a limit. It was excessive training and

extreme specialization which brought ruin on the athletic sports of Greece, which fell into disrepute so soon as they ceased to be a means and usurped the place of an end. As soon as it came about that a boxer must devote his life to boxing, and a wrestler to wrestling, and make himself fit for that at the expense of becoming unfit for everything else, then all men of sense and dignity began to despise both boxing and wrestling. We need not surely apply the lesson to English sports, or point out to our own youth the danger and discredit which threaten their favourite pursuits, unless they take to heart the teaching of history, and pursue the middle course in which lies safety.

We cannot conclude this paper without venturing to express some of the deep gratitude which scholars of all nations must feel to the German Government, the Emperor, and the nation, for undertaking the Olympian excavations and carrying them to so successful a completion. The expenditure has been very great—we believe some 50,000*l.*—and Germany gets nothing in return except the privilege of publishing the antiquities discovered. Not only the marbles, but the terra-cottas, bronzes, and coins remain at Olympia, or at all events in Greece. The actual work of excavation has been admirably accomplished by a staff of savants who have thought of nothing but the good of science. Casts have been supplied to the chief museums of Europe, French and English visitors have been cordially welcomed and conducted through the trenches, and information freely furnished to those who sought it by letter. It would be hard to find an instance of national expenditure wherein the special country which made the outlay profited less, or wherein that Science which belongs to all countries profited more.

ART. VII.—*The Newspaper Press Directory and Advertiser's Guide. Thirty-fifth Annual Issue.* London, 1880.

IT is a commonplace of criticism to say that the history of the Newspaper Press of England has yet to be written. Times without number the work has been attempted, but it still remains unachieved. Mr. Knight Hunt, indeed, once produced a sketch of the history of English journals, under the title of 'The Fourth Estate,' on which succeeding essayists have largely drawn; and Mr. James Grant, the quondam editor of the 'Morning Advertiser,' found time, after severing his connection with that journal, to compile three huge volumes, in which he embodied a number of anecdotes, more venerable than veracious, and retailed a host of

of gossiping reports concerning existing journals and journalists, all more amusing than accurate. Five-and-twenty years ago a Mr. Blakey, otherwise unknown to fame, produced a history of political literature, which embodied a species of memoir of the newspaper press in its earlier days; but it was dull, unreadable, and untrustworthy. Cyrus Redding and, incidentally, some half-dozen more English journalists, have produced a great number of sketches, essays, and descriptive articles, but without adding much to the stock of knowledge on the subject. The experienced 'general reader' knows the whole thing by heart, and is apt to turn with some disgust from the often-repeated stories of 'fighting Parson Bate' and Daniel Stuart; Captain Sterling the 'Thunderer'; the first printing of the 'Times' by steam; Coleridge and Charles Lamb; the early days of the 'Morning Chronicle' and the genesis of the 'Daily News.' When all is done, the English people care little for the records of a dead past, and still less for those who composed them. There are indeed few occupations more melancholy than that of turning over a newspaper-file, and contemplating the vast amount of admirable writing, wit, sagacity and practical common-sense imbedded in its pages. 'Journalism,' said one of the best of modern conversationists, 'is the grave of genius,' and a recently published letter of the late Gustave Flaubert very strikingly emphasizes the saying. Hardly a day goes by without the appearance in the columns of the daily press of some essay or leading article worthy of a place amongst the English classics. The student is referred to the Whig essayists of the reign of Queen Anne for models of style and for standards of literary excellence; but it is no exaggeration to say that the daily and weekly press of London alone produces, in a single year, more that is remarkable in these respects than the whole newspaper press of Great Britain during the eighteenth century. Unfortunately, the work dies as soon as it is born. The newspaper is bought and read and forgotten in an hour: like the dinner which gave rise to the reflections of Matilda in the 'Anti-Jacobin'—'it is taken away as soon as it is over, and we regret it not! It returns again with the return of appetite. The beef of to-morrow will succeed to the mutton of to-day, as the mutton of to-day succeeded to the veal of yesterday.'

It is perhaps remarkable that so steady and so constant a supply of really excellent literary work should be available for the newspaper press, when those who produce it are of necessity fully aware of the ephemeral character of all they write. With the multiplication of newspapers, however, an immense change

has come over the character of literary work, and the trade of authorship has lost its solemnity. Half a century ago Thackeray could speak, in his inimitable tone of banter, of the reverence with which the world outside regarded those who were in the habit of spoiling paper—when to shake hands with a real live author was an honour to be grateful for, and when one marked with a white stone in his memory the day on which he ‘saw Brown, who had written a magazine article, walking in the Park with his umbrella and Mrs. Brown.’ All that is changed nowadays. Education of the higher type is more widely diffused, and a large proportion of the mental energy, which would otherwise expend itself in vocal debate and discussion, now finds its way into print. To this consideration may be added the fact, that there is a sufficient demand for newspapers to make the profession of journalism a tolerably profitable one. No one, indeed, was ever known to make a fortune by writing for a newspaper; but a man who, like Captain Shandon, can write a ‘slashing leader’ is able without much difficulty or very hard work to earn from fifteen to twenty guineas a-week on the staff of a London daily paper. These are, of course, the prizes of the profession; but the average pay of journalists is fairly good, and they have always the satisfaction of knowing that ‘every private carries in his knapsack the bâton of the Field Marshal.’ The junior reporter of a country newspaper-office, if possessed of capacity, intelligence, and industry, may, after no unreasonable probation, rise to editorship and the receipt of an income quite equal to that of a fairly well-placed Civil Servant of the Crown: whilst a ‘newspaper man,’ with a good connection and capable of writing in a popular fashion on questions of the day, may generally rely upon making at least a decent living.

Putting aside all questions of the quality of newspapers, and of the character and abilities of those who write in them, it is not to be denied that they hold a very important place in the economy of English daily life, or that their number and importance are rapidly and continuously increasing. During the earlier years of the century they were somewhat of the nature of a luxury. The Stamp Duty was high, and the Excise pressed with extreme severity upon all who were concerned in their production, while the onerous rates of postage had a great effect in checking the diffusion of the news of the day. The reduction of the Stamp Duties and the introduction of the Penny Postage gave the first great stimulus to English journalism, and from 1836 to the present day the impulse has never lost its force. Ten years after the reduction of the Stamp Duty to one penny, Mr. C. Mitchell published the first edition  
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of 'The Newspaper Press Directory,' a neat little duodecimo, a great part of which is occupied with historical and didactic matter, but which is now swollen to an imposing volume in extra imperial octavo, of 222 pages, closely printed in double, triple, and even quadruple columns, all of the most severely commercial character. From various issues of this work, supplemented from other sources, certain facts may be obtained which are not without interest.

The first edition of this Directory was, as has been said, published in 1846. In that year the daily newspapers in the United Kingdom numbered 14; 12 of which were published in London and 2 in Dublin. At the present time London alone has 18 daily newspapers—13 morning and 5 evening; 56 morning and 40 evening papers are published in the English provinces; 3 morning and 1 evening in Wales; 14 morning and 7 evening in Scotland; 13 morning and 4 evening in Ireland; one morning paper is published in the Isle of Man, and one in Jersey, making a total of no fewer than 157 daily papers in the United Kingdom. This, however, is not the only indication of growth. In 1846 the total number of daily and weekly papers published in the United Kingdom was stated at 551; 130 of which had their origin in London; 226 in the English provinces; 8 in Wales, 79 in Scotland, 92 in Ireland, and 16 in the Islands. By 1851 the number had increased only to 563, of which additions, one only—the 'Express,' an evening edition of the 'Daily News,' now discontinued—was published in London. The abolition of the Stamp Duty in 1856 brought about an immense change. New papers were started on every hand, so that with the decade 1851–1861 the number was almost doubled, the actual figures being for the latter year 1102, as against 563 for the former. This increase is the more remarkable when it is compared with the figures for the five preceding decennial periods, which show that there were in 1821 but 267 newspapers of every kind in the United Kingdom. In 1831 the number had risen to 295; in 1841 to 472; in 1851 to 563; and in 1861, by this sudden bound, to 1102. The effect of the removal of restrictive taxation is somewhat curiously displayed in these figures. The Stamp Duty, it will be remembered, was reduced in 1836, and the effect of the reduction may be seen in the sudden bound of the decade, 1831–41, when the periodical press increased by 177, as compared with 28 in the preceding decennial period. Amongst the journals started during these years was one which has a curious and somewhat melancholy interest. This was the 'Constitutional,' a journal which began with every prospect of success, and which in a very few months practically

practically ruined everybody connected with it. Yet if genius of the most varied kind, wit and literary ability could have made the fortune of a newspaper, the 'Constitutional' would have been a great success. Its editor was Laman Blanchard. Thornton Hunt—the T. H. of 'Elia,' and in later years the editor of the 'Daily Telegraph,' was sub-editor. Thackeray was Paris correspondent; and on the regular staff of the paper were Douglas Jerrold, Sir William Molesworth—an ardent Liberal, who was once hissed by the mob because he had edited the works of Hobbes of Malmesbury—and Sir E. Lytton-Bulwer—afterwards Lord Lytton. With such a staff it might have been thought that the success of the venture was assured, but it failed, as so many promising schemes have failed before and since, for lack of capital. The total sum at the command of the projectors was no more than some 8000*l.*, and, although money was probably twice as valuable in 1836 as it is in 1880, that sum sufficed to keep the paper alive for some seven or eight months only.

Twenty years after the reduction of the Stamp Duty, that impost was wholly repealed, with the immediate effect of creating a new London daily paper—the 'Morning Star.' The history of this paper is very curious and interesting. It was originally started to advocate the principles of the Manchester school of politics—Free-Trade, peace at any price, non-intervention, and the rest of those more extreme principles, which seem to have suddenly laid so strong a hold upon the English popular sentiment. It is said that it commenced its not too successful career with a capital of something less than 4500*l.*, to which Mr. Cobden contributed 250*l.* Singularly enough, the paper was at no time a success. Mr. Edmund Yates contributed for a considerable time a weekly column of gossip under the heading of 'The Flâneur;' the Dissenting interest was conciliated by every possible means, and some time before its death the 'Star' absorbed a feeble weekly print which had been floated on the joint-stock principle and for the advocacy of political dissent by the Rev. Mr. Thomas, and which bore the name of the 'Dial.' In spite of every effort, however, the 'Star' never became a really popular organ. Its circulation at no time rose above 15,000 a day, while its advertisements were always few in number, and of the class which do not command a high price. Constant demands were consequently made upon the proprietors, so that it is estimated that in the fifteen years of its existence their hobby cost them as much as 80,000*l.* The death of the journal was worthy of its life. Tired of the amusement of spending money unprofitably, the proprietors of the 'Morning Star and Dial' turned

turned their property over to the 'Daily News' in 1870, in consideration of a sum of 8000*l.*, and announced that its *raison d'être* had ceased, inasmuch as the country had finally accepted all those democratic principles for the propagation of which it had been established.

Shortly before the appearance of the 'Star,' two rather notable additions were made to the daily press of London in the shape of the 'Daily Telegraph' and of the 'Clerkenwell News.' The history of the former journal is tolerably well known, and its later successes have effaced the recollections of its earlier failures. The founder and first proprietor was Colonel Sleigh, a gentleman of great courage and energy, but possessed of hardly sufficient capital to make a cheap paper a paying speculation. In his hands, however, the 'Telegraph' attained such a measure of success, that when under other auspices it was boldly issued at the price of a penny, it speedily took a prominent place, and now justifies the boast of its proprietors that it has 'the largest circulation in the world.' It did not, however, attain to its high position without passing through considerable vicissitudes. The proprietors were bold enough and energetic enough, but there were times of difficulty when it was a question whether the necessary funds would be forthcoming for the next day's issue. But for the boldness and self-sacrifice of the then manager—Mr. Ralph Harrison, who afterwards transferred his services to the 'Birmingham Daily Gazette,' and who is now the proprietor of the 'Marylebone Mercury'—it could at one time have hardly surmounted its difficulties. The 'Clerkenwell News' had a different history. Beginning as a local sheet for the district indicated by its title, with special attractions in the way of cheap advertisements, it very rapidly developed itself as a newspaper of the ordinary type. A daily instead of a weekly issue was found desirable, and an office for advertisements was opened in Fleet Street. The title was next altered by the addition of the words 'and Daily Chronicle,' and before very long the new name had displaced the old. Passing after a while into the hands of Mr. Edward Lloyd, proprietor of one of the most successful of Sunday newspapers, it has now fairly taken its place amongst the morning journals, and has established its claim to be regarded as the organ of the most advanced school of Radical politicians.

One other attempt to create a London daily paper belongs to this period. The debates of 1866 and 1867 on the proposals for a reform of the representative system resulted, as most readers will remember, in a fresh schism in the ranks of the Liberal party. The moderate party, nicknamed Adullamites by Mr. Bright,



Bright, seceded from their more advanced colleagues, in anger at the reduction of the franchise which found favour with them. They were not particularly numerous or of special influence in the political world, but they believed that they represented a large class of the English people, and were in consequence induced, without much difficulty, to launch a newspaper for the support of their views. This was the 'Day,' a well-printed and well-meaning, but rather feeble sheet, which might have become a success but for the want of capital and perhaps also some want of judgment in the expenditure of what money was raised. As it was, the paper lived only for six weeks, and by its death left no appreciable gap in the newspaper world. During that short period, however, it absorbed as much as 12,000*l*. It may conveniently be observed in this place that but two attempts have since been made to establish daily papers in London. One, which made its first appearance on the 24th of March, 1873, was the 'Hour,' founded and edited by Captain Hamber, the former editor of the 'Standard' and at present of the 'Morning Advertiser.' The 'Hour' was intended to serve as an organ of Conservative principles, and was thoroughly independent in character. Its 'leaders' were pointed and well written, and there was an unmistakable tone of culture and urbanity, about them which ought to have made the paper popular. For some reason it failed to hit the public taste, and after an existence of about three years, during which it suffered grievously from the lack of capital, it expired in 1876. The other journal was the 'Daily Express,' which made its appearance in 1878. The small amount of capital at the command of its projector was raised by subscription amongst the representatives of the more extreme section of the High Church party, but their resources were speedily exhausted. A further appeal was made to the clergy and to the wealthy laity, but without much effect, and at the end of a couple of months the paper faded out of existence, in spite of the efforts of its editor, who brought to his ungrateful task the experience of seventeen years in the editorial chair of the 'Morning Herald' and of the 'Standard.'

The year 1870 was marked in newspaper history by the reduction of the postal rate. Up to that time the charge had been a penny for four ounces; it was now reduced to one half-penny for six, the extension of weight being generally understood to be made in the interest of the 'Times.' Whether this belief be well or ill founded it is of course impossible to say; but it is certain that the change has been an enormous boon to the proprietors of the 'Times,' whose already immense property is currently reported to have doubled in value during the  
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past ten years. It was at first believed that the reduction in the postal rate would produce a considerable increase in the number of London papers. Nothing of the kind has, however, occurred. A new journal called the 'Financier,' launched in 1870, and devoted to the affairs of the Money-market, is the only real addition made to the London daily press for many years. The change has not been in the number of papers, but in the astounding increase in the circulation of those already existing. A few years ago a circulation of forty or fifty thousand a day was thought to be something phenomenal: now the 'Daily Telegraph' alone circulates to the number of more than a quarter of a million per diem. The 'Standard' treads closely upon its heels with a daily circulation—in which, however, both morning and evening issues are included—of about 180,000; while the issues of the 'Times' and of the 'Daily News' are understood to reach about 100,000 and 170,000 respectively. It does not, of course, follow that this enormous increase in the circulation of the London daily papers is confined to the capital, though with its vast population it could no doubt absorb an even greater number of papers than it produces. The provinces take a surprising quantity—so many, in fact, that the hour of 'going to press' with the daily papers has within the last few years been modified to meet the provincial demand. The existing state of things is due in a great measure, if not wholly, to the energy of one man. It may possibly be remembered that when Mr. Pigott was appointed to the post of Controller of the Stationery Office, the Liberal party discovered that Lord Beaconsfield had perpetrated a disgraceful job in promoting him. Amongst those who defended the appointment was Mr. W. H. Smith, who, in reply to the remark that Mr. Pigott knew nothing of stationery or printing, pointed out that practical knowledge was not always the best test of a good administrator. This remark he illustrated by his own action with regard to the business of which he is the head. He had, he remarked, appointed as his representative a gentleman who not merely had had no experience of news-agency, but who was one whose antecedents might be thought peculiarly unsuited to the manager of a vast business. Mr. Smith was then referring to the present head of the business part of his firm, Mr. Lethbridge, who was until 1862 one of the masters of a public school. Since Mr. Lethbridge assumed the management of the business of 186 Strand, it has grown enormously, and the greatest extension has occurred since the institution of the 'newspaper trains' in 1876. These trains, the idea of which  
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is, we believe, entirely due to Mr. Lethbridge, start at a quarter or half-past five every morning from the termini of the Great Western, North-Western, Midland, and Great Northern Railways, for the express purpose of carrying the London newspapers into the great manufacturing districts of central and northern England and of the southern half of Scotland. Passengers are, of course, carried, but the circulation of the London newspapers is the *raison d'être* of the trains. What their effect is, may be judged by the fact that those papers, which are folded and sorted *en route*, are delivered to subscribers in Bristol at a few minutes after 9 A.M.; in York by 10 o'clock; in Newcastle by noon; in Birmingham by half-past 7; in Stafford by half-past 8; in Manchester soon after 10, and in Liverpool soon after 11 o'clock. Although, however, many thousands of copies of the London papers are thus absorbed daily, the provincial press is stronger than ever, and the circulation of news more extended.

It is obvious that this vast increase of circulation could never have been achieved whilst machinery and mechanical appliances remained as they were even twenty years ago. So long as newspapers were printed from movable types and on machines of the kind now used exclusively for bookwork, their circulation was necessarily limited; but by the introduction of a cheap and rapid method of stereotyping, by the improvements in paper-making machinery, by which paper can be produced in webs of practically unlimited length, and by the construction of printing-machines which can be worked at a high rate of speed, and which print from the ribbon of paper on both sides at a single operation, a complete revolution has been effected. The changes are, indeed, somewhat startling. There are many men now living who can remember the flourish of trumpets which hailed the announcement that the 'Times' was printed by steam. A single machine did the work, and was found amply sufficient for it. Now everything is changed. The machinery, which served for the limited demand of fifty years ago, was first displaced by the cylinder-machines of Messrs. Hoe, and later by the 'perfecting' machines of the same firm, by the Walter presses in use at the 'Times' and many other offices, by the Marinoni, the Victory, and several other forms of mechanical appliance. The principle is pretty much the same in all, and took its rise in the happy thought of an Italian working-man to use *papier mâché* as the material of the moulds for stereotypes, by which it first became possible to print from cylinders. In all the old forms of printing-machines the type was a flat surface, while the paper was impressed upon it by a cylinder: in  
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all the new machinery the type is placed on the periphery of a cylinder, which is brought in contact with another cylinder around which the paper passes.

For the benefit of the non-professional reader it may be well to explain this matter somewhat minutely. Ordinary printing is, as all the world knows, executed by passing a roller charged with printing-ink over the surface of a number of types properly arranged for the purpose, laying on a piece of paper, and subjecting the whole to pressure, with the effect of transferring the ink from the type to the paper. Stereotyping, until within the last few years, was effected by making a cast in plaster-of-Paris from the type as set up, into which melted metal having been poured, a reproduction of the original type was obtained, from which it was easy to print. The same plan is still adopted for bookwork; but it has two great disadvantages, one being that the stereo-plate is of necessity flat, and so adapted for use only in machines which print at a comparatively low rate of speed, while the other arises from the extremely brittle character of the mould, which prevents more than a few reproductions being obtained without a fresh plaster-cast.

Under these circumstances stereotyping made but little way for many years. Electrotyping was tried; but although the process has been found eminently successful in multiplying copies of wood-engravings and for similar purposes, it has never been used in newspaper-work, chiefly because the process is too slow in its operation. Somewhere about the year 1857, however, the idea of using paper as the material for stereotype-moulds appears to have come into existence. The real inventor, it is hardly necessary to say, has not profited very largely by his ingenuity, thus affording a fresh illustration of Mr. Ruskin's theory, that the best work is the worst rewarded. There has been but little change in the process since it first came into use. The 'forme' of type having been 'locked up'—in other words, the separate types having been firmly enclosed in their case or 'chase'—is laid upon an iron plate heated by gas or steam. On the surface of the type the operator lays a sheet of fine, white, hard-surfaced writing-paper, well saturated with water, which in turn is overlaid with about half-a-dozen thickly pasted sheets of softer and more absorbent material. In the infancy of the process this mass of *papier mâché* was beaten for some time with a brush, in order to drive the saturated sheets into the interstices of the type. That system is now abandoned, and the sheets are simply subjected to exceedingly heavy pressure under a roller coated thickly with indiarubber, which not merely  
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forces the mould into the type, but squeezes out the superfluous moisture. A sheet of very strong, thick, and hard paper is then pasted to the back of the mould, and in a short time the whole is ready for removal. Heat and pressure have dried the mass of *papier mâché* sufficiently, and it is now fit to pass into the foundry. The rough edges are trimmed off, and the moulder, taking the cardboard still hot from the stereotyper's hands, places it in a semi-cylindrical box of iron, the inner surfaces of which are gauged to fit the cylinders of the printing-machine with mathematical accuracy. By the side of the moulder is a caldron of melted type-metal, fed from time to time with the broken plates of the night before. As soon as the mould is fairly adjusted within the box, he takes a ladle of a size sufficient to contain the metal for a complete page, and having filled it from his caldron, cools it gently until it is in such a condition as not to burn the mould, and then dexterously pours the liquid metal into the iron box. Two or three minutes suffice to cool it, and then the box is opened; the plate is carried to the plane; the moulder recommences operations, and in ten minutes more the first mould—a page of the paper—is in course of being screwed upon one of the cylinders of the machines from which to-morrow morning's paper is to be printed. In this way in the course of a little over an hour the foundrymen are able to turn out the six or more complete sets of stereo-plates necessary to supply the machines. These plates being all fixed in their proper places on the cylinders, the end of the ribbon of paper is drawn from the reel, and the work of printing begins. Each reel of paper is on an average 46 inches wide, and three and a half miles in length, there being, of course, variations with different papers. Taking 56 inches as the average length of the journal, each reel thus contains the paper on which about 4000 copies will be printed. The most rapid of the perfecting machines can, it is said, be worked up to 12,000 per hour. In practice, however, it is found that this speed is excessive, producing an amount of wear in the machinery wholly disproportioned to the result. The machines are in consequence seldom worked at a greater rate than that of 7000 or 8000 per hour, and they have to be frequently stopped in order that the fresh reels of paper may be put on. Some idea of the magnitude of the interests involved in a London daily newspaper of the first rank may be formed from these figures. A little calculation based upon them will show that the combined issues for a single day of the 'Times,' 'Telegraph,' 'Standard,' and 'Daily News,' if placed end to end, would form a continuous line

line of nearly 600 miles, or about the distance between London and Berlin.\*

Hitherto we have spoken only of the London daily press. That of the provinces is perhaps even more important, and certainly more influential in its respective localities—at all events, we have Mr. Gladstone's word for it. It is impossible in truth to disguise the fact that London is not the power it once was, and that the great provincial towns grow in importance with every successive day. There are literally millions of persons of wealth, position, and influence in these great provincial centres who do not pass a night in London from one year to another. A couple of generations ago a journey of two hundred or three hundred miles was a serious business, only to be undertaken in case of grave necessity, and implying a stay in the capital of a length proportioned to the time consumed in getting there. Nowadays, when an express train brings the merchant or the manufacturer from the heart of the producing districts to London in from three to five hours, and when Pullman cars, sleeping-cars, and dining-saloons on wheels make travelling a pleasure instead of a toil, men of business seldom stay in London, but absorb themselves more than ever in their local interests and local affairs. Hence it is that the provincial daily press has risen into power within the last thirty-five years. The old-fashioned weekly sheet, mainly devoted to local news and local markets, has in a great number of instances given place to a daily paper, thoroughly well edited, and containing, thanks to the telegraph and to the various agencies for the transmission of information, all the news of the day simultaneously with the London papers. As is natural, the manufacturing districts have the largest number of journals; but the seaports of Bristol, Liverpool, and Hull, are not behind in the

\* Large though these figures are, they are altogether outdone by the statistics of the American newspaper press, for which we are indebted to the 'Right Hand Record,' published by an enterprising advertising agent, named Hubbard, of New Haven, Connecticut. In the North American Continent (United States and Canada), there are published no fewer than 10,131 newspapers: 899 daily; 8428 weekly, tri-weekly, and semi-weekly; 804 monthly and semi-monthly. The total circulation of a single issue of these papers—omitting 1920 not given and presumably unimportant—amounts to 20,677,538 copies, divided as follows: dailies, 3,540,156; weekly, tri-weekly, and bi-weekly, 13,511,424; monthly and bi-monthly, 3,625,958. The total for the year is 1,836,473,592 copies. Taking an ordinary newspaper at its average measure of 4000 sheets solid to the cubic foot, one issue of all these piled up would measure 5170 feet in height, or for a whole year 458,119 feet—more than 87 miles. Counting them all at the average size of 27 x 41 inches, and placed end to end, one issue would extend 70,648,255 feet = 13,380 miles; for one year, 6,274,618,106 feet (or 1,188,374 miles)—over 47 times round the earth, and five times the distance of the earth from the moon.

race. A brief summary of the present condition of the provincial daily press may not be out of place in this connection.

For convenience' sake we take the papers in the alphabetical order of the towns in which they are published. First on the list comes a halfpenny print, the 'Ashton Evening Reporter,' a small sheet of strongly Liberal politics, published in Ashton-under-Lyne, and boasting a circulation of about 5000 a day. From its columns the matter is 'lifted' to make up a weekly paper for the district around that busy centre. Bath boasts two daily papers, the 'Argus' and the 'Chronicle,' both published in the evening, and both connected with weekly papers of the same names. Birmingham, as becomes a town where political feeling has always been at high pressure, has two morning and two evening papers. The 'Daily Gazette' ably represents the Conservative interest in the morning, and an offshoot from it—the 'Daily Globe'—which is conducted with great spirit and enterprise, appears in the evening; while readers of Liberal proclivities find their needs supplied by the 'Daily Post' and 'Daily Mail.' The Liberalism of the 'Daily Post' is, it is perhaps hardly necessary to say, of an exceedingly pronounced and somewhat bitter type—qualities which also apply to the weekly issue of this paper. This weekly issue, it may be remarked, is rendered palatable by a large admixture of light literature and fiction. The love of the working classes in our great manufacturing towns for sport in all its forms is curiously illustrated by the fact that in this town it is found possible to carry on successfully a morning and evening 'Sporting News,' wholly devoted to racing and similar subjects. Bradford is well supplied with daily papers. The 'Daily Chronicle' is a halfpenny sheet published at noon, which contains an excellent summary of news, both general and local, and which advocates constitutional principles in a manner which has elicited very general approbation. Its rival is the 'Daily Telegraph,' which boasts a circulation of over four million copies per annum—or, roughly speaking, about 13,000 a day. The only morning paper published in the town is the 'Observer,' established as a weekly paper in the interests of the Liberal party in 1834. Bolton, from its nearness to Manchester, of which city it is indeed practically a suburb, requires no morning paper, but it supports one Conservative evening paper—the 'Daily Chronicle'—and two in the Liberal interest—the 'Evening Guardian' and the 'Evening News.' Brighton, in spite of its proximity to London, supports two morning papers and one evening—the 'Brighton Daily News,' the 'Sussex Daily News,' and the 'Brighton



'Brighton and Sussex Daily Post'—the two former being Liberal, and the third Conservative in politics. Their circulation is, however, somewhat limited, that of the last-mentioned being admitted by its proprietors to amount to no more than 4000 a day. In striking contrast to the small local press of the fashionable watering-place is that of the active and enterprising city of Bristol. The interests of the Conservative party are there represented by the 'Daily Times and Mirror,' a four-page paper, containing twenty-eight or thirty-two long and closely printed columns. On Saturdays the sheet is doubled, and contains fifty-six columns. This journal is one of the oldest in existence, it having come into being as 'Felix Farley's Bristol Journal' as long ago as 1714. It was in it, as most readers will remember, that Chatterton published the first of his forgeries—an account of the opening of the old bridge, signed 'Dunhelmus Bristolensis.' After many vicissitudes, 'Farley' was absorbed in the 'Bristol Times' in 1853, which thereupon became the 'Times and Journal,' under which title it was published until 1865, when, having absorbed the 'Mirror,' it took its present name. It is a journal conducted with very great spirit, and its leading articles, which are mainly the work of a gentleman well known in other departments of literature, are unusually clever and brilliant. The Independent Liberal 'Western Daily Press,' however, runs it hard, and has certainly a somewhat larger share of that life-blood of a daily newspaper—advertisements. For Liberals of a more advanced type—Liberals, that is to say, of the school of the sitting Members for the city—the 'Bristol Mercury' caters with considerable success. This is also a paper of some antiquity, its first number having been published on the 1st of March, 1790. A halfpenny 'Evening News' is also published in Bristol, at the office of the 'Daily Press,' whose politics it of course reflects.

Passing over, with a mere mention of their names, the 'Derlington Northern Echo' (a Liberal evening journal strongly resembling its metropolitan namesake), the 'Derby Daily Telegraph' (also Liberal in politics), the 'Dewsbury Reporter' (Liberal), the 'Exeter Daily Telegraph' (Conservative), the 'Western Times' (Radical), the (Hanley) 'Stafford Sentinel' (Liberal)—all morning papers published at a halfpenny—and the 'Bury Echo' (Liberal), 'Cheltenham Evening Telegram' (Conservative), the 'Derby Evening Gazette' (Liberal), 'Exeter Evening Express' (Liberal), 'Gloucester Citizen' (Liberal), 'Hartlepool Evening Mail' (Liberal), we come to the town of Huddersfield, which supports an 'independent' 'Daily Chronicle' and a Radical 'Evening Examiner.' Hull, like Huddersfield,

field, supports a morning and an evening paper, the 'Eastern Morning News' and the 'Hull Express,' two journals which their proprietor describes as 'independent,' and which really deserve that title. As a general rule it is assumed by the proprietors of Liberal journals published in districts where the Conservative element is too strong for undiluted Radicalism to be palatable. Another journal of the same type is published at Ipswich—the 'East Anglian Daily Times'—but it maintains its independent character rather by eschewing general politics, and by reporting local matters at considerable length.

Leeds, which comes next upon the list, boasts one of the oldest Liberal papers in England in the 'Mercury,' established in 1718. This journal has an almost historical reputation, and has been the property of the Baines family for several generations. Not merely is it conducted with great ability on the literary side, and with equal courage and enterprise on the commercial, but its character is deservedly high. Foul advertisements, which are so lucrative a source of income to less scrupulous journals, have never sullied its columns; and though it is in the heart of a sporting district, no sporting intelligence, and even no theatrical news, finds a place in it. The Puritanism which excludes such matters may be somewhat narrow, but it is impossible not to admire the spirit of self-sacrifice which prompts it. Once a week a supplement is issued at the price of an extra penny. This supplement is somewhat peculiar in character, and deserves a word of special notice. It contains a summary of news, principally 'lifted' from the daily issues of the 'Mercury,' three or four short leading articles, and a number of those little paragraphs upon current politics which it is the fashion of the day to call 'leaderettes,' a London letter, and an article of gossiping comment on local and general matters, carefully written to suit the provincial dissenting mind. In these arrangements the weekly supplement of the 'Leeds Mercury' differs from the supplements issued by a host of other papers only in the fulness and neatness of its execution. Its special feature is the great amount of more or less amusing literary matter which it publishes every week. What that is may be seen from the contents of a single number. First comes 'The Bibliomaniac: an occasional paper'—an article a column and a half in length of the type familiar to the readers of such publications as 'Chambers's Journal.' Next is a summary of Mrs. Garrett Anderson's latest socio-medical utterance, the subject being 'Educational Pressure.' Then follow two closely-printed columns on 'The Intricacies of Fifteen'—that American puzzle which has exercised so many people during the last few months

months—succeeded by another two columns devoted to Charles Waterton, the Yorkshire naturalist. Pages 2-5 are occupied by the summary of news; and on page 6 the 'Literary Miscellany' recommences with a copy of passable verses of the usual 'poet's corner' order, and a story apparently reprinted from an American magazine. Then come three columns of extracts from the magazines, a column devoted to chess (games and problems), and a column upon draughts. Three columns of general news and markets complete page 7, and on page 8 is a very miscellaneous collection of matter. A column is given to 'the lawyer's corner,' which is stated to be edited by a barrister. One half of it is devoted to the concluding paragraphs of a brief essay on election law, and the remainder to answers to correspondents on legal matters. A column is also given to 'Nature and Science'—short articles and reports of local scientific societies. The children are treated with a column and a half; half a column is devoted to the inevitable 'wit and humour,' and the remainder of the paper is taken up with 'local notes and queries,' antiquarian and philological, which are remarkably well done, and of unusual interest. The forty-eight columns of this supplement thus form not merely a weekly newspaper, but a local weekly magazine of considerable merit.

The 'Yorkshire Post,' which represents the Conservative party in Leeds, and indeed in Yorkshire, is hampered by no scruples as to the propriety of sport, and daily devotes a considerable amount of space to turf matters. Apart from them, the 'Post' is conducted with unusual ability. Its leading articles and literary reviews are admirably written, and are invariably characterized by great good taste and refinement. As usual, there are two evening papers in Leeds—the 'Daily News' (Conservative) and the 'Express' (Liberal), both of which enjoy a very respectable circulation.

Liverpool, as becomes the important city which serves as the main outlet from Great Britain to the Western Continent, is the headquarters of a great number of newspapers. It is a somewhat singular fact that only one of the daily journals is published in the interests of those Conservative principles which are unquestionably held by the majority of the citizens. The 'Liverpool Courier' is, however, very energetically conducted, and its proprietors are able to boast that their journal is the only one in the city which possesses a private telegraphic wire. The interests of Liberalism are cared for in the daily press by the 'Liverpool Daily Post,' a journal of much ability and of high character. Its leading articles are generally extremely well written, and are distinguished by a fairness of tone not

always to be found in the columns of Liberal journals. The literary reviews are also much above the average of provincial journalism. A special organ of the shipping interest, neutral in politics, but indispensable to all who have business in the city, is found in the 'Telegraph and Shipping Gazette,' whose name indicates its aim and character. The 'Liverpool Mercury' is an old-established and respectable morning paper of no very marked individuality of character, but professing what are described as 'independent Liberal principles.' Three evening papers supply the wants of the town—the 'Albion,' an old-established paper of large circulation, and essentially of the 'family' type, which has lately gone over to the Conservative side in politics; the 'Echo,' an echo of the 'Daily Post;' and the 'Evening Express,' an independent print, which boasts itself to be 'the best evening paper in the district,' and which has latterly offered its support to the Conservative party. One other daily paper should not be forgotten—the 'Liverpool and Southport Daily News.' This journal was originally published in the pleasant town at the mouth of the Ribble, from which it takes its second title; but its headquarters were removed to Liverpool some little time ago, and it is now announced as a Liberal journal with a special feature. Its first edition contains five columns of the leading articles of the London press, specially telegraphed. The astuteness of this arrangement is indubitable, but its honesty is another matter.

Manchester, Liverpool's next-door neighbour, boasts three morning and two evening papers, all of which are more than commonly creditable specimens of provincial journalism. Conservatism is very ably represented by the 'Courier,' a journal which was started as a weekly paper in 1825, and became a daily paper in 1860. Mr. R. Scarr Sowler, Q.C., son of the original proprietor, acted as editor until 1867, and under his hands the paper took a position which it has never lost. The Saturday supplements to the 'Courier' are identical in character with those to which reference has already been made, and are edited with very great ability. A large instalment of a novel by a popular writer is an established feature of the paper. Side by side with the 'Courier' stands the 'Manchester Guardian,' its senior by a few years, the organ of moderate Liberalism, neutral in religious matters, but very independent and outspoken, and especially well informed on foreign affairs. Its London correspondence is perhaps the best sent to any provincial journal, and it not unfrequently anticipates much that appears in the London press. Both it and the 'Courier' are remarkable for the tone of culture and urbanity displayed in their leading articles.

articles. The bad old Eatanswill tradition has indeed completely died out in Manchester, and the opposing journals, however thoroughly they may disagree, never forget that their opponents are honest men and gentlemen, and treat each other accordingly. The third morning paper of the Cotton capital is the 'Manchester Examiner and Times,' a journal dating from the days of the Anti-Corn-Law agitation, and edited by one of the leaders of that movement—Mr. Henry Dunkley, who, under the pseudonym of 'Verax,' has obtained a considerable amount of reputation as a controversialist on the advanced Liberal side. The two evening papers are representative of the two great political parties. The older of the two, the 'Manchester Evening News,' originally appeared in 1867, as a vehicle for the dissemination of the views of Mr. Mitchell Henry, then a Liberal-Conservative candidate for the representation of Manchester in the room of the late Mr. Edward James, Q.C. Mr. Henry's candidature being somewhat slighted by the Manchester press, and his speeches but briefly reported, the 'Evening News' was started to bring his claims more prominently before the electors. When, by the election of Mr. Jacob Bright, Mr. Mitchell Henry was under the necessity of 'working' the constituency, the 'News' was still kept on, and when the general election of 1868 finally demonstrated the hopelessness of Mr. Henry's attempts upon his native city, he took refuge in Irish Home Rule, and the 'News' passed into the hands of its printer, then the manager of what is known as the 'jobbing' department of the 'Guardian,' under whose management it has flourished exceedingly. The other evening paper is an offshoot from the 'Courier,' which was floated somewhat against its proprietor's wishes, and mainly because if he had not taken up the matter some one else would have done so. The Conservative 'Evening Mail' was consequently brought out, and probably no one was more surprised than its proprietor to find that it was a real and genuine success, and that, meeting as it did an acknowledged want, it became almost from the first a paying property.

Middlesborough, a town which has grown with American rapidity, having risen in fifty years from a barren and houseless moor to the proportions of an incorporated town with a population of some 90,000 inhabitants, boasts of two evening papers, one, the 'Daily Gazette,' a journal of general politics, the other, the 'Middlesborough Exchange,' a print of purely local character. From this town to Newcastle the transition is easy. Here the characteristic energy of the people is shown by their support of three daily journals. The first place must be accorded to the 'Daily Chronicle,' which is the property of and is edited

by Mr. Joseph Cowen, the Independent Radical M.P. for the borough. This paper is worked with immense energy, and is proportionately successful, its circulation being above 40,000 a day. A considerable expenditure is, of course, necessary to maintain its reputation, evidences of which are afforded by the fact that it maintains two London offices, one as the headquarters of the special telegraphic wire, the other as a city office for commercial intelligence. The Conservative organ, the 'Newcastle Daily Journal,' is scarcely behind its Liberal rival, which confessedly owes no small portion of its success to the care with which the sporting news is collected, and to the practical encouragement given to Northumbrian rowing by Mr. Cowen. A third morning newspaper is the 'Northern Daily Express'—a journal of independent or rather of Liberal politics, an evening edition of which is published daily at a halfpenny.

The town of Newport in Monmouthshire, which comes next upon the list, is somewhat curiously supplied with newspapers. Its population is about one-fifth that of Newcastle, and the district is notoriously somewhat Radical. Yet it supports a Conservative evening paper, with a morning edition on Fridays, besides a second Conservative weekly paper and a daily and weekly organ of Radicalism. Norwich has but one daily paper, the 'Eastern Daily Press'—a journal of independent politics, similar in character to the 'Northern Daily Express' and the 'Eastern Morning News.' Nottingham possesses one Conservative daily paper, the 'Daily Guardian;' two Liberal papers published in the morning, the 'Daily Express' and the 'Daily Journal;' and an evening paper of so-called 'neutral' politics, which usually supports the Liberal view. Passing by Oldham with its two evening papers, and Penzance with its one, we come to Plymouth—a town in which society is generally strongly Conservative in politics, but in which no Conservative journal ever enjoyed a long life, and which is now represented in the newspaper world by two ardently Liberal journals. One of them, the 'Western Morning News,' calls itself, it is true, 'independent,' but as its judgments of the acts of Conservatives are usually of the severest type, and as it gives the greatest prominence to the doings and sayings of Liberal politicians all over England, its right to the character is perhaps open to question. The great feature of this journal is its London correspondence, a great quantity of which appears every day. If the 'Western Morning News' is somewhat 'goody-goody' in tone, its rival, the 'Western Daily Mercury,' is distinguished by its truculence, and by the bitterness of its animosity against its more successful rival.

Returning

Returning to Yorkshire, we find Sheffield with an Independent and a Liberal morning paper, and with a neutral evening sheet. The 'Daily Telegraph' is an excellent specimen of a local journal, and its proprietor, who is also editor, is a journalist of remarkable courage and independence. It was mainly through his exertions that the Royal Commission on Trades Unions was granted, and his conduct in that matter procured for him a considerable number of threats of assassination. The 'Sheffield and Rotherham Independent' is a vigorous organ of Radicalism, but presents no feature of special interest. Last amongst the more important English provincial dailies comes the 'York Herald,' a journal which has been before the world for about ninety years in one form or another, and which has a reputation as an exponent of Whig politics and as the principal organ in the county of the agricultural and sporting interests.

Turning now to Wales, we find, as might have been expected, that the only daily papers published in the Principality are to be found at Cardiff and Swansea. The 'South Wales Daily News' is a Liberal morning paper established to compete with the Conservative 'Western Mail.' There are few papers in England more judiciously managed or distinguished by a better tone than the latter. The 'Swansea Ship Register' is, as its name denotes, neutral in politics, and the little halfpenny evening 'Echo of Wales' is faithful to the most vehement principles of Welsh Radicalism.

Over the Scotch and Irish newspaper press we must pass very lightly. The principal points of interest are those connected with the Conservative 'Edinburgh Courant' and the Liberal 'Scotsman.' The former was once edited by that accomplished sailor, James Hannay, who died British Consul at Barcelona only a short time ago. Mr. Hannay did not find provincial journalism much to his taste, and after leaving Edinburgh published an amusingly satirical account of his adventures in the 'Temple Bar' magazine. Mr. Hannay's experiences were pleasingly paralleled by those of the late Mr. Henry Kingsley, who was induced by the offer of a salary considerably in excess of that usually paid to a provincial journalist to undertake the editorship of the 'Daily Review.' His connection with the paper was, however, very brief, and when the Franco-Prussian war broke out he betook himself to a more congenial field of operations as a special correspondent. The 'Scotsman' is, nevertheless, the leading paper of the Northern kingdom, and is worked with extraordinary energy. To bring the news up to the latest dates it has, of course, its special wire, while, to ensure rapidity of production, it is printed on three Walter presses, similar



similar to those in use at the 'Times' office, and, when printed, it is conveyed by a special train every morning to Glasgow, where it is published simultaneously. For many years the 'Scotsman' was edited by Mr. Russell, of whom a brief and sympathetic memoir appeared in a recent number of 'Fraser's Magazine.' In Glasgow the 'Scotsman' has a formidable rival in the 'Glasgow News,' which is the recognized organ of the Conservative party throughout the north of Scotland, and which in seven years has attained an extraordinary amount of success. This journal is likewise printed on Walter presses, and its proprietor, not to be outdone by his rivals, has two special wires to London, and special arrangements with the railway companies. The 'North British Daily Mail,' also a Glasgow morning paper, is Liberal in politics and is very ably worked. For a long time it was the only paper in the world printed on a web machine, that in use being the invention of Messrs. Duncan and Wilson. By this machinery the paper is not merely printed on both sides and cut by a single operation, but is folded also and delivered ready for sale at the rate of about 8000 per hour. One of the present M.P.'s for Glasgow was formerly editor and is at present managing proprietor. One more Glasgow paper remains to be noticed, the 'Glasgow Herald,' established as far back as 1782. The principles of the 'Herald' are 'independent'—a word which, contrary to the usual custom elsewhere, means slightly Conservative. It is conducted with great spirit, and is in no way inferior, so far as its literary contents are concerned, to its local contemporaries, while its ample telegraphic and general arrangements enable it to keep pace with its London contemporaries in the item of news.

Dublin possesses an Independent-Conservative journal in the 'Daily Express'; a Conservative organ, pure and simple, in the 'Mail' (morning and evening); a Moderate-Liberal morning paper in the 'Irish Times,' and a Liberal organ in the 'Freeman's Journal,' the property of Mr. Dwyer Gray, M.P., who also publishes the 'Evening Telegraph.' The 'nationalist,' ultra-Catholic, and semi-seditious prints are all weeklies. Belfast boasts four morning and two evening papers. The 'Morning News,' the first penny paper published in Ireland, is neutral in politics and unsectarian in religion, and is rather a newspaper of the family type than in the political sense of the word. The 'Belfast News Letter' is one of the oldest papers in the kingdom, dating from 1737, and is thoroughly Conservative in politics. The 'Northern Whig' is what its name implies—the organ of the Liberal party, and though not precisely a sectarian organ,

organ, very distinctly Protestant in tone. The 'Examiner and Northern Star' is a journal of more pronounced Liberalism, which advocates Catholic principles in religion with unswerving devotion. The evening papers are the 'Evening Telegraph' and the 'Ulster Echo.' The latter is a Liberal journal of a somewhat pronounced type, while the former calls itself Conservative, but is in reality the organ of that Orangeism whose votaries Lord Beaconsfield has pronounced to be 'your only true Whigs.' Cork, as becomes the capital of the province of Munster, has three morning papers: the 'Constitution,' Protestant, aristocratic and military; the 'Examiner,' the Radical organ of the Home Rule and Tenant-right parties, and the 'Herald,' of no particular politics. Limerick, the third city of Ireland—Belfast being only a town—has a morning paper of 'independent' politics—'Bassett's Daily Chronicle,' and with the 'Waterford Daily Mail' the list of Irish daily papers comes to an end.

The weekly press, it will be obvious, from this brief sketch of the daily journals, has to a great extent lost its power and prestige in the last half-century. The old-fashioned high-priced and somewhat ponderous organ, which is published on market day in the county town, and which serves its subscribers for a week, still lingers on, it is true, in the agricultural districts. Perhaps the most characteristic of these journals now in existence is the 'Hereford Times and General Advertiser for the United Kingdom.' This paper is now in its forty-ninth year, and its proprietors boast, not altogether unreasonably, that it is 'the largest newspaper published in the world.' It is printed on two full sheets, covers sixteen pages of seven columns each—a total of 112 columns weekly, and is not unfrequently extended by gratuitous supplements to 126 columns. The paper has a large circulation, and, being published at the comparatively high price of 3½d., it is one of those papers which pass from hand to hand, and from family to family throughout the whole of the extensive agricultural district of which Hereford is the centre. The advertisements must be a source of great profit. The number now before us contains no fewer than fifty announcements of sales by auction, besides thirty-six columns of miscellaneous advertisements. In the news department of the paper, local affairs are reported at considerable length, general and imperial politics being somewhat condensed, and several columns are devoted to an instalment of a serial story, extracts from magazines and new books, reviews and the cream of the comic papers. Altogether, the 'Hereford Times' is one of those miscellanies which people who have not much time or taste for reading, but a great liking for local gossip, especially enjoy. It

It is published on Saturdays, and the buyers find in it sufficient mental pabulum to last them until Saturday comes round again.

In the towns the circulation of papers of this type becomes every year more limited. They have, in fact, no chance in the competition when an early train brings down by, at the latest, eleven or twelve o'clock in the day the London papers of the morning, or when a spirited local proprietor makes proper arrangements with the telegraphic agencies, and serves up all the current news in a well-printed and well-edited local sheet. The provincial newspaper proprietors have recognized this fact, and in an immense majority of cases have supplemented their weekly papers by a daily issue; while, conversely, the proprietors of provincial daily papers, seeing the desirability of meeting the wants of the rural population, usually publish a weekly edition for 'market day,' containing the bulk of the week's news, 'lifted' (to use the technical phrase) from the columns of the daily issue.

The weekly press of the metropolis stands upon a very different footing. Of weekly newspapers, in the strict sense of the term, there are very few. Such organs as the 'Illustrated London News,' 'Graphic,' 'Queen,' and so forth, are, like the 'Saturday Review,' 'Spectator,' and the so-called 'Society journals,' rather companions to the newspaper than newspapers in themselves. Nor are the 'Pall Mall Budget' and the 'St. James's Budget,' excellently compiled and arranged though they be, exactly to be classified with the newspaper pure and simple. As a matter of fact, the only London weekly newspapers, properly so called, are those published on Sundays. First on the list comes the 'Observer,' an admirably conducted newspaper of the highest character, but confined almost exclusively to the news of Saturday. The 'Observer' is well known to be in the confidence of sundry prominent personages amongst the Liberals, and is in consequence frequently in a position to give information concerning political movements four-and-twenty hours in advance of its contemporaries. The tone of its articles is dignified and sensible. Their principles are those of moderate Liberalism; and the editor has the wisdom to refrain from those coarse imputations of evil motives and dishonest purpose to his opponents, which too often form the stock-in-trade of the more advanced members of the same school. The dramatic criticism of the 'Observer' is usually excellent, and, as new plays are generally produced on Saturday nights, it is a conspicuous feature of the journal. Space is also found for reviews of books, and these have the merit of being generally impartial and always able.

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On a somewhat lower level stands the 'Sunday Times,' which is, however, an excellent paper in its way. In politics it is of the somewhat anomalous character known as 'Liberal-Conservative;' but it is not as a political organ that it maintains its ground. It is essentially a dramatic, musical, sporting, and literary paper, its criticisms on these subjects being unusually full and interesting; and the news—which is well arranged and edited—is lightened by the introduction of lively and even brilliant essays. The 'News of the World' and the 'Weekly Times,' though nominally published on Sunday, are really Saturday's papers, with a Sunday morning edition; Radical in politics, but with no very markedly individual features. Both enjoy a large circulation, chiefly amongst the artisan and small-tradesman class. Mention ought also to be made in this place of 'England,' the penny weekly organ of the Patriotic Association, which, though conducted with a certain amount of ability, does not yet appear to have attracted popular favour.

With these journals the list of respectable Sunday papers comes to an end. Those which remain are distinguished chiefly by the violence and even brutality of their tone. In all cases their politics are pronouncedly Radical; and in at least one the line of demarcation between Radicalism and open sedition is not unfrequently passed. First on the list comes the 'Weekly Dispatch,' an old-established paper of ardently Radical principles. Started by the late Alderman Harmer, and enriched in its earlier days by the contributions of the laureate of the 'Old Arm Chair'—Eliza Cook—after many vicissitudes, it has now passed into the hands of a new proprietor, who has sought to work up its declining popularity by a good deal of very strong writing, and by an infusion of somewhat gross personalities. The 'Dispatch' is, however, mildness itself compared with 'Lloyd's Weekly London News,' an organ of the working-classes, which, according to the advertisements, circulates to the extent of half-a-million copies weekly. This paper is an unpleasant specimen of journalism, and equally unpleasant as a sample of the literary pabulum most affected by those whom Lord Sherbrooke not unhappily described as 'our new masters.' The staple of the leading articles is discontent—discontent with the laws, with the Constitution, with the governing classes, with the employers of labour, with everything, in short, which is not of the lowest working-man level. Socialism and Republicanism are not indistinctly indicated as the objects to be aimed at in modern politics, and no opportunity is lost of comparing the virtues of the working-classes with the vices of  
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an 'effete aristocracy.' There is, however, one paper which is even worse than 'Lloyd's,' and that is 'Reynolds's Weekly Newspaper,' whose libels on royal personages are, however, condoned in the eyes of some people, who might be supposed to know better, by the ardour of its hatred for Lord Beaconsfield and of its devotion to Mr. Gladstone. These sentiments, by the way, are shared by the last Sunday paper on the list—the 'Referee.' This journal, the capital for which was mainly found by the brother of a prominent member of the present Administration, was launched about three years ago, and at once caught the popular taste. It is mainly devoted to sporting and dramatic matters, with an infusion of Liberal politics, based chiefly on adoration for Mr. Gladstone, in whom its writers recognize their ideal of a 'Christian, an Englishman, and a gentleman.' The style of the paper is peculiar, the idiom being rather that of the Seven Dials or Whitechapel than of Pall Mall or even of Fleet Street; and the frequent allusions to the comic singers of the lower class of music halls make it somewhat difficult reading for the uninitiated, while the extreme breadth of some of its jests renders it a not altogether desirable journal for family reading. These four journals are the only available sources of information on political and social topics for many thousands of readers—especially in the metropolitan districts. In view of this fact, and of the enormous preponderance of the lower classes on the registers of the metropolitan borough constituencies, the wonder is not that so many constitutional candidates were defeated at the recent election, but that so respectable a minority voted in their favour.

The explanation may probably be found in the fact, that within the last five-and-twenty years the London local press has sprung into existence. In the first edition of the 'Newspaper Press Directory' (1846) but one of these local weeklies is specified—the 'South London Press.' By the end of another decade, however, the ratepayers of the cities of London and Westminster, and of the metropolitan boroughs, had awakened to the necessity for some sort of representation in the press. The vestries dispose annually of revenues greater than those of many German principalities, and the annual budget of the Metropolitan Board of Works has for many years exceeded that of at least one European kingdom. Yet the daily and weekly press of London, occupied with affairs of imperial policy, abstains from reporting the proceedings of the vestries, and chronicles the doings of the Board of Works in obscure paragraphs of small type. To supply this defect the local press came into being, and accordingly in the list of weekly newspapers

papers for 1861 we find no fewer than thirty-one of these organs, all dating from the last decade. At the head of the list stands the 'City Press,' a highly respectable journal of neutral politics, now issued twice a week, which has a formidable rival in the 'Citizen;' and the 'Clerkenwell News,' then published at a halfpenny, and now merged, as we have said, in the rabidly Radical 'Daily Chronicle.' Amongst other districts in which local journals were published in 1861 were Bayswater, Clapham, East London, Holborn, Islington, Kingsland, Lambeth, Marylebone, Middlesex (i.e. Brentford and the neighbourhood), Bloomsbury, Paddington, Shoreditch, North London, South-East London, South London, St. Pancras, and West London, several of these districts having two or three papers apiece. Between 1861 and 1871 twenty-six newspapers of this type were set on foot, and, as twelve had in the meantime ceased to exist, the number of metropolitan district papers had risen to forty-five. The succeeding decade showed an immense addition, although thirteen speculations of this kind had failed. There are now no fewer than 104 of these local papers, most of them conducted in a very creditable manner, and some reaching a high point of excellence. Under the circumstances, this fact is somewhat remarkable. The ground is very thickly covered; competition must of course be keen, and the temptation to the managers to indulge in sensationalism and violent writing very great. With singularly few exceptions, these parish papers are well edited; and, considering the height to which party feeling sometimes rises in small communities, their moderation and careful abstinence from irritating topics is more than creditable. The all but universal exclusion of objectionable advertisements is not less honourable to their proprietors.

Another striking feature in connection with the weekly press of London is the enormous number of class and trade papers, most of which are the growth of the last thirty-five years. In 1846 the railway interest was of course predominant, and it is hardly surprising to find no fewer than eighteen journals, daily and weekly, connected with it. By 1851 only three survived, and at the present time there are, in spite of the enormous growth of the railway system, only four, besides two journals devoted to the interests of railway servants. Exclusive of one trade paper—the 'Pawnbrokers' Gazette'—and of 18 religious weekly papers, there were in 1851 no more than 35 class papers published in London and the provinces, which may be thus classified: agricultural, 9; literary, 5; commercial, 6; law, 6; medical, 2; and theatrical, Freemasonry, Odd Fellowship, mining, music, shipping, and racing, one each. At the

the present time there are no fewer than 631 of such class organs; 119 trade journals, and 44 religious newspapers of various types.

Some of the details connected with these various organs will probably be found of interest. The principles which enjoy the largest journalistic representation are those of temperance, which is advocated in no fewer than 35 weekly and monthly papers, published in London and in various parts of the country. Satirical and humorous papers number 33, but these are a very fluctuating element of the newspaper press. It has been reckoned that the average life of such productions is about eight months, our old friend 'Punch,' and his competitors 'Fun' and 'Judy,' being of course the exceptions which prove the rule. As most of these prints are dependent for their popularity on scurrilous personalities, their ephemeral character can hardly be regretted. The fashions come next in the scale, with 24 publications, most of which ought to be classed amongst trade journals, though it is not easy to distinguish between papers published for the benefit of milliners and those numberless prints which are designed for the benefit of ladies of limited means who desire to make themselves smart at a small cost. Law and the interests of sport are each represented by 21; commerce and the army by 17; music and education by 18; medicine, finance, and agriculture by 16; gardening by 14; the shipping and the scientific interests by 11; insurance, the navy, Sunday schools, and the Universities, by 10; the illustrated newspapers, literature, and phonography, have each 9 representatives; the colonies, the drama, and 'society,' 9 each; stocks and shares, 7; the iron trade and chemistry, 6; country-life, Freemasonry, homœopathy, the labouring classes, and public schools, each 5; art, the exchange and barter of miscellaneous goods, household management, India, mental science, natural history, and railways, each 4; amateurs, American affairs, the anti-tobacco movement, antiquities, athletics, banking, cricket, football, mechanics, Odd Fellowship, photography, secularism, and spiritualism, each 3; while 3 journals in the French language are published in London. Archæology supports 2 organs; and amongst those interests which are represented by single publications are astronomy, anthropology, billiards, chess, commercial travellers, conchology, the deaf and dumb, electricity, etching, horology, inventions, journalism, neurology, telegraphy, typography, and vegetarianism.

The 119 trades journals represent almost every commercial interest. The printers, as a matter of course, head the list with 9 publications; architects and the building trades come  
next



next with 8; the licensed victuallers with 7, and the engineers with 5; auctioneers, bakers, brewers, bootmakers, jewellers, ironmongers, hatters, grocers, tobacconists, timber merchants, watchmakers, milliners, millers, and livery-stable keepers, have all recognized and special organs; while the latest candidate for class favour is a little weekly sheet, having for title the 'Centaur, a Record of the Road,' and devoted to the interests of cabdrivers and cabowners. 'Barman and Barmaid'—a dirty little sheet, whose character is represented by its name, and which boasted a circulation of more than 190,000 a week—has been stopt while these sheets were passing through the press.

Considerable interest naturally attaches to the 44 religious newspapers. Of these, 12 are published by the representatives of the various schools of thought in the Church of England. The Roman Catholics have 5 organs; Wesleyans, 3; Baptists, Jews, Quakers, and Unitarians, each 2; and the Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Primitive Methodists, and Scottish Episcopal Church, each one paper. The remaining 12 papers are described as 'non-sectarian,' but would be more properly called the organs of a more or less advanced Calvinism. First on the list comes the 'Christian,' the paper which published the peculiarly nauseous letter in which the unfortunate Capt. Carey described his religious satisfaction with himself after the unhappy death of the Prince Imperial. It is described as a 'weekly record of Christian life, Christian testimony and Christian work,' and, as might be expected, has a considerable circulation in the West of England, and in those other districts in which the phraseology of the Plymouth Brethren is in favour. Next comes the 'Christian Age,' which is described as the organ of the 'English and American Churches.' It must not be thought, however, that this paper has anything whatever to do with the Church of England, or with the American Episcopal Church, although its editor announces himself as a clergyman. It is simply the organ of that Dr. De Witt Talmage of New York, who came over to England on a starring expedition in 1879, and whose transactions with some of the Dissenting bodies caused a considerable amount of unpleasant discussion. The 'Christian Globe' presents no particular features of interest. It contains news of the proceedings of the various Dissenting communities, with religious tales and sketches of the character usual in such publications. The 'Christian Herald' is 'independent' in its principles, and deals much with the subject of prophecy, on which the editor has views of his own. The 'Christian Union' is another 'unsectarian' journal, whose boast is its 'impartiality and high moral tone.' Last comes the 'Christian World,' which

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is published every Tuesday and Friday, and which is to the religious press what the 'Daily Chronicle' is to the secular. Its main feature is its advertisements, which are very numerous. Some rather objectionable ones creep in from time to time—objectionable, that is to say, in matter rather than, like the majority, in phraseology.

All these organs, interesting though they unquestionably are, as indications of the extent to which the various classes of the community avail themselves of the publicity and of the means of intercommunication afforded by the press, can hardly be said to come strictly under the title of newspapers—a word which is properly applied only to those publications which supply the world with accounts of and comments upon current events. The manner in which that news is collected and distributed is a subject of very considerable importance, and some account of it may be desirable in this place, especially since the whole system has undergone a complete revolution within the last few years. The invention of the electric telegraph brought about the first great change; the transfer of the telegraphs to the Government a second and even greater. Until within a comparatively recent period, the speeches of public men were very seldom reported telegraphically, and then only in the most meagre and unsatisfactory fashion. The usual plan was to send one or more reporters to take notes of the speeches, which notes they wrote out in readiness for the printers as best they could, partly in the meeting, partly in the train, and possibly in part also in the newspaper office on their return. All that is now changed, and reporting is reduced to a scientific system of immense magnitude. The dealings of the newspaper press with foreign affairs have also been materially modified, if not wholly changed, within the last twenty years. Under the old system, each journal maintained correspondents in the important political centres of the Continent, who forwarded by post three or four times a week, or more frequently if necessary, a letter containing such news as they had been able to gather, with such comments as were suggested by their own experience and by the particular line followed by the journals which they represented. Then came the era of telegraphy, and every London newspaper of any pretension began to publish provoking little scraps of news sent over the public wires, the principal effect of which was, as a rule, to influence the Stock Exchange. In themselves these items of news were too brief to excite much interest; they served, principally, to lessen the effect of the letters which the correspondents forwarded through the post. Before many years had passed away, Mr. Reuter introduced his plan to the attention

tion of English newspaper proprietors. By it agents in all places of importance on the Continent were appointed, whose duty it was to forward to the central office in London succinct reports of all important events, such reports being freed as carefully as possible from every tinge of political bias or partisanship. From comparatively small beginnings this undertaking has grown into one of the most gigantic of business enterprises, until there is hardly a spot in the civilized world into which the agents of Reuter's Telegram Company (Limited) have not penetrated.

Independently of Reuter's telegrams, however, the great journals of London have special arrangements of their own for the purpose of obtaining early and accurate information. For some time past the 'Times' has had a special wire from its office in Paris directly into its office in London, while more recently a wire has been added, giving direct communication with Berlin. With these centres all the various agents and correspondents of the 'Times' throughout Europe communicate, and thus it is able to publish every morning from a page to a page and a half of foreign intelligence exclusively its own. It scarcely falls within our province to discuss the value or authenticity of the information thus collected, but the initiated know perfectly well at what rate to estimate the authority of the long leading articles which are almost daily forwarded from Berlin for English consumption. Like the 'Times,' the 'Daily Telegraph' has its special wire from Paris, by which to supplement the news obtained through Reuter's agency. The information thus sent is occasionally very useful and interesting, but the column headed 'Events in France, by Daily Telegraph Special Wire,' seldom contains much to justify the enormous expense which this journalistic luxury entails. None of the other London papers incur this charge, but in order to maintain their position they expend vast sums in telegraphing in the ordinary way. Only the enormous circulations of the London newspapers, and the correspondingly enormous quantity of advertisements, could bear such a drain as this system of telegraphy involves.

Outside London the enterprise of newspaper proprietors manifests itself in a similar way. The great majority of provincial journals of the first class have their special wires, with a staff in London for the collection of information. What this implies may be estimated from the fact, that the rent payable to the Post Office for the use of a special wire from 9 o'clock at night until 6 o'clock in the morning amounts to 800*l.* per annum, to which sum must be added the cost of the  
London

London office, of the staff employed therein, and of the extra assistance in the editorial office at headquarters, which together bring the cost of a special wire up to not less than 2000*l.* a year.

The 'London Letter' is in itself a very ancient institution, inasmuch as it is the legitimate descendant and representative of those news-letters which in the seventeenth century were sent from London to the provinces on 'post-days' (Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays in the time of the 'Spectator'), and which were the immediate precursors of the modern press. In later years it became a species of supplement to the graver work of the London representative of the country journals. When coaching gave place to railways, the proprietors of such newspapers speedily discovered the necessity of securing a due representation of their interests in the capital, and the London correspondent sprang into existence, or rather was transformed from the writer of an occasional letter of gossip into the chief of the staff which looked after the reports of local law cases, local committees of the House of Commons, and similar matters of interest. In process of time it was felt that the relations of the country press with London were still somewhat awkward and unpleasantly costly, and the perception of this fact gave rise to that extensive system of agencies which we have to consider. The first of these is the 'Central Press,' which after sundry vicissitudes now has its offices in Parliament Street. This undertaking dates from 1863, when Messrs. Saunders and Spender, the proprietors of the 'Western Morning News'—a Plymouth daily journal—took a house at the corner of Charles Street, Hatton Garden, and started the business of supplying their own and some other journals with stereotyped columns of news. The germ of the idea may be found in the 'Autobiography of William Jerdan' (vol. i. p. 110), where that veteran 'pressman' says, after speaking of some literary hackwork performed by him early in the century, 'It was better and more congenial employment to edit provincial newspapers in London, which, though absurd as it may seem at first sight, is just as effective (with a sub-editor on the spot for local news, &c.) as if the writer resided in the place of publication. Thus I edited the 'Sheffield Mercury' for a number of years, and at other times a Birmingham, a Staffordshire Pottery, an Irish journal, and others in various parts of the country.' The Hatton Garden concern, however, occupied itself with something more than the editorial work of a single journal. Stereotyping by means of *papier mâché* moulds had lately been introduced when Messrs. Saunders and Spender commenced operations, and by its means many stereotype copies of all the matter produced in the office could

could easily be obtained. A literary staff began work in a room on the first floor soon after six in the morning, the material being the London newspapers then just published. By the middle of the day about ten or twelve columns of matter had been written, selected and condensed from the London papers, set up in type, corrected and stereotyped, the finishing stroke being put to the work between three and four o'clock in the afternoon. The matter thus produced usually consisted of one or two leading articles, extending over a column or a column and a half; from two to two-and-a-half columns of original summary of news of the day, with a little comment; a column headed 'Spirit of the Press,' and giving the substance of the leading articles in the London papers; a monetary article; a 'London Letter;' and occasionally reviews of books; the news of the day reported by a small staff of reporters, with assistance from journalists unattached, and a few columns of reprint from the London and provincial journals. The whole appeared the next morning in the 'Western Morning News' (Plymouth) and the 'Eastern Morning News' (Hull), to which were afterwards added the 'Northern Daily Express' (Newcastle) and the 'Caledonian Mercury' (Edinburgh), which last-named journal, however, expired under the treatment. Portions, varying according to the requirement of the journals, also appeared in the 'Shipping and Mercantile Gazette' (London), in the 'Liverpool Courier,' 'Manchester Courier' (then recently embarked on its career as a daily paper), and in one or two minor journals.

In process of time differences arose between the partners in the concern, which resulted in their separation and in the eventual sale of the 'Central Press' to a committee of Conservatives. It is not necessary in this place to go into the details of a curiously unpleasant transaction. The whole story is written in the Law Reports, where it may be read with advantage by those who, not being journalists by profession, desire to embark in newspaper speculation. The 'Central Press,' having changed owners, removed its headquarters to 112 Strand, the office of the 'Globe,' where it became a species of reporting agency, supplying London correspondence of a superior class, reports of current events, and parliamentary intelligence. After passing through a period of considerable difficulty, it was removed a few years ago to its present headquarters in Parliament Street, where a very extensive business is ably carried on. When the old evening paper, the 'Sun,' finally passed from the journalistic stage, it was absorbed by the 'Central Press,' which now prints every half-hour, under its name, that summary of the proceedings of Parliament with which every club-man and every member of

Parliament must be familiar. Besides doing this, the 'Central Press' acts as a species of general agency for Conservative journals in the provinces. The editor who wants a report of a case in the law courts of local interest, or of the proceedings of a Parliamentary committee on a local or private Bill, has only to send his instructions to the manager, to receive what he requires in ample time for publication. A member of Parliament who wishes to see his speech fully reported for the benefit of his constituents can be accommodated in the same way. Every night during the session the 'Central Press' telegraphs to subscribing journals a sketch of the proceedings in Parliament, to accompany the more formal report. In case of need leading articles can be had on very moderate terms, and London correspondence is regularly supplied daily or weekly, according to arrangement. Weather charts in stereotype with official particulars, and weather forecasts, may be had from this office, and reviews of new books, summaries of the events of the year, and articles of a similarly exceptional character, are provided for those journals which require them. The 'Central Press' also issues a privately printed weekly paper, bearing the title of 'The Editor's Handy-sheet,' and containing one or two short and well-written leading articles, and a few paragraphs of political news and comment. This sheet goes only to editors of Conservative papers, who are at liberty to use its contents in what way they please, either as they stand, that is to say, or as the text for 'new and original' work.

Two offshoots from the original 'Central Press' are in existence, the 'National Press Agency' in Whitefriars Street, and the 'Central News' in Ludgate Circus. The former is under the management of Mr. E. Dawson Rogers, formerly editor of the 'Norfolk News,' while Mr. Edward Spender, principal proprietor of the 'Western Morning News,' acted as writer of leaders and London correspondence until his death by drowning in Whitesand Bay on Whitsunday, 1878. The principal work of this undertaking is identical with that of the original 'Central Press.' Country newspapers may arrange with its managers for social and political leaders of ostentatious neutrality and unblemished Liberalism in MS., proof, or stereotype. London correspondence, letters about the fashions and so forth for the benefit of the ladies, and original tales by popular authors, may be had in a similar way. The Agency also supplies columns of news in stereotype for use in country newspapers of limited circulation, where the cost of composition is a serious matter, and it undertakes to supply reports of special circumstances as may be arranged for. One branch of the business of this newspaper



paper manufactory must not be omitted. Its managers announce their readiness to supply partially printed sheets for the benefit of newspaper proprietors in small towns. These sheets are printed on one, two, or three pages, and on receipt of them the local editor, who has ready his local matter and advertisements, can at once go to press with his paper. Mr. William Eglington, of Bartholomew Close, the originator of the partially printed sheets, and Messrs. Cassell, Petter and Galpin, it may be added, undertake this last kind of business, and supply the inside pages of not a few local sheets.

The second offshoot of the 'Central Press' is the 'Central News,' in Ludgate Circus, the proprietor of which is Mr. William Saunders. This undertaking is designed simply and solely for the collection and distribution of news, and there can be no question about the energy with which it is worked, though there are, perhaps, some fastidious persons who might desire a little more care in sifting the news before it is sent out. It was, as most newspaper readers will remember, the 'Central News' which gave currency to the report about the loss of the 'Himalaya' troop-ship some nine or ten months ago, and it was on the same authority that the so-called confession of Hartmann was given to the public. Of the part taken by the reporters of this Agency in the miserable affair of Hannah Dobbs and the Euston Square murder, it is not necessary to speak. The matter was tolerably notorious at the time, and did not increase the respect with which intelligence headed 'Central News' was received. One great peculiarity of this office is that it is almost always open. Work begins in it at a little before four in the morning; when the earliest copies of the London papers having been obtained, they are eviscerated by skilled sub-editors, and the results are telegraphed before a quarter-past five to the provincial clients of the concern. An early morning despatch follows, embodying all the news which has been received during the night. Throughout the day at short intervals news is telegraphed to the provinces for publication in the evening papers, and on Sunday mornings a brief summary of Saturday night's news is despatched to subscribers. Parliamentary Reports, Stock Exchange and Commercial News, Court Circular, Markets, the lists of Bankrupts from the Gazette, and sporting intelligence, are all provided by this office, which, furthermore, does not disdain to supply clubs, exchanges, and news-rooms.

The one undertaking which overshadows all the rest is, however, the Press Association. This is a Limited Company, established in 1868, and, it must be confessed, most admirably



managed and most thoroughly successful. No provincial newspaper can pretend to be independent of it, and, as a matter of fact, none are so, the proprietors of all those of really influential character being interested as shareholders. Its operations are thus on a gigantic scale, and, although it is inevitable that errors should occur from time to time, it is remarkable that those errors should be so few in number as they are, and so wholly unimportant in character. One complaint is, indeed, occasionally heard, and that is that the reports exhibit a certain amount of bias in the direction of Liberal politics. Where, however, a very large staff of reporters are employed, accidents of this kind are, perhaps, inevitable; at all events it is not very likely that a society which has a large infusion of the Conservative element amongst its members should deliberately play into the hands of the opposite party. One of the principal features of the Press Association is its connection with Reuter's Telegram Company, with which it has a contract for the exclusive supply of the telegrams of that Company throughout the United Kingdom, London only excepted. Mention has already been made of the expense attending the maintenance of a special wire by a provincial newspaper; it may be interesting to add the cost of Reuter's telegrams. A really first-class daily paper with an evening issue, cannot hold its own amongst the provincial press without obtaining all the telegrams, and in a large shipping or manufacturing town, such as Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, or Sheffield, it will be necessary to contract also for the daily telegrams of New York prices. To members of the Press Association the total expense is 294*l.*, but if the proprietors are not members, the cost is raised at once to 323*l.* 10*s.* per annum. Of course for this payment a great number of messages are sent in during the twenty-one hours of every working day (6 A.M. to 3 A.M.); but, on the other hand, it is obvious that such a sum as this will absorb the profit on a considerable number of thousands of copies of a penny paper. It may be remarked, by the way, that the profits on the circulation only of a daily newspaper are best represented by the algebraical formula  $-x$ . In other words, when rent, depreciation of plant, salaries, and establishment charges are all paid, the newspaper proprietor who can show a loss on his circulation of less than from 1000*l.* to 5000*l.* a year, may be reckoned a fortunate man. The balance, of course, comes out of the advertisements, and a very little calculation will show that, on a successful newspaper, the profits in this connection are so great, that a loss on the circulation may be faced with the most perfect equanimity.

Reuter's

Reuter's telegrams, however, form but a small part of the news supplied to the provincial press by the Press Association. Parliamentary news, either fully or briefly reported, and general news summarized from the daily papers in London, and collected in all parts of the kingdom by the accredited agents of the Association, are parts of the regular arrangements; while Stock Exchange Reports, Commercial News, Trade and Market Reports (London and Provincial), and Sporting Intelligence, are regularly forwarded. In addition to all these facilities, everything that is provided by the 'Central Press,' the 'Central News,' and other associations, can be obtained through the Press Association. London correspondence, however, it does not supply, nor does it profess to send out stereotype columns of news or matters of that kind. This vast enterprise was launched and developed under the exclusive care of the present editor of the 'Liverpool Mercury,' Mr. John Lovell.

In addition to these establishments there are several of a minor character: such as Pocknell's Press Agency, the London Associated Reporters, the Provincial News-Supply Association, (which has its head-quarters in Birmingham), the London and Provincial Press Agency, and the Sandringham and University Intelligence Service, which was established at Cambridge in 1859, all of which are in full work, and apparently find more to do with every succeeding year.

Reference has already been made to the practice of sundry weekly newspapers of publishing novels by popular authors in short instalments. This custom is steadily increasing, and has now become a very important feature in provincial journalism. Occasionally, though not very frequently, it happens that the author is able to make arrangements with the proprietors of three or four journals to take his story in 'flimsy,' and set it up in instalments as he transmits it. This, if he can manage it, is unquestionably the most profitable plan for the author. He gets probably about half a guinea a column from each of the four journals to which he will send his work for simultaneous publication; and as each instalment will consist of about two columns and a half, he practically sells the first edition of a three-volume novel—twenty-six instalments—for 136*l.* 10*s.*; less expenses, say 130*l.* net. The book still remains his property, and is not merely new to the great mass of circulating-library readers, but is more valuable than a MS., inasmuch as its printing can be done at a much lower cost. As a general rule, however, these arrangements are made by one of the firms which deal in stereo-matter, such as the National Press Agency already mentioned, and Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, whose

whose great literary manufactory is equal to the production of Gustave Doré's biggest and most grandiose wood-engravings, and of columns of 'type-high stereo' for use in the remotest rural districts. Outside London there are two or three firms which supply stereo-matter, the principal being that of Messrs. Tillotson and Sons, of Bolton, in Lancashire, the originators of this system in the provinces. These gentlemen have the credit of being amongst the most enterprising members of their craft in England. Thirteen years ago they started the 'Bolton Evening News' at a halfpenny—the first newspaper of the kind published in the United Kingdom. They are also owners of what is called the 'Bolton Weekly Journal' series of newspapers—a set of half-a-dozen reprints of the same paper adapted to different localities within a small radius. Their great business is, however, the supply of stereo-matter, which they manufacture on a large scale, and supply at very low prices. Of this matter no small part consists of serial novels, the demand for which is so great that they can afford to retain the services of authors of reputation, and to pay them high prices for their work.

Hitherto we have been concerned chiefly with the external features of the newspaper press, and sufficient has probably been said to show how important an element of English life it has become. It would be foreign to our present purpose to consider its importance as a political force, and we must confine ourselves to one or two remarks upon this subject. It must be confessed that the Conservative party have shown a negligence in reference to the press, to which it is impossible not to attribute, in a great measure, their present humiliating condition. Whilst their Liberal rivals of every shade of opinion have been sure of encouragement, advice, and in case of necessity of pecuniary assistance, Conservative journalists have met with the scantest civility from the highest quarters. A Liberal Government, when in power, gives its official news currency through the columns of the Liberal press: a Conservative Administration ignores the press of its party almost ostentatiously, and gives it neither advertisements nor news. The consequences are twofold as regards the press, while as regards the reflex action of this line of policy on the party itself, there can be but one opinion. The proprietors of newspapers are essentially tradesmen, who make no attempt to disguise the fact. Their object is not the exalted one of maintaining a political propaganda for the benefit of a party, but to make as much money as they conveniently can by the judicious investment of their capital and industry. And since they find that it is, and has been

been for half a century, the cue of the Liberal party to flatter and make much of the press, while the Conservative leaders slight and even discourage it, we can scarcely wonder that the tradesmanlike instinct draws over the majority of them to the support of the former party. The other aspect of the case is hardly less serious. A certain amount of intellectual activity must and will drift into the channels of journalism. For a while some pains were taken to encourage it as an auxiliary of the Constitutional party, but of late years, in view of their continuous neglect of the newspaper press as an engine of political warfare, young men of capacity have drifted off into the ranks of Liberalism. Whatever the reason may be, the fact is beyond all question that the press of this country, and especially of the capital, is chiefly in the hands of Liberals, whose open-handedness, enthusiasm, and keen business habits, give them an immense ascendancy. The result is precisely what might have been apprehended. Whatever influence the press possesses is, in the main, given to the Liberal party, with results which are only too plain.

London at the present time possesses thirteen daily morning and five evening papers. Six of the thirteen morning journals may at once be struck out from the list, as exercising no influence on politics. Those are the 'Daily Index,' a journal devoted to the auctioneering interest; the 'Daily Recorder of Commerce,' and the 'Public Ledger,' purely business papers; 'Lloyd's List,' a shipping list which, though issued by the corporation whose name it bears, is really the property of Messrs. Spottiswoode and Co., who also own the 'Shipping Gazette;' the 'Financier,' the title of which explains its purpose; and the 'Sportsman,' to which the same remark will apply. The remaining papers are all political, and are all more or less Liberal, with few exceptions. The character of these papers, as well as those of the weekly journals, which are also mostly Liberal, is too well known to need description.

Turning to the provincial press, and reckoning daily and weekly papers together, a few figures will show how utterly the Conservative party have neglected the advocacy of their principles in the press. The table on the following page shows the approximate statistics. It is impossible to give the numbers with absolute accuracy, since several small local sheets do not contribute particulars of their principles and some are published simultaneously under different names in two or three neighbouring towns, and so may have been reckoned more than once. On the whole it is believed, however, that they are sufficiently accurate as showing the state of the newspaper press of the provinces in 1880.

The

	Conservative.	Liberal.	Independent and Neutral.	Total.
England .. ..	250	316	429	995
Wales .. ..	14	29	21	64
Scotland .. ..	21	78	60	159
Ireland .. ..	40	51	47	138
The Islands .. ..	5	8	7	20
Total .. ..	330	482	564	1376

The very large number of papers classed under 'Independent and Neutral' may be explained by the growth of those newspaper manufactories to which reference has already been made, and by the facilities which cheap telegraphy affords for the publication of evening newspapers in the provinces. By the former a weekly paper can be got up at a comparatively trivial expense. A dozen columns of stereotype containing leaders on general subjects, a summary of news, a Parliamentary sketch, and some columns of news in paragraphs, can be had for 5*l.* or less, or a partially printed sheet can be sent down at a proportionately moderate rate, whilst the Press Association will supply by telegraph once a week, for 7*l.* 5*s.* per annum, a summary of general news which will make a brave show in a country town. Many of the evening papers, of which so great a multitude overspread the country, are got up in the same fashion. Even if the stereo columns, of which it has been necessary to make such frequent mention, are not utilized, the expenses of the newspaper may be reduced to a fractional amount by a subscription to one or other of the news agencies, while the Press Association will supply the chief part of Reuter's telegrams for a pound a week to members and for 5*7l.* per annum to non-members. Their general summary of news may be had for half as much more, while a smaller and more condensed allowance may be had for 33*l.* per annum for Reuter's telegrams and for 14*l.* 10*s.* for general news, a slight addition to each sum being made in the case of non-members. The 'Central News' has an even lower tariff, and will supply an ample quantity of telegraphic news and reports for from 3*l.* to 9*l.* per month. Got up in this way as they are, it is probably no exaggeration to say that 450 out of these 564 so-called 'Independent or Neutral' prints are distinctly allied to the Liberal party, while in certainly three cases

cases out of five they serve as the mouthpieces of its more advanced section.

The nett result of these figures may be given in a very small compass. The Conservative party are formally represented in London by one evening paper and informally by another, and partially by two published in the morning, whilst of all the weekly organs of opinion there are but two which can fairly be described as even tolerant of Conservative principles. In the provinces, out of 1376 daily and weekly papers only 330 are professedly Conservative, as against 482 avowedly Liberal and a very large proportion of the remaining 564. Considering that, by the most sanguine calculations, the total number of votes cast for the Liberal representatives at the late General Election exceeded those given for their Conservative opponents by no more than 200,000, it is obvious that Conservative electors must to a great extent obtain their political information from Liberal sources, and that with a little good management the press—if it be the power which it is believed to be—might become a potent engine in the hands of the Constitutional party. It must not, however, be imagined that success is likely to attend any attempts to force Conservative journalism in the hothouses of political committees or by the members of political clubs. A newspaper is a business undertaking, and it will best succeed if managed upon commercial principles. Following the example of Lord Beaconsfield, Conservatives in the past have treated the press with neglect and even with contempt. The result has been unpleasantly visible in the late General Election: it will be well for those who have the interest of their country at heart to consider whether it is desirable to provoke a repetition of the lesson.

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ART. VIII.—*Memoirs of the Life and Eventful Career of Field-Marshal the Duke of Saldanha, Soldier and Statesman, with Selections from his Correspondence.* By the Conde da Carnota. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1880.

CONSIDERING the relative importance of the events with which the Muse of History was occupied during the first half of the century, and the unceasing calls of the greater Powers upon her pen, it is no matter of surprise that a small State like Portugal should have dropped out of notice, except when its destinies became temporarily interwoven with those of contending nations who thought fit to make its soil their battle-field. The interest of England in Portuguese affairs began and ended with the Peninsular War; and it was in a listless, languid *poco curante*

*curante* manner that we heard of the failure of absolutism in the person of Dom Miguel, and the establishment of a constitutional monarchy in a country to which, with all our indifference, we wished well. Yet it was only after a long and dubious struggle, crowded with stirring incidents, interspersed with curious episodes, and bringing every description of civil and military merit into play, that liberal principles triumphed; and whilst that struggle lasted, qualities were displayed which might have given world-wide fame to many of the actors if a larger or grander stage had been afforded them. Foremost amongst these stands the Marshal Duke of Saldanha, whose reputation has hitherto been involved in a luminous mist or haze which a near connection and ardent admirer has undertaken to clear away.\*

This gentleman, the Conde da Carnota, has certainly succeeded so far as regards the military character of his hero. The bare recapitulation of the Marshal's exploits cannot well fail to establish his title to an eminent place amongst modern generals; but his claim to be regarded as an enlightened patriot and statesman is one which has been warmly contested and will not be conceded without dispute. He took the lead in so many subversive changes of Government, that the designation of revolution-maker might be as appropriately bestowed on him as that of King-maker on the Last of the Barons; and the question naturally arises whether, whenever by menaces or direct resort to force, at the risk or cost of insurrection or civil war, he upset a ministry or placed a sovereign under constraint, he was uniformly influenced by exalted motives and kept the public good unceasingly and exclusively in view. This is a question, however, which our readers will be in a situation to decide for themselves, if they are content to follow us in the epitome which, with the aid of the able and spirited work before us, we propose to make of his life and career. The work abounds in materials which illustrate the country and the period, independently of their bearing on the biography.

Saldanha's family, of Spanish origin, was one of unimpeachable nobility. His maternal grandfather was the celebrated Marquis of Pombal; and a king of Castille, a Count Daun, and a Prince de Soubise figure in the ascending line of his pedigree. He was born on the 17th of November, 1790,

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\* The author, Mr. J. Smith Athelstane, was raised to the dignity of 'Grande of Portugal,' with the title of 'Conde da Carnota,' by royal decree, dated Lisbon, August 9th, 1870, having been created a Knight Commander of the Order of Christ in 1843. He is the author of the 'Marquis of Pombal,' which has gone through two editions. He became private secretary in 1835 to the Duke de Saldanha, who married his sister in 1856.



and christened on the 25th—the Prince Regent of Portugal and the Princess Consort being sponsors. His education was carefully superintended by his mother, a woman of remarkable talent, who provided him with the best masters; and he is said to have excelled in mathematics, besides attaining such proficiency in English as to read English authors with pleasure and profit. One of his favourite books was ‘Sir Charles Grandison.’ ‘The Marshal (says the biographer) has often assured me how anxious he felt, as a boy, to form his character on such a model as Grandison; which was to aim at being as perfect as possible, in whatever situation of life he might afterwards be placed.’

He was destined for the navy, but the original intention was given up, and on the 28th of September, 1805, he entered the army as cadet in the 1st Infantry. He was promoted to the rank of captain in the same regiment on the 9th of June, 1806, being then under sixteen, and he had just completed his seventeenth year when he was compelled by his military position to take a decided step in politics. Before the end of November, 1807, it had been announced in the ‘*Moniteur*’ that the House of Braganza had ceased to reign: the Regent, with the Royal Family and Court, had embarked for Brazil; the French under Junot were in possession of the capital; and the country seemed in a fair way to become an appendage of the French Empire. Many of the nobles gave in their adhesion, and the bulk of the army, including the officers, took service under Napoleon. Saldanha, when the alternative of a change of service or the resignation of his commission was presented to him, immediately resigned; and when the Portuguese army was reorganized to act against the French, he and a brother officer who had followed his example were the only two who were reinstated as of right in the rank which they previously held: a tolerably strong proof that patriotism was rather the exception than the rule.

His forced retirement had not been of long duration. In the course of the following year the population rose in Oporto, Braganza, and other districts against the Napoleonic rule: a Junta was formed; and when (Aug. 1, 1808) Sir Arthur Wellesley landed at Mondego Bay, a Portuguese force, about 8000, had been got together, prepared to co-operate to the best of their ability. Saldanha acted for a short time on the staff of the commander, General Freire, and then rejoined his regiment. The Convention of Cintra was the unsatisfactory result of the first English expedition; but although baffled and overruled by his military superiors, Sir Arthur managed to bring  
over

over the English Ministry to his conviction that the expulsion of the French from the entire Spanish Peninsula must begin in Portugal; and on the 22nd of April, 1809, he arrived in the Tagus with an army which at the end of a week, including allies and reinforcements, amounted to 35,000. Of these 15,000 were Portuguese.\* The command of the Portuguese army had been offered to him before he left England, and at his request it was conferred on General (afterwards Lord) Beresford, who brought it to a state of efficiency which justified him in declaring in an 'Order of the day' that 'Europe will see and honour the virtues of the Portuguese nation reflected in its army.' Lord Wellington after the battle of Busaco wrote: 'The time has been well employed in disciplining them, for they form now the most solid foundation for the hopes we have of freeing the Peninsula.' In the same despatch it is stated that the 1st Infantry (Saldanha's regiment) 'showed great steadiness and gallantry.'

The behaviour of a battalion led by him is specially commended by an historian of the war. He was already a major, having been promoted over the heads of several captains by the well-earned favour of Lord Beresford, who had been struck by his intelligence, military bearing, and knowledge of his profession. He was present during the Peninsular war at no less than twenty-three actions, including battles and sieges. The day after the second assault of St. Sebastian, he writes to his brother:

'I have the satisfaction of telling you, my dear brother, that the Marshal Marquis of Campo Maior (Marshal Beresford) meeting me yesterday, during the assault, complimented me, and said that he had selected me from amongst the lieutenant-colonels on account of the opinion he had of me, &c. &c. &c.; that he had given me the colonelcy of the 13th Infantry, and would give immediate orders that I should at once take the command. I pass over the heads of sixteen or seventeen lieutenant-colonels.'

It was in contemplation after the return of Napoleon from Elba to obtain a contingent of Portuguese troops to act with the army under the Duke of Wellington. The project was given up on the refusal of the authorities to send troops out of the country, but whilst it was still pending Marshal Beresford publicly announced that, if only one regiment were to go to Belgium, it should be Saldanha's, the 13th Infantry, as best fitted to uphold the national reputation.

His next field of action was in the New World; where the

\* Gleig, 'Life of Arthur Duke of Wellington,' p. 91.

revolted Spanish provinces, especially Montevideo under an adventurer named Artigas, were constantly producing insurrectionary movements or carrying on open hostilities against Brazil. On the conclusion of the European peace of 1815 a force called the 'Royal Volunteers' was despatched from Lisbon to Rio Grande, and with it went Saldanha, whose precise rank is not stated, but before the war came to an end he had fought or won his way to the front. In 1818 the rank of brigadier and the military order of Christ were conferred upon him. We are assured that he was adored by his companions in arms of all grades, although a strict disciplinarian of the Wellington and Beresford school, of which an illustration is given by an occurrence whilst his regiment was quartered at Lisbon. The soldiers having got into a habit of applying for leave of absence through ladies, Saldanha issued an order that any soldier who should apply except directly to the Colonel should receive twelve lashes. One evening a lady came up to Saldanha at a party, and declared that she had a favour to ask. He replied, with his usual courtesy, that it was already granted. 'Well,' she said, 'it is only leave of absence, for three days, for my godson.' 'Certainly,' exclaimed Saldanha, 'I will not fail to attend to your request.' He accordingly took down the name of the soldier, and, on the following morning, in the presence of the regiment, he called up the man, and inquired of him, if, contrary to orders, he had solicited Dona — to obtain leave of absence for him. The man acknowledged he had. 'Well,' said Saldanha, 'I have given my word to the lady that your request shall be granted. I also will keep my word with respect to the discipline of the regiment. You will receive the twelve lashes, and the three days' leave of absence.'

Before leaving Portugal with the Volunteers, he had married a lady of Irish descent named Horan, who accompanied him in all his transatlantic campaigns. At the termination of the war, which resulted in the annexation of Montevideo to Brazil, the King, desirous of appointing a captain-general or viceroy of the province of the Rio, after full inquiry and deliberation with his most trusted counsellors, fixed upon Saldanha, who was nominated accordingly, and thereby placed in a position where his qualifications for civil government could be fully tested. His integrity also was put to a rude ordeal by the offer of a large bribe from the farmers of the tithes and taxes to wink at their peculations. He at once took measures for depriving them of their illicit gains: the result being a large augmentation of the revenue.

His

His administration of justice was equally remarkable for vigour and efficiency. On his arrival at Porto Alegre, the gallows were familiarly known as the *Donzella* or the *Maiden*, from their never having been used since they were put up; yet there were no less than eighty-four persons charged with murder in the prisons; most of whom when brought to trial were found guilty. Selecting the most atrocious cases, he hanged four. And in order (says the biographer) that all classes might be alike impressed by the terror of this example, the four who suffered were selected from different races of men, comprising a white man, a mulatto, an Indian, and a negro. The white man belonged to one of the most influential families of the Province. 'The result of this judicious firmness was that, during the remainder of Saldanha's government in Rio Grande, not another prosecution on a charge of assassination became necessary.'

The Province was so prosperous under his government, and so satisfied that its prosperity was owing to him, that, when the question arose what part it was to take in the struggle between the mother-country and the colony, it seems to have been a matter of indifference to the people who was to be their nominal sovereign so long as they were practically ruled by Saldanha. In April, 1821, the King, John VI., left Rio for Lisbon, with his wife and younger son, Dom Miguel, leaving his eldest son, Pedro, to govern as regent in Brazil. Soon after his arrival in Lisbon (July 3) the Cortes decreed that Brazil should be divided into provincial governments, subordinate to the home government, and that Pedro should return to Europe. This decree, followed by others in the same sense and spirit, lighted up a flame of indignation throughout Brazil very similar to that which was kindled by the Stamp Act in what are now the United States of North America. Provisional Juntas were formed, and the authority of the governors was set aside in all the provinces with the exception of Rio Grande, where Saldanha fell in with the popular feeling to the extent of declaring his readiness to be guided by it so far as was consistent with loyalty. He accordingly invited the people, through the municipalities and notabilities, to notify their wishes in writing, promising that their answers should be all opened and made public on a given day in the Town-hall.

'When that day arrived, the replies were found to be unanimous in declaring that they were all so satisfied with the government of Saldanha, that they only regretted it could not be eternal.

'During the three following nights, the inhabitants, spontaneously and with enthusiasm, illuminated the Capital, Porto Alegre. On the third

third night, when the captain-general entered the theatre, all the ladies rose and sang verses in his honour, which were composed for the occasion, the chorus to which, as sung by the whole house, was as follows:

“Ditosa gente!  
Feliz terreno!  
Que um tal Governo  
Poude alcançar.

“Fortunate people!  
Happy land!  
That such a ruler  
Has obtained.”

Without being turned aside by these flattering demonstrations, he proceeded to carry out the provisions of the decrees, which required the election of three presidents: one of the Executive, one of Justice, and one of Finance. The electors met at 9 A.M. and continued in consultation until 2 P.M., when fifteen electors waited upon the captain-general to state the conclusion to which they had unanimously arrived; namely, not to proceed with the elections, but to leave the government unaltered in his hands. They were sent back to reconsider their resolution, and returned at 8 P.M., to declare ‘that the entire body of the electors were satisfied that the people desired no other government than that of Saldanha; and that such were the instructions which they had received from their constituents.’ Saldanha again pressed upon them that his duty to his sovereign left him no alternative but to retire, at the risk of throwing everything into confusion, if they persevered in thus nullifying the law; and at length a compromise was hit upon. They consented to proceed with the election to the presidencies, but elected him to all three, and intimated an opinion that he was equally eligible for the contemporaneous command of the military forces. This arrangement was not contrary to the strict letter of the law, and he discharged the various offices forced upon him till he found that the hearts of the Rio Grandians were as much set upon the independence of Portugal as the other provinces; a Junta having been formed at Porto Alegre, the capital, to co-operate with the rest. Pedro, who in the October following was proclaimed Emperor of Brazil, had already declared for a separation, and was virtually in rebellion against his royal father. In July 1822, therefore, Saldanha addressed a letter to the Junta of Rio, setting forth his reasons for resigning all his posts, and at once returning to Europe, rather than prove a traitor to his native country and the King to whom he had sworn allegiance.

When all other expedients for detaining him had been tried, a deputation from the chief people of the provinces of Rio Grande, Santa Fé, Corrientes, and Montevideo, waited upon him to declare that they were willing to form these provinces into an independent kingdom if he would accept the crown.

‘Thanking

'Thanking them sincerely, I, without hesitation, refused the offer. *Un roi parvenu*, and in those regions, would have found himself in a precarious situation. I may sincerely declare before God, that neither in my public nor in my private life have I ever committed an intentional act of injustice; and I am persuaded that I should have been *un assez bon chef dans un Etat quelconque*.'

The new Emperor did not suffer him to depart without offer upon offer, which would hardly have been refused by a mere soldier of fortune. He was offered the post of Marshal-General of the Army, the title of Marquis, and crown-lands to any extent in any quarter he might choose. The Imperial Minister of Finance, by way of persuading him to become a Brazilian, suggested that Portugal, after the separation, would become an impoverished and insignificant country. 'The greater the reason,' was the reply, 'that I should not desert it.'

The Emperor was crowned on the 1st of December, when Saldanha was still at Porto Alegre. There were great festivities on the occasion of the coronation. At night the Emperor went in state to the theatre. Saldanha appeared there dressed in black and occupied a seat in the box of his sister, the Countess da Ponte. The Minister of Marine going in said, 'General, the Emperor wonders why you are in mourning.' 'Can I be otherwise,' replied Saldanha, 'on the day when the dissolution of the monarchy has been effected?'

He left Rio two days afterwards, and arrived at Lisbon, with his wife and infant son, on the 25th of January, 1823.

'With the principles which actuated his conduct through life, it will readily be imagined that he left behind him many friends and admirers. Nor need it create much astonishment—none to those who knew him well—that the captain-general of a Province, with almost unlimited power, reached his country after eight years of service, with less than 6*l.* in his possession.'

According to the biographer, when, many years later, Pedro, then ex-Emperor, met Saldanha in Paris, he said to him: 'What the devil did you do with the Brazilians in the Province of Rio Grande? When I went there, I heard nothing from all sides but what was done in the time of Sr. Saldanha. Sr. Saldanha did this—Sr. Saldanha did that.' Dom Pedro added, that the very road on which he had travelled was called '*Estrada Saldanha*,' a name which the authorities had given it 'in memory of their beloved and regretted governor.'

Under any ordinary state of things, a man who had acted in this manner might have anticipated an honourable reception from the people or popular representatives and the Court; but Portugal when he arrived (September, 1823) was in as distracted  
a condition

a condition as Brazil. The first act of the King on his return (July 1821) was to take the oath to a new Constitution then in progress, 'so far as it was already prepared;' and on the 1st of October, when it was declared ready for trial, he repeated the oath with the required alteration. This is the Constitution of September 23, 1822, passed in accordance with the views of the democratic and ultra-radical party, who thenceforth passed by the name of Septembrists. The whole of the legislative and much of the executive authority was thereby vested in a representative Chamber, which the Crown could neither assemble, dissolve, nor prorogue. In what light this Constitution was regarded throughout Europe may be judged from the fact that three of the great Powers immediately withdrew their ministers; and it met with the most marked disapproval from the rest, including England.

Its framers did no more than justice to Saldanha's patriotism and moderation when, despairing of his concurrence, they treated him with coldness and distrust; but his ungracious reception by the Court can hardly be accounted for except by suspicion or jealousy. A *pronunciamento*, or military demonstration, was as common in Portugal as in Spain, and it was rationally doubted whether Saldanha would adhere in the Old World to the self-denying ordinance which he had imposed upon himself in the New. At all events, the course taken with him by the Government, in the name and with the presumed assent of the King, showed a determination to shelve or get rid of him, whilst apparently recognizing his services and his claims. Twelve days after his return, he was appointed to a high command in Brazil—the command of all the military and naval forces which 'are to be, or are already, collected at Bahia, with the direction and command of the said forces wherever they may operate.' This command was a mockery. He was to be sent on a perilous expedition without men, money, or commissariat, for the express purpose of discrediting him, and he took his part with his wonted firmness. He drew up a list of the requisites for the expedition, and concluded a letter enclosing them to the Minister of War in these words:—

'Such are my opinions, and my conditions for accepting the command-in-chief; made, I repeat, because I consider them necessary for the public welfare. They are the result of eight years' experience in Brazil in various commands. Should, however, it be preferred that I should command a company, a regiment, or a brigade, I am quite ready to do so. For then, my only duty will be to obey, and fight when and where I am ordered. This I know how to do. But to take the



command-in-chief, which implies responsibility, I can only do on the terms I have laid down.'

The reply was a peremptory order to embark and set sail without delay, and on his refusal he was brought before a court-martial on a charge of disobedience, and condemned to imprisonment in the Castle of St. George. He remained there (about four months) so long as it suited him and no longer; for on hearing of a rising headed by Dom Miguel with the professed object of delivering the King from undue restraint, he made his escape, placed himself at the head of two insurgent regiments, and hastened to join the King, who immediately gave him the command of a division in the army of which Dom Miguel was the chief. The immediate result of the movement was the formation of the Palmella Ministry, which restored temporary quiet by promising a modification of the Constitution. Saldanha addressed a letter to the Major-General of the forces, setting forth that he had left his prison from the purest motives:—

'Now, however, that his Majesty, fortunately, is replaced upon his throne, with the same prerogatives with which his ancestors occupied it; now that the anarchical faction is broken up, whose endeavours were to submerge the nation in a similar vortex of horrors and atrocities, as that in which France was torn to pieces in the time of the Convention; and, consequently, *the noble aim*, which H.R.H. the Infante, commander-in-chief, had in view, is attained, I should fail in my duty if I did not address his Royal Highness, requesting him to be pleased to name the officer who is to substitute me in the command of the troops he was pleased to entrust to me, so that I may return to the prison I left.'

It soon became clear that 'the noble aim' which H.R.H. the Infante, in concert with his royal mother and his royal uncle (Ferdinand of Spain) had in view, was absolutism, and that the King, who was little more than a cipher in their hands, had on one occasion answered a popular or military call by appearing at a window of the palace with his daughters and exclaiming: 'Since you wish it, since the country desires it, *Viva el Rei Absoluto.*' All therefore that could be said for Saldanha, when subsequently accused of having served under Dom Miguel is, that he went with him no further than loyalty required.

The answer of the Major-General was that he was ordered to inform him that the King 'is much pleased with his conduct, both with respect to the step he took in quitting his prison for such purpose, and to his wish to return to the same, from which his Majesty is pleased to release him.' In the course of the same month

month (June) he was appointed to the command of a force of 7000 or 8000 men in the Alemtejo, to protect the frontier from an anticipated invasion of the Spaniards, but he resigned this command on the 5th of October following, in consequence of the honours showered on an absolutist who had made open profession of his creed. He retired in good time, for whilst a Junta, under the presidency of Palmella, was preparing the promised changes, Dom Miguel, still commander-in-chief, commenced a fresh reign of violence, denounced constitutional government, arrested its most distinguished supporters, including Palmella, and exacted a written approval of his proceedings from the King, who was so beside himself with terror that, according to a current story, when the foreign Ministers fairly forced their way into his presence to be assured of his personal safety, they found him on his knees, and on seeing the French Minister, M. Hyde de Neuville, he exclaimed: 'How glad I am that it is you! I thought it was my sentence of death.'

By the advice of the diplomatic body the King took refuge on board a British man-of-war, the 'Windsor Castle,' from which he issued a manifesto, supposed to be the composition of Palmella, who, by some unexplained means, had managed to rejoin his sovereign. This manifesto produced or rather implied a complete reversal of the situation. It condemned in the strongest terms the recent conduct of Dom Miguel, and declared that he must quit the country before his Majesty would risk his sacred person by returning on shore. Dom Miguel embarked for Brest on the 13th of May, and the day following the King landed amidst the acclamations of his subjects, whose affections veered about with a rapidity which can only be accounted for on the supposition that the majority were floating between the opposite extremes and had no criterion of men or measures but success. The Queen-mother also received notice to quit the kingdom, and with difficulty evaded compliance with the mandate. Dom Miguel, who wished to take up his abode at Paris, was at length induced to repair to Vienna, where he was most out of the way of mischief, and the Austrian Government was earnestly requested to keep watch over him.

A brief summary of historical events is indispensable from time to time to make Saldanha's position intelligible. On the 7th of September, 1824, Palmella, Minister for Foreign Affairs, officially made known to his diplomatic agents abroad the bases of the Constitution projected by the Junta under his presidency. Its character may be collected from two clauses:—

'1. The clergy, the nobility, and the deputies from the towns and cities will unite (each class separately) in order to deliberate, with

closed doors, on the subjects which the Government will present for their discussion. They will exercise no share of the legislative power, and will only enjoy the privilege of being consulted, or listened to, by the king.'

\* \* \*  
'5. The three Estates will be convoked when his Majesty thinks proper; and will be dissolved in the same manner.'

This Constitution, although falling far short of the demands of even the moderate section of the Liberal party, produced no commotion on its first announcement, and does not appear to have influenced Saldanha in his connection with the Court or the authorities for the time being. In April, 1825, he accepted the appointment of military Governor of Oporto, and inaugurated his rule by refusing the customary bribes in the shape of wine, hams, &c. The good people of Oporto must have had the same reason for entertaining a favourable remembrance of him as the inhabitants of Rio Grande. 'Previous to his arrival constant robberies were committed in the streets, in private houses, and even in the very churches, by bands of organized miscreants. In less than a month as many as sixty-three of these criminals were in prison, and the robberies ceased.'

By the death of the King (John VI.), March 10, 1826, the crown of Portugal devolved on his eldest son, Pedro, already Emperor of Brazil, who by the laws of both countries was obliged to elect between the two. The news of his accession reached him at Rio de Janeiro, where his first act was to confirm his sister, Isabel Maria, in the regency of Portugal, which she held under their father; and three days afterwards he formally granted the Charter known as the Charter of 1826, which the English Minister at Rio, Sir Charles Stuart, undertook to convey to Lisbon. This Charter was a triumph for Liberalism. On being apprised of it, Saldanha wrote from Oporto to Sir William A'Court, the English Minister at Lisbon, to urge the importance of having it proclaimed without delay, and to declare the line of conduct he had marked out for himself in case of any attempt to disappoint the just expectations of the people:—

'They do me justice. They know I am ready to give my life for their welfare. They trust I will direct them right; and with the greatest docility have followed my advice. I shall be consistent with my principles, and will answer their confidence. The one who has been acknowledged the legitimate sovereign has given us a Constitution. Our noble ally, Great Britain, approves it; (else Sir Charles Stuart would not be its bearer). The Brazils will maintain it. And therefore, I am determined, if the intrigues of Spain and Russia prevail, to put myself at the head of the troops of all the northern provinces, of whose obedience I am sure, and act according to the orders of my king.'

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The name of the King appears to have been used indiscriminately by all parties with or without the royal sanction, much as in our Great Rebellion it was used by the Parliamentarians so long as there was the semblance of a monarchy. Saldanha on this occasion did not wait for orders. The Charter arrived on the 7th of July, but the proclamation was delayed, and the Regent was hesitating, when he wrote to her to state that, if the oaths were not taken by the 31st, he would publicly take them himself and compel the taking of them in all the northern provinces on that day. This bold proceeding was justified by the result. It was accepted as a display of loyalty by the Infanta, who forthwith gave orders that the oaths should be taken throughout the kingdom on or by the day named by him.

Saldanha never permitted his light to be hidden under a bushel: he was a voluminous writer of letters and despatches, and he rarely misses an opportunity of recapitulating the services he had rendered in critical emergencies. It happens fortunately that his *pièces justificatives* are addressed to persons well qualified to verify his statements, and although they have an air of self-glorification, their substantial accuracy may be assumed. Reverting to these events four years after their occurrence in a letter to the King, he writes:—

‘Without this, my firm resolution and determination, the constitutional Charter would have become a dead letter: the throne of her Majesty D. Maria II., so intimately connected with the fundamental law of that Charter, would not have been secured: D. Miguel would quickly have seized the sceptre: and the august mother of your Majesty would have remained Princess of Grand Pará.’

The inauguration of the Charter led to the formation of a new Ministry, in which the War Office was assigned to Saldanha, who signalized his administration by placing the army on a much improved footing. A few days after granting the Charter, Pedro, electing for Brazil, abdicated the throne of Portugal in favour of his daughter, D. Maria da Gloria, upon two conditions: 1, that the reception of the Charter in Portugal should be officially made known before she left Rio; 2, that she should be betrothed with a view to a future marriage to Dom Miguel, his younger brother and her uncle; who, the Salic law not being in force in Portugal, came after her in the regular succession to the throne. This, his legal position, was formally accepted by him; he swore fidelity to the Queen and the Constitution without protest or demur; spoke of her in a letter to his brother as his legitimate sovereign, and indignantly repudiated the notion

notion that he meditated any denial of her rights or resistance to her authority. Yet he was always plotting her overthrow, always the willing tool of insurrection and intrigue ; and during the best part of a generation his name was a synonym for absolutism. Saldanha never ceased regarding him as a standing menace to free institutions, and addressed letter after letter to put the King upon his guard.

We collect from Saldanha's letters that although a high place, the department of war or foreign affairs, was reserved for him during successive changes of ministry, he did not enjoy the unlimited confidence of the Infanta. When the news reached Lisbon that Dom Miguel was about to supersede her in the regency, Saldanha urged her to stand upon her rights under the Charter, and resist. On her urging her inability, he said, ' If your Highness will second me with the sanction of your name and authority, I will answer with my reputation and my life, that you shall retain the regency, with a constitutional government, until the Queen shall attain her majority.'

She declined, and (remarks the Conde da Carnota) perhaps from that moment thought he was too powerful a subject for the vicinity of a court. She lost no time in getting rid of him ; for a ministerial crisis ensued, 'and when (to quote his own words) I had the honour of arriving in her Highness's presence (it grieves me to confess it), I noticed in her countenance an appearance of reserve which, thanks to her great goodness, I had not been accustomed to.' The day following he tendered his resignation, which was readily accepted, and he writes to the King:—

'From the Ministry, Sire, I have brought nothing but my honour and my independence. Those who served with me bear away no spoils of the State: no one will venture to say the contrary.

'The moment I received my dismissal, which took everybody by surprise (for the greatest secrecy had been kept as to what had passed between her Highness and her minister), I set out for Cintra ; but, unfortunately, the people of Lisbon, startled at my dismissal, committed a thousand follies, which my greatest friends had considerable difficulty in restraining, until order was restored by an armed force. At Oporto, a similar agitation broke out ; and I hear that, from different parts of the kingdom, representations have been addressed to her Highness, requesting my return to the Ministry : and I can readily believe it ; for when, after the 1st of May, I re-assumed the functions of Minister of War, all the military bodies, and nearly all the municipal Chambers of the kingdom, gave proofs of their satisfaction.'

This might be taken for an effusion of vanity, did we not bear in mind that the hold on the popular mind of which he boasts  
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was a reality. There is ample evidence that the demonstrations in his favour, and the general demand for his recall, were of a nature to excite grave apprehension. He was ordered to leave Cintra for Oeiras, and he writes:—

‘I have obeyed in silence, in order not to arouse the feelings of your Majesty’s faithful servants, of the real constitutionalists who idolise the Charter, and of my true friends. As soon as my poor means will permit, I shall set out for Paris with my dear wife and three children,—the eldest of whom is five years of age, and the youngest forty-eight days; there to await your Majesty’s orders.’

Things fell out after his departure very nearly as he had anticipated, and it is in no slight degree creditable to his perspicacity that he thoroughly understood a character by which the most sagacious politicians in Europe were deceived. Dom Miguel had been three years a resident in Vienna when he was nominated to the regency, and Metternich speaks of him as ‘a young prince who by precious qualities of heart and mind has acquired the greatest of rights to our august master’s esteem.’ Again: ‘I regard it as a duty to do this young prince the justice that his thoughts are as correct as wise and elevated.’

The Austrian Minister’s motives for using such language may be open to suspicion, but Palmella must have been in earnest when he wrote that, ‘it will shortly depend on his Highness, the Infante Dom Miguel, to follow the generous inspirations of his heart; to acquire for himself an immortal name, and secure the happiness of the Portuguese nation.’

Dom Miguel, instead of going direct from Vienna to Lisbon, came to England, and (Dec. 30, 1827) paid a visit of three days to George IV. at Windsor, and was afterwards entertained at Strathfieldsaye. Saldanha, who had come to London on purpose, requested and obtained an interview, but his reception was of the coldest. ‘His Highness (he writes), and this (as I am informed) with great difficulty, only permitted me the honour of kissing his hand in public, together with other Portuguese; and, through the Marquis de Palmella, he informed me that he would not again allow me the honour of entering his presence.’ There were, he adds, five reasons for this coldness, which may all be resolved into one: that his Highness regarded him as a true patriot, ready to shed the last drop of his blood for the Charter.

Dom Miguel reached Portugal in February, 1828, and lost no time in effecting the meditated usurpation under the pretence of carrying out the wishes of the people as expressed by the Municipal Chambers, which were regularly instructed through their Presidents to supplicate him to assume the crown, and to assume it as an absolute monarch, after nullifying the Charter as an  
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illegal innovation on his rights. In obedience to the alleged popular call, he ordered the ancient Cortes of the kingdom to be convoked in thirty days in the place of the Chambers which he dissolved; and, by way of making sure of a majority, the returning officers were instructed 'that the votes of those electors who, by their known sentiments and political opinions, had declared themselves enemies of the true principles of legitimacy and followers of the new institutions, should be considered factious, and not be allowed to be enrolled.' The Cortes thus elected met in June 1828, and in the course of less than three weeks, abolished the Charter, proclaimed Dom Miguel king, formally signed their adhesion, and announced that their mission had been fulfilled.

Dom Miguel having thrown off the mask, Palmella announced to the Court of St. James's that his diplomatic functions had ceased, and his example was followed by the Portuguese Ministers at every other Court except Berlin. Oporto declared at once for the Queen, and a Junta was formed to co-operate with her supporters. Oporto therefore was obviously the rallying-point for the friends of constitutional government, and Saldanha was eager to repair thither without delay, whilst Palmella should remain in London. After a variety of delays, arising mainly from mutual jealousy, an expedition was organized and arrived at Oporto; but, after some desultory operations, the commanders came to the conclusion that their forces were unequal to the defence of the city, which would be given up to plunder if it were taken by assault. It was consequently evacuated, and the expedition returned to England, confessedly a dead failure, the blame of which was distributed between the chiefs according to the indiscriminating zeal or prejudices of their partisans. Saldanha had his full share, although his biographer vehemently contends that, if his counsels had been followed, or if the supreme direction had been entrusted to him, the forces were sufficient not only to defend Oporto, but to form the nucleus of an army which might have marched on Lisbon and hurled the usurper from his throne: that, in fact, Saldanha could and would have done in 1828 what he did in 1834.

Equally unlucky was the expedition to Terceira in January 1829, where the disembarkation was opposed by the captain of an English squadron, upon grounds which at this distance of time it were needless to discuss. Saldanha, after one of his vessels had been fired upon, was obliged to rest satisfied with a protest, and he set sail for Brest, where he and his fellow-refugees (600 in number) arrived in so destitute a state, that he was compelled to apply to the French authorities for relief. This was readily accorded, and principally through his instrumentality  
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the Portuguese refugees in Paris were put upon an allowance of a franc a day for the men, and three francs for the officers. He himself was in such contracted circumstances, that he was obliged to borrow 105 francs from his brother, whose memorandum of this petty loan has been preserved. During his prolonged residence in Paris, he was hand in glove with the best of the French Liberals, especially with Lafayette, and he took an active part in the Revolution of July. When twitted with this in the Portuguese Chamber in February 1848, he replied:—

‘The worthy Peer, Count das Antas, informed the Chamber that I fought in the streets of Paris during the three days of the Revolution of July. It is quite true that I did so; and, if your Excellency will allow me, I will say that I then acted as I always have acted; and, that, among other things, I was one of the first who entered the Hôtel de Ville. It was, undoubtedly, one of the principal episodes of my life; during which, extraordinary were the events I took part in, owing to my connection with the most virtuous man I have ever known, General Lafayette. To enable the House to appreciate the position I then filled at Paris, I will state that I was the only individual, not a Deputy, who was present at the debate in which the change of Dynasty was decided upon. But, Senhor President, did I cease, during those three days, to fight for the liberty of my country? Did I cease, during those three days, to fight for the Throne of my Queen? Without the victory we gained in those three days, could we possibly have overthrown the Throne of the Usurper? I pride myself, therefore, upon the active part I took in those events.’

It is undoubtedly true that if victory had declared for Charles X., the position of every absolute monarch or pretender would have been materially strengthened, and Dom Miguel was already so far established that Liberal governments were hard pressed for excuses to delay the formal recognition of him as King. At the same time the system of terrorism to which he had resorted to enforce his authority had alienated all except his most violent partisans, and led to a general belief that a reign which could only be maintained by violence must be short. Long lists have been made out of persons hanged, deported or publicly flogged, and the fate reserved for the most distinguished of the refugees is indicated by the sentences passed in their absence on all who took part in the unsuccessful expedition to Oporto. They were to be conducted, bound with cords, through the public streets of Oporto to the New Square (*Praça Nova*); and there, proclamation having been made of their crimes, they were to be strangled on a lofty scaffold, so that their punishment might be witnessed by the people. Their heads were to be cut off; and their bodies, together with the scaffold on which they had suffered, were to be consumed by fire, and  
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the ashes thrown into the sea, in order that all memory of them should be lost. Palmella and Saldanha were included in this sentence. It was computed that in 1830 there were more than 40,000 persons under arrest for political offences, and full half that number in exile or in hiding-places. Lord Palmerston is quoted as stating that more than a thousand had been thrown into prison in Lisbon alone in eleven days. Foreigners were not exempt from insult and oppression; and English, French and American squadrons successively appeared in the Tagus to exact reparation or apologies.

With the view of repairing in some measure the mischief he had done by blind confidence, Dom Pedro, after abdicating the imperial throne of Brazil, resolved on coming to Europe, and he arrived in London in June, 1831, bringing with him the young Queen, his daughter, in whose favour he had abdicated the throne of Portugal. Prior to their arrival, a feeler was put forth by her representative at the British Court, the Chevalier Lima, to ascertain whether they could be received as temporary residents at Buckingham Palace or Windsor. Such a reception, it was replied, involving the celebration of Mass, would jar with British prejudices and do harm to their cause. On her asking for a formal recognition as Queen, Lord Palmerston objected that this was impossible so long as Dom Miguel was *de facto* King, but added: 'We are disposed not to see what does not happen before our eyes. What the Ministry of the Duke of Wellington would have prevented, we will not prevent. But *il faut en venir là*, what the Emperor *can* do, and what he *will* do.'

After a stay of six weeks, the ex-Emperor with the Queen left London for Paris, where he proceeded to make preparations for an expedition to Portugal. On the 11th of January, 1832, Saldanha received a message requiring his attendance on his Majesty, and was informed that the object of sending for him was to request him to make a great sacrifice in favour of the young Queen's cause. He declared his readiness to make every possible sacrifice. 'But it is a greater sacrifice than perhaps you are prepared for,' continued Dom Pedro, and then went on to state that, on the previous day, the Spanish ambassador, accompanied by the Minister of Foreign Affairs and the ambassadors of Austria and England, had waited on him, and had declared, on the part of Ferdinand VII., that if General Saldanha should form part of the projected expedition, he, Ferdinand, would place an army of 40,000 men at the disposal of Dom Miguel. But, Dom Pedro added, the Spanish ambassador, in the presence of the French Minister and of the two  
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other ambassadors, had pledged himself that King Ferdinand, if Saldanha remained at Paris, would remain neutral.

To this there could be no reply, although there were good grounds for suspecting that the threatened Spanish intervention was got up for the occasion, and that suspicions were entertained lest Saldanha in case of success might set up for himself as dictator, regent, or president of a republic. Be this as it may, he had no alternative but to submit, and wait patiently till the sense of his value was forced upon those who wished to place him upon the shelf. He had not to wait long. The expedition began well. The landing before Oporto was unopposed, and the city was evacuated by the garrison, which outnumbered the besiegers in the proportion of two to one. The inhabitants were unanimous in their adhesion: the Miguelite army was wavering; and if the first success had been spiritedly followed up, they might have fallen back and left the road open to the capital. But the command of the Queen's forces was confided to the Count de Villa, unless when it was directly exercised by the Emperor, and neither of them had any quality of generalship besides personal courage. Their incapacity became so obvious at the first engagement that the troops lost confidence, and the panic-struck citizens apprehended an immediate return of the Miguelites. These now took heart and laid regular siege to the city which they had left without firing a shot. Describing a gallant but unsuccessful sally on the 7th of August, Soriano writes: 'So disastrous was this attempt on the part of the Count de Villa Flor, and so little to his credit was the disposition of his forces, that no official account has ever appeared of the operations of this unlucky and calamitous day.'

The one thing needed by universal acknowledgment was a general, and on the 23rd Palmella informs the Queen's Minister of War, Freire: 'I have written to Paris most pressingly, in order to see if we can engage some distinguished French officer to go and serve in our cause; but, in truth, it is extremely difficult, under present circumstances, to induce men of note to take such a step.' That they had Saldanha constantly in their thoughts is clear from numerous allusions to him, and the real objection peeps out in a despatch from the Chevalier Lima, where he says: 'I continue to hear that Saldanha, in combination with Herteaut and Lacroix, meditates a *coup de main* in Portugal; and, I believe, proposes to effect a landing with some men at Figueira or even at Peniche; and this, as I think, not to assist Dom Pedro, but to see if he can be the first to enter Lisbon, and to make himself master of the government.'

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At length a mode was hit upon of securing his services without undergoing the humiliation of directly requiring them. An Order in the Queen's name, dated Oporto, November 3, 1832, was published in the newspapers of London, Paris, and Brussels, to the effect that all military men, subjects of Portugal, residing in foreign countries, should return immediately to Portugal, unless incapacitated by ill-health or age, applying for the means of transport to the diplomatic agents of her Majesty. The Conde da Carnota assumes as an admitted fact that this Order was meant, not for the few emigrants coming within the description, but for Saldanha alone. This, however, is hardly reconcilable with the neglect of the diplomatic agent at Paris to supply the promised means of transport, and Saldanha himself writes that, by withholding the necessary funds, those who did not desire his departure imagined he would be compelled to remain, adding, that they were mistaken, 'for my friend Carneiro at once advanced me 22,000 francs, without other security than my word.' The refusal of a passage by the Falmouth packet was also regarded by him as something more than an accident. He was obliged to hire a small vessel at Plymouth to convey him and his party to Oporto, and embarking on the 17th of January they arrived off the entrance to the Douro on the 28th.

The party consisted of seven, including General Stubbs and an aide-de-camp. A month before their arrival the command of the army had been conferred on a French officer, General Solignac, who had not been more fortunate than his predecessor. His first offensive movement, in co-operation with the fleet under Admiral Sartoris, had failed, and differences had already broken out between him and Dom Pedro, who, he complained, was continually meddling with his plans. We can readily believe, therefore, that Saldanha was received with acclamations by the soldiers; and the imperative call for him is proved by the fact, that the command of the most important of the three divisions of which the army consisted was conferred upon him. After riding round the lines, he met Dom Pedro, who asked how he found them: 'In the worst possible condition,' was the reply. He goes into details, and Dom Pedro declares that he will call a council of war without delay. It was called the next night, and all, Saldanha relates, agreed with what he stated, but added that, with the means at their disposal, it was impossible to complete the fortifications as he proposed. Granting this, he urged the necessity for doing something to avert the impending danger. 'Your Majesty,' he said, addressing the Emperor, 'will lose but little in  
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losing me. Give me 500 men; I will sally out and see what can be done.'

The day following he went to Solignac and pointed out the expediency of occupying a pine wood overlooking the beach. 'I know it well,' said Solignac, 'for it was there I fought on the 24th. But the enemy has a redoubt within pistol shot, mounted with pieces of twenty-four. It would be foolish rashness to endeavour to establish ourselves there; and I most positively order that no such movement shall be made.' Paying no attention to this order, Saldanha, with four companies of his division, attacked and carried the pine wood at the point of the bayonet. 'When Major Barreiros, aide-de-camp to Solignac, came on the part of the Marshal to enquire into the cause of so much firing, I replied that I was in possession of the pine wood, concerning which I had spoken to him in the morning; and that all the endeavours of the enemy would not make me abandon it.'

This is one amongst several of the dashing exploits by which he silenced although he could not suppress jealousy, and they do not rest on his own unsupported assertions. The 'Times' correspondent wrote that 'the fortifications, as if by enchantment, rose from the feet of General Saldanha.' Colonel Badcock (as quoted by the Conde da Carnota) confirms the correspondent:

'Now Saldanha came forward. He took the superintendence of the whole left of the line; covering the landing-place, and its communications with the city. His exertions on this occasion have never been sufficiently appreciated. He deserved every credit for his activity and perseverance in forming those lines, which afterwards became the salvation of the Cause.

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'Previous to his arrival, every difficulty had been raised and opposed to the forming of works defensively; and every facility had been permitted offensively. Although the liberals had no hardworking peasantry for this labour,—their army being composed chiefly of mechanics, to whom it was irksome, and who made little progress,—yet, his popularity, the confidence he had gained in the minds of the lower classes, did wonders. None but the favourite Saldanha could have made such active pioneers of such a people.

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'Had the enemy, before Saldanha's arrival, cut off the Foz—a work of three hours with a dashing leader,—they might have completely invested the city, which must have fallen without an assault.\*

Referring to a repulse sustained by the Miguelites, the correspondent of a French journal writes:

\* 'Rough Leaves from a Journal kept in Spain and Portugal,' &c. By Lieut.-Colonel Lovell Badcock. London, 1835.

'In the affair of the first of March the safety of the city and the constitutional army has been owing to the Count de Saldanha. It is generally believed here that Solignac will resign shortly, and that the command of the army will be entrusted to Saldanha. Solignac no longer inspires the confidence that the army had at first in his talents and experience. He has been eclipsed by Saldanha.'

Early in June, Palmella arrived at Oporto, and rising superior to the littleness of rivalry when great interests were at stake, went at once to Saldanha, who met him in the same spirit of conciliation. On leaving, Palmella exclaimed in the hearing of many, 'Now that my arrival has commenced so happily, I cannot augur ill for our good cause.' On June 11th Dom Pedro presided at a council of war, at which Solignac, Palmella, Saldanha, the Ministers, and the principal military commanders were present. Solignac, having been unanimously overruled, rose and said, 'Your Majesty perceives that all the leading men of the army are opposed to my views; consequently I can no longer be of service, and I return to France.' Dom Pedro accepted the resignation, which was officially announced on the 13th, and on the day following Saldanha was appointed his successor. Sartoris had resigned the command of the naval forces on the 8th, and was succeeded by Napier (Admiral Sir Charles), so that there was now every chance that there would be no lack of dash, enterprise, and intrepidity by land or sea.

Saldanha is reported to have said that in Europe there are (or were) at least 300 generals, who with the practical knowledge of war, unite the theory. 'And to yet so few is it given to be a good general-in-chief. Why is this? Because he must be possessed of two qualities which are antagonistic. He must be so prudent, as to be deemed a coward; and so daring that he might be taken for a madman.'

Proofs that he combined these qualities abound in his military career. A striking one was supplied in an attack upon the works of Oporto. He came up with his staff at a critical moment, when an important position was in danger of being carried, and he ordered the advance of a French battalion in the Queen's service who, instead of charging, fell back exclaiming '*Envoyez vos Portugais!*' (Send your Portuguese). He had no Portuguese at hand, and he saw at a glance that the position would be taken before reinforcements could arrive, so he charged at the head of his staff, followed by some twenty lancers, broke the first line of the assailants and drove them back in confusion. This exploit is specially mentioned in the patent by which he was made Grand Cross of the Tower and Sword; and in the report of the engagement from the Minister for Foreign Affairs

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to the Chevalier Lima it is said: 'General Count Saldanha behaved with the greatest wisdom and valour, ending by charging the enemy in person at the head of his staff.\*'

It was about this time (July 5) that Napier, with three frigates, a corvette, a brig, and a small schooner, engaged and took the whole Miguelite fleet, consisting of two ships of the line, two frigates, three corvettes, and two brigs. Most of the ships struck without firing a shot, the officers and crews refusing to fight against the Queen. The tide was now setting in irresistibly in her favour. The Duke of Terceira, at the head of a victorious force (July 24), entered Lisbon, which the Duke de Cadaval had just evacuated, and on the 26th Dom Pedro, considering the siege of Oporto as good as raised, started for the capital, leaving the command to Saldanha, with plenary powers to treat for a termination of hostilities and settle terms. The besieging army was under Marshal Bourmont, who had given out on the eve of the recent repulse that he should dine the next day in Oporto. The command of all the Miguelite forces had been conferred upon him, and he attached great importance to the possession of Lisbon. On hearing, therefore, that it had been evacuated, he hastened to direct in person the meditated movements for its recovery; leaving General Almer with 15,000 men to occupy Saldanha and maintain the semblance of a siege. Almer made a feint of abandoning it altogether by withdrawing from the strongest of his redoubts, the object being to lure Saldanha into the open field, where, he calculated, superior numbers must carry the day. Saldanha, penetrating his design, resolved to indulge instead of balking him, and after securing the redoubts, assumed the aggressive, and before nightfall had driven the Miguelites back in every direction and taken thirteen or fourteen of their forts. This was on the 18th of August. The siege was now practically at an end; and, conceiving his presence more useful elsewhere, Saldanha issued a proclamation to the inhabitants and the troops, dated Oporto, August 23, 1833:—

'My duty calls me to the Capital. The pleasing certainty that you do justice to my feelings renders it unnecessary for me to say how much I feel the separation. If anything can lessen my regret, it is the reflection that Lieutenant-General Stubbs, whom I leave in command, and his chief of the Staff, Colonel Pacheco, take the same interest in your glory and welfare as I do.'

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\* According to Colonel Badcock, Saldanha performed this exploit twice: 'At nine an attempt was made in the same manner at Bowim. General Saldanha *again* charged at the head of his staff the front of the Miguelite column, which had reached the entrance of the place, and drove them back. His aide-de-camp, Alexander Almeida, was killed at his side.'



Dom Pedro had directed that, if troops could be spared, they should be sent to aid in the defence of Lisbon, but had expressed no wish for the presence in person of Saldanha, who must have known very well that his appearance at the capital would be anything but pleasing to the many aspirants to power whom he was sure to throw into the shade. But he was in the habit in such emergencies of consulting only the best interests of his country or (the sceptics of motives would say) his own. The expediency of sending for him was under actual discussion in a council summoned for the purpose by the Regent, when his arrival off the mouth of the Tagus was announced, bringing with him a regiment of lancers and four corps of infantry. He went at once to the palace, where the Regent and his Ministers received him on the staircase. The Regent, embracing him, said: 'At the moment in which I received notice that you were crossing the Bar, I and the Ministers had resolved upon sending for you. Bourmont is coming with rapid marches upon Lisbon.'

This was on the 25th of August, and Bourmont arrived before Lisbon on the 3rd of September. The intervening time was employed by Saldanha in strengthening the defences and disciplining the volunteers who composed the bulk of the garrison. The first grand attack was made on the 5th. It began at 5 A.M., and lasted till 10 at night, when the repulse was completed by a bayonet charge led by Saldanha in person. Another attack on the 14th was repulsed at every point, and on the 21st Bourmont resigned the command, and flung up the service of Dom Miguel in disgust. The young Queen arrived at Lisbon on the 23rd, and was received by the military commanders with their staffs, and the civil authorities, in a temporary building near the landing-place. When they were all collected, Dom Pedro introduced Saldanha with these words: 'Maria, I do not present the Lieut.-General Count de Saldanha, whom you already know, but the Marshal Saldanha, to whom you owe your being here to-day.'

The same graceful mode of announcing a promotion was employed by George IV. (then Regent) when Major Percy knelt to deliver the despatch announcing the victory of Waterloo: 'Rise up, Colonel Percy.' The decree conferring the rank of Field-Marshal on Saldanha was signed the same day, and is prefaced by a recapitulation of his services. Bourmont was replaced by General Macdonnell, who continued the investment of Lisbon. On the 8th of October Saldanha, calling at the palace, found the Queen and the ex-Empress playing on the piano, whilst Dom Pedro was accompanying them on the French horn.

horn. Seeing from Saldanha's manner that he had some communication to make, Dom Pedro took him into another room, and asked him what it was. 'The 12th is your Majesty's birthday.'—'Much obliged to you for the information,' said Dom Pedro, 'and what of that?' Saldanha continued: 'I do not like that your Majesty should spend your birthday in a city surrounded by the enemy.'—'Nor do I,' interrupted Dom Pedro; 'but what can we do?'—'Let us attack them,' was the immediate reply. 'Are you mad?' rejoined Dom Pedro; 'did you not see the force which my brother Miguel paraded before us yesterday?'—'Yes, sire; I saw,' said the Marshal, 'that he had 22,000 bayonets and 3100 cavalry.'—'And with what force can you attack them?'—'I have,' answered Saldanha, '8400 infantry and 600 cavalry.'—'Then would it not be complete madness?'—'Sire,' replied Saldanha, 'you must observe that the enemy, by delay, can go on augmenting their forces, which it is much less in our power to do. The plan I have conceived, if successful, would be the most brilliant action of modern military history. If not, it would simply appear as an ordinary sortie from a besieged city.' Dom Pedro, reflecting for a moment, replied: 'I will not oppose you. I have seen you perform such miracles. Do whatever you like.'

After making his dispositions for a simultaneous attack on the rear of the enemy, and ordering some gunboats to be so placed as to harass them on their anticipated retreat, he sallied out and attacked them with such vigour that after a desperate resistance they were driven back. On one occasion, after several attempts had been made to carry a position, he got off his horse, led on a Belgian corps, and was the first to jump into the enemy's trenches:—

'Five times during this day did the marshal dismount, and himself lead the men to the attack of disputed positions. The combat ceased only at night. It was a triumphant day for the queen's troops, who were outnumbered by their opponents as three to one in infantry, and five times in cavalry. Still more complete would have been the success of the victors, if the plans of Saldanha had been executed, in other quarters, as he had previously combined.'

Early the next morning Dom Pedro came to Saldanha's quarters, accompanied by some French and English officers, who joined in congratulating him on the events of the preceding day, but strongly advised that no further risk should be incurred. Finding them deaf to argument, he threw himself at the feet of the Regent, declaring that he could no longer accept the responsibility of command unless he was left entirely free to carry out his plans. Dom Pedro raised him and said, 'God save me from

your resignation; march on, and do what you please.' His plan was carried out as originally conceived: the whole day of the 11th is described as a series of successes, to which he largely contributed by his personal presence in the hottest of the fire, and at midnight the enemy were in full retreat. During the second engagement Dom Pedro had joined Saldanha on the battle-field, on a rising ground from which he could discern the movements of the enemy. One man having been killed and another wounded close to them, an officer, the Viscount de Almeida, implored Dom Pedro to retire, reminding him that it was the Marshal who was in command. Dom Pedro, who was by nature brave, playfully ran behind Saldanha, and seizing him by the shoulders, exclaimed (in allusion to the apparently charmed life of the Marshal), 'Now I am securely covered by João Carlos.' But, in a moment, seriously recollecting himself, and thrusting Saldanha aside, the Regent cried out, as if horror-struck at the idea, 'Poor Maria! if one ball should kill us both!'

The Miguelites retreated to Santarem, a strongly fortified place, which Masséna had occupied for some months during his retreat in 1810-1811. He was left unmolested in it by the Duke of Wellington, who quietly took up a watching position; and his example was followed by Saldanha, who established his headquarters at Cartaxo. At this time he was in communication with his wife as to the means of raising 2000 francs to transmit to Paris in payment of a debt. Hearing of this, the Minister of Finance writes:

'I am so angry with you to-day, that I have only time to scold. How could it enter into the head of any one to trouble a poor woman with commercial transactions! Is it not bitterness enough to be deprived of her husband's company? Rest assured that Machado will receive the 2000 francs in good time; for an order shall be sent by the packet, and, if possible, overland too. Your name should not be compromised, however large might be the sum required. Too much is owing to you by the Treasury, that you should thus draw on your private means. I have great hope, that from the first of January onwards, the army will be paid in cash.'

One inevitable effect of the assured safety of the capital was the revival of dissension and intrigue. The Liberal party was broken up into twelve or fourteen sections or factions, a portion of whom were always sure to be in opposition, and the Ministry were so hard pressed that we find one of them, the Minister of War, appealing to Saldanha to do something to draw off attention, never mind what. 'They complain that such large means are paralysed before a small force at Santarem.' He steadily refused to attack Santarem, but on January 12th, 1834, he suddenly

denly left Cartaxo with 4000 men and a regiment of lancers and marched towards Leiria. Two men on horseback having been captured by his staff, he called for writing-materials, and addressed the following note to the governor of Leiria, which he told one of the men to carry. 'It is I who am in command. I will assault the city in half an hour, and give no quarter, if you do not immediately yield. Saldanha.' The governor having enquired if the note really came from Saldanha, and being assured of the fact, at once gave orders to abandon the city.

Whilst Saldanha was at Leiria, he was urged to join the Cabinet, as Minister of War if he chose, with liberty to appoint a substitute while he continued in command of the army in the field. This offer he declined. On the 24th he advanced on Torres Novas, where he found a crack Miguelite regiment, called the 'Chaves Cavalry,' drawn up in the principal square. They were charged by his cavalry, broken, driven out of the town, and pursued several leagues. Shortly afterwards he was informed that the Miguelites meditated an attack upon Pernes, and he resolved to anticipate them. He fell upon them in their advance and inflicted a crushing defeat, with the loss of only twenty killed and wounded on his side. On his return to Cartaxo he was presented with the Grand Cross of the Order of Christ, in reward, as stated in the decree, for (amongst other services) 'the well-concerted plans, intrepidity, skill, activity, and zeal, displayed in the three engagements of Leiria, Torres Novas, and Pernes, when he so worthily commanded the brave troops which annihilated so large a portion of the enemy's forces.'

General Grant, it will be remembered, was persistently depreciated till he had taken Vicksburg; and the Duke of Wellington was subjected to a good deal of hostile comment till he had driven the French out of Portugal; but it was Saldanha's still harder destiny to be plagued with critics and counsellors after an unbroken series of successes, in which his generalship was no less remarkable than his intrepidity.

'Many times,' he wrote, 'the Ministry, as well as Dom Pedro, urged me to attack Santarem; and my friends at Lisbon were continually declaring that I should be discredited by my inaction. On the last occasion, when D. Pedro was unusually urgent on the subject, I said, "Give the command to the Duke da Terceira, and let him accede to the desires which many have shown; and, as a soldier, you will see that I will be the first to enter the city, if to enter we should be able. As a general, no one shall ever force me to commit so grave an error."'

General Lemos, who commanded at Santarem, thought himself strong enough not only to hold the place, but to break

through the opposing force and make his way to the capital. On the evening of the 18th of February, he left the shelter of his works, and advanced with the intention of crossing the plain which intervened between him and Saldanha's position. All Saldanha wanted, notwithstanding the numerical superiority of the Miguelites, was a pitched battle. He allowed them to pass a bridge which he might have disputed, and even to form upon the heights which he occupied. Then he dashed upon them with his usual impetuosity, and soon sent them flying in every direction towards their stronghold. His tactics in this battle, the battle of Almoester, in allowing the unmolested approach of the enemy, were much criticized. His justification was that if he had disputed the passage of the bridge, the day would have been wasted in skirmishing, and in his official report he says, 'I am sure that his Imperial Majesty will not consider my confidence to have been temerity, when I inform him that I had with me the 2nd and 12th battalions of Caçadores, and the 3rd and 6th regiments of infantry.' What might have been temerity in others was simply calculation in him, who knew exactly how far he might depend upon his troops.

Santarem was evacuated on the 18th of May. When Dom Pedro entered it, he turned to Saldanha and said, 'Now I do not wonder that you would not attack this town.'

The Miguelite cause was becoming hopeless, and on the 26th of May a convention by which they laid down their arms was concluded at Evora by Terceira and Saldanha on the part of the government, and by General Lemos and Senhor Torreção on the part of Dom Miguel, who three days afterwards signed the following document:—

'Palace at Evora, May 29th, 1834.

'To satisfy the further requirements of the Marshals Duke da Terceira and Count de Saldanha in the name of their Government, I declare that I will never directly or indirectly interfere in the political affairs of this kingdom and its dominions.

'D. MIGUEL.'

A pension of 15,000*l.* was granted to him, but on arriving at Genoa he published a protest against everything signed by or for him as obtained by force.

Salhanha was made a Marquis, and the Grand Cross of the Order of San Fernando was conferred upon him by the Queen of Spain in testimony of his 'brilliant services in restoring peace to the Peninsula.'

It is tolerably plain sailing so long as we are following his military career, but his civil career is a labyrinth, and a labyrinth without a clue to all who are not intimately acquainted with

with the intricacies of Portuguese politics during the last fifty years. Elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies, which met on the 15th of August, 1834, he took his seat as leader of the Opposition, but he is soon afterwards made a peer and accepts the presidency of two or three commissions named by the Ministry. He also, after tendering his resignation, was persuaded by the Regent to retain his commission as Chief of the Staff, and he accepted a national grant of 100 contos (about 25,000*l.*), similar grants being made to Palmella and Terceira. On the 24th of February the permission of the Chamber of Deputies was asked for one of its members, Saldanha, to be employed on an important foreign mission, i.e. to Paris, and he writes to the '*Nacional*' to express a hope that his friends will give him credit for 'the powerful motives which satisfied and convinced me that, by the acceptance of that mission, I should render, under present circumstances, the greatest possible service in my power.'

What service he was to render except by leaving the political field clear is not explained. The Paris mission lay dormant till the closing of the Chambers on the 20th of April, when it was set aside, and Saldanha, at the suggestion of Palmella, was called upon to form an administration, which he did. The Queen's majority had been formally declared, and it was to her, therefore, that, May 27th, he submitted his list, headed by himself as President of the Council and War, with Palmella as Foreign Secretary. The professed principles of this administration sounded unexceptional, and Lord Howard de Walden wrote to assure Saldanha that Lord Palmerston had great confidence in him. But within less than two months he is writing to the Queen to say that it was impossible for him to continue to preside over the Council, because it was impossible for him to satisfy the wishes of her Majesty in a proposed recomposition of the Ministry. The Government were in financial difficulties, which it was thought might be smoothed over by the admission into the Cabinet of Senhor Cavalho, to whom Saldanha objected. The crisis ended by his giving way, and admitting Cavalho with a friend; upon which L. Tavares Cabral writes, 'It has become the duty of all honest men to fight against your Excellency's political existence.' The reply concluded with these words: 'If you can contrive to cut the thread of my political existence, without endangering the existence of my country, I shall look upon you as my greatest benefactor. God preserve you.'

The remodelled administration had not been four months in office when Saldanha again tendered his resignation, and was only

only induced to retain the Presidency by a letter from the Queen declaring her inability, after repeated trials, to get any one to form an administration, and appealing to his loyalty not to desert her in such an emergency. The next day, the 14th of November, she at his request signed a decree, removing from active service six officers who had interfered illegally with the municipal elections; but when a petition was got up for their reinstatement by other officers who threatened to resign their commissions if the petition was rejected, she granted it contrary to the opinion of the Cabinet; which then resigned in good earnest, and was followed by a succession of ministries advancing further and further in the ultra-liberal or democratic direction. In a letter, dated August 19th, 1836, to Mr. Aston, Lord Palmerston writes:

‘I hope there may be a counter-revolution in Portugal, but so do not hope the Holy Alliance. They think the Constitution of 1820 may bring back Miguel and despotism again, as it did once before. They hate Pedro’s Charter, because it is too reasonable a system of government; an impracticable Constitution is a thing to their heart.’

A counter-revolution was attempted, and failed because, Lord Palmerston writes, ‘the adherents of Terceira and the Court party were jealous of Saldanha, and fearful that if he were allowed to make the counter-revolution, he would thereby acquire influence and power, from which it was their first object to exclude him.’ Terceira and Saldanha then headed a military insurrection, in which they failed, and we next find Saldanha writing to his wife from Vigo (Oct. 12) to arrange whether they should take refuge in England or France. They went first to Plymouth and then to Paris, where they remained till July 1839. A complete amnesty had been proclaimed: Saldanha had taken the oath to the Constitution of 1838, and had been chosen senator for several districts. Duty, he thought, recalled him to his own country, and he came back with a resolution to take no part in politics, to which he adhered till the relations between England and Portugal became a cause of serious embarrassment. Lord Howard de Walden had delivered an ultimatum, to the effect that unless the demands of the British Government were complied with there would be a resort to force. At a meeting of Portuguese notables, to whom the matter was referred, it was proposed that some one should be sent to London with adequate powers to treat. All eyes were fixed upon Palmella, who rose and said, ‘I thank the assembly very much for the compliment they have paid me; but I declare positively that I will not go: and the only person who is likely to have any influence with the British Government is Marshal Saldanha.’

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He was sent for by the Queen, and reluctantly accepted the mission, which he executed to the satisfaction of all parties. In one of his interviews with Lord Palmerston, the noble lord took credit for standing alone against the whole of his colleagues and the King to prevent the recognition of Dom Miguel :

‘And with what result?’ asked his Lordship. ‘*Trainé dans la boue* in the streets of Lisbon and in the mouths of ballad singers, I have been insulted in the Parliament, and abused in the Council of State of Portugal. Such ingratitude is hard to bear; and you yourself, Marshal, know how ungrateful they have been to you.’

The value set upon Saldanha’s services was best proved by his being directly afterwards employed in a similar capacity to compose the differences between Portugal and Spain, which he succeeded in moderating. These continual missions give plausibility to the theory that he resembled Michael Scott’s spirit, for whom constant employment must be found to prevent him from becoming dangerous. Before the conclusion of the year, he was appointed envoy extraordinary to Vienna, where he saw a good deal of Metternich.

“Que lisez-vous, mon Prince?” said Saldanha to Metternich, one day as he entered the Prince’s study and found him reading. “Je lis des romans,” was the reply, as the Prince put down the volume, which Saldanha at a glance saw was the “*Histoire du Consulat et de l’Empire*” of M. Thiers.’

A pleasant story, says the Conde da Carnota, was current during our stay there :—

‘Shortly after the arrival of the Count de Flahault, to represent at the Austrian Court his Sovereign Louis Philippe,\* whose recognition by the Emperor had been long delayed, he was, on one occasion, seated by the side of the still young and handsome wife of Prince Metternich. Remarking the great beauty of the brilliants which ornamented her brow, the Count observed: “*Princesse, vous avez une belle couronne.*” “Oui,” replied the Princess, “et je l’estime davantage, puisqu’elle n’a pas été volée.” The Ambassador made no reply to this innuendo respecting the mode by which his Sovereign had become possessed of the Crown he wore; but, seeking an opportunity of speaking to the Prince, he declared that he had been intentionally insulted by the Princess. Metternich calmly replied, “*Mon cher Ambassadeur, je vous l’avoue; ma femme est la femme la plus mal élevée du monde. Mais je vous assure, que ce n’est pas moi qui ai fait son éducation.*”’

A similar reply is currently reported to have been made by Prince Richard Metternich, the editor of the ‘*Memoirs*,’ to an

\* Hardly Count Flahault, who was through life a staunch Bonapartist.

irritable Frenchman who wanted to make him answerable for a sparkling repartee of his witty and fascinating wife.

Saldanha did not return to Portugal till July 1846, after an absence of five years. The Charter of 1826 had been restored, but the disunion of the Liberal party had revived the hopes of both Miguelites and democrats; a fresh civil war was obviously at hand, and the sense of his importance is betrayed by an order left at the port that he should 'disembark on the quay at Belem, and come immediately to speak to their Majesties.'

For some time after his arrival he refused to take any share in the conduct of affairs, but at length, when an armed resistance was threatened in case of a change of ministry, he offered to effect the change if Palmella would countersign his nomination as Minister of War. Palmella agreed, and in the afternoon of the 6th of October Saldanha came to Belem, where he found the Queen and King Consort walking in the garden. After reading the proclamation which he proposed to publish in her name, he addressed her:—

"Madame. It becomes my duty to tell your Majesty, that if I do not succeed, or do not meet my death in the attempt, I shall inevitably be shot on the morrow; and your Majesty will be driven from the country." M. Dietz, on hearing this, immediately exclaimed: "Oh! then, it is better to let things remain as they are." Upon this her Majesty, turning towards Saldanha, said, "Send him to a nunnery;" and added, "Sooner will I lose the Crown than continue to reign insulted and calumniated day after day. If you deem it necessary, I am ready this instant to mount my horse and accompany you to the nearest barracks."

The proclamation was issued; the insurrectionary movements in the capital were checked; and on Palmella refusing to retain the Premiership, a new administration was formed by Saldanha, who was named President of the Council, Secretary of War, and (*ad interim*) of Foreign Affairs. On November 1st he was created a Duke by a decree dwelling on 'the zeal and energy with which now, and at all times, he has suppressed revolts and saved the country from anarchy.'

On the 6th he left Lisbon to take the command of the forces which were to act against the insurgents. They had concentrated in force behind the lines of Torres Vedras, where Masséna was stopped by Wellington. Saldanha broke through the lines, and obtained a complete victory; but the civil war continued, and began to be regarded as interminable, when the foreign Powers (England, France and Spain) intervened, and terms of pacification were arranged, followed (June 9) by the proclamation of a complete amnesty. In settling the conditions,  
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the insurgent leaders were treated rather as belligerents than rebels, and their combined forces, largely composed of Miguelites, outnumbered the Royalists.

For some unexplained reason the intervening Powers demanded a change of ministry, and (Aug. 22) one was formed in compliance with their wishes; whereupon Saldanha, according to his biographer, resolved on resuming diplomatic duties and (Sept. 3) was named Minister to the Court of Madrid. The Ministry broke down after a four months' trial; and on the 18th of December Saldanha is again at the head of one in the threefold capacity of President with two Secretaryships. The footing on which he stood with the Queen is illustrated by a private letter from her Majesty, dated Feb. 4th, 1848:—

‘MY DEAR DUKE,

‘Seymour has just been here to show us a despatch from Lord Palmerston, with advice in the style of the *great philosopher*. . . . He wants to show it to you. See if you can go, when you leave the Chambers, as if you were paying him a visit; and, at night, in the Portuguese Theatre, come and tell us what took place. Obstinate people! (*Fortes teimosos*.) I told Seymour (Sir Hamilton) that we should be in no difficulty, were it not for the foreign protection given to the *patuleias*; \* but that he might be sure that I would prefer death, fighting in the streets, rather than abdicate. He made a wry face and went off. I am losing all patience with such asinine counsellors.

‘MARIA.’

It was during this Ministry that he came out in force as an orator. He delivered an oration lasting two days (February 14th and 15th, 1848), which contained a masterly review of his whole military and political career, and a justification of his conduct in the most critical circumstances of his life. The impression left by such portions as have been preserved in an imperfect report is highly favourable; and the Conde da Carnota states that the British Consul, on leaving the House, said to him, ‘I always knew that the Marshal was the first General in Portugal: it is only to-day that I know him to be her first orator.’

His administration came to an end in June 1849; an end accelerated by the Count de Thomar (Cabral) who succeeded him; and here began a contest between the two which both had subsequently good reason to regret. Saldanha having assailed the policy of his rival in fair party warfare, Thomar retaliated by causing him to be dismissed from all the appointments he held under the Crown, including those of Mordomo

\* Name applied to the rebels, as signifying an armed mob.

Mor, aide-de-camp to the King Consort, and member of the Supreme Military Council.

When the prospect of Charles Fox's accession to office was indefinitely postponed by the breach between the New and Old Whigs, a subscription was opened to compensate him by his friends. Saldanha's friends acted in the same manner. They offered through Senhor Almeida to raise an equivalent for his pecuniary losses from the dismissals. Referring to this affair in the Chamber, he said—

'One condition' was attached to this generous offer, to which I submitted with reluctance. It was, that I should take no steps to ascertain the names of those who so nobly contributed. From that day, on the 1st of every month, Sr. Almeida presents me with 82*l*. And, Sr. President, I am proud of this fact: because I am not ashamed to declare, at the close of my long career, that I am poor. By this, the Minister may become aware how it is that I have been able to leave untouched ten months' pay without dying of hunger. By this, the House and my country may learn for what purpose, in my little property at Cintra, I am opening a path, leading to the highest spot on those hills which belong to me, in order thereon gratefully to erect a temple to Friendship.'

The hour of retribution was at hand. Two years sufficed to exhaust the stock of public confidence with which Thomar had started; his growing unpopularity had extended to the Dynasty: and the country again resembled a volcano on the eve of an eruption. On the 4th of March, 1851, Count das Antas, a leader in the last insurrection, after laying before Saldanha the prevalent discontents, told him that the Progressistas had everything ready for another revolutionary movement, of which they begged him to take the direction. He replied that he would do all in his power to prevent it. Das Antas was startled, and rejoined, 'I can well understand your refusal; but I must tell you that, even were you capable of having me arrested—which I am sure you are not—you would only hasten the movement.' 'No,' replied Saldanha; 'though I have no such intention, I will not allow *your* revolution to take place; as I intend to make one myself. In the state of irritation in which the country now is, a democratic movement might lead not only to the expulsion of the Queen, but, probably, to the overthrow of her Dynasty.'

On his dwelling upon the insults to which the Queen had been exposed, 'And would you still care for this,' repeated Das Antas, 'after the way she has treated you? What harm would it do you to be Regent during a minority?' 'Senhor Conde,' replied Saldanha with emphasis; 'both for the love I  
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feel towards her Majesty and for my country, I would avoid the calamities which would follow the expulsion of the Queen.'

On the 7th of April, 1851, accompanied only by his son, his nephew, and two orderlies, he rode out of Lisbon to Cintra, whence he addressed a circular to all generals in command, calling on them to assist in saving the Queen and the Charter. Most of them immediately responded to his call; and he was received with enthusiasm by the people and the troops wherever he appeared. On hearing of his reception at Oporto, the Queen gave up her Premier, and called vainly on Terceira to replace him; whereupon, without consulting Saldanha, she signed a decree appointing him Prime Minister, and wrote to require his immediate presence in the capital; treating him, in fact, not as a rebellious subject, but as an English sovereign would treat a leader of Opposition who had carried a vote of want of confidence against the Government.

On the 8th of May the British Minister, Sir Hamilton Seymour, writes to him:

'The Throne is surrounded by dangers which your presence alone can avert. The persons who are intent upon disorders and treason are as well aware of this as I am; and are, therefore, intent upon keeping you away as long as possible: hence the suggestion of your staying awhile at Oporto, and of your coming by land journey to Lisbon.

'I entreat of you then—for the sake of the Queen, and for your own sake—do not attend to such insinuations. Come here by sea, as the most rapid means of conveyance; and come instantly—without an hour's delay.

'The garrison is all for you; the town is all for you; and from the King and Queen I will guarantee you not only a generous, but a cordial reception.

'This letter is written at the desire of *your* Queen: and it is likewise at the request of H. M. F. M. that, with a view to its speedy delivery, I despatch a steamer to Oporto.'

This is the kind of documentary evidence that should be remembered when Saldanha's conduct is judged.

Before he left Oporto, proposals were made to him by a deputation from Lisbon to proclaim, on his arrival at the capital, his own Regency, and the abdication of the Queen. The Marshal requested the members of it to be seated while he prepared a written reply. He wrote as follows:—

'I will immediately order to be shot any one who, on my entering Lisbon, should dare to utter a single word disrespectful to the Queen or to her authority.'

He was received with the utmost cordiality by the Queen and King Consort, and, after being named by Royal Letters Commander-

Commander-in-Chief of the Army, he was empowered to form a ministry, in which he took the Presidency with the Home and War Departments to himself. He set to work honestly to reform some crying abuses, but the distinctive feature of his administration was the 'Acto Addicional,' a compromise between the Charters of 1820 and 1826. The Queen had resumed her former familiar tone.

'MEU QUERIDO DUQUE,

'As you did not come last night, I beg you will appear to-day about 12 o'clock; and that you will persuade the King to go to-morrow to the Bull-fight. When you come, I will tell you why I am so anxious about going to the Bull-fight. We shall be to-night at the French theatre. Do not fail to come to us.

'MARIA.'

She died on the 15th of November, 1853, and the King Consort became Regent during the minority of their eldest son, who assumed the government by the title of Pedro V. on the 16th of September, 1855. Saldanha was constantly suffering from a painful complaint, and the death of his wife (Aug. 1855) was a severe blow. He had also an acrimonious opposition to encounter, but he held out till the 6th of June, 1856, when he resigned in consequence of an adverse vote of the Upper House, and the refusal of the King to create peers. He was succeeded by the Marquis (afterwards Duke) de Loulé. At the pressing request of the new Ministry, and on the understanding that there was to be no change of policy, he continued Commander-in-Chief. In the course of the September following, he married his second wife, an Englishwoman *née* Athelstane, the sister of the Conde da Carnota, to whom he writes directly after the ceremony that he is now the happiest of men. During the next two years he kept aloof from politics, and was induced by his speculative turn of mind to join in various companies, which turned out the reverse of profitable.\* One was to found a vast establishment on the Tagus, and fabricate unlimited quantities of artificial guano with fish. After becoming a director of three, he wrote to resign his commission of Commander-in-Chief on the ground that if he should have to apply for some concession, 'would it not appear as one who went on the high road to solicit alms with a pistol in his hand?' He

\* 'From a letter addressed to him, on the 20th of October, 1864, by the Secretary of the "Portugal Iron and Coal Company," we learn that he was a subscriber for one hundred shares in that undertaking. Unfortunately, neither from that, nor from any other company in which he was a shareholder, did he ever receive one single dividend!' (Vol. ii. p. 364.) He lent his name as Chairman or President to the Lisbon Tramway Company, but it does not appear that he took any part in the management or direction.

had devoted much time and thought to homœopathy, and the result appeared in the shape of a work of 153 pages, '*Estado da Medicina*,' published in 1858, and dedicated to the King.

In less than two years and a half the Loulé Ministry had become so unpopular, that the King wrote to Saldanha to charge him with the formation of a new one; a task which he declined unless his Majesty unreservedly admitted the principle of '*Le roi règne et ne gouverne pas.*'

The King died on the 11th of November, 1861, and was succeeded by his brother, Dom Luiz, who, on hearing of his accession, is reported to have exclaimed, 'I have lost by one stroke the two things which I most prized in this world—my brother and my liberty.' In October 1862 he was married to the Princess Maria Pia, daughter of King Victor Emmanuel, and in honour of this event, Saldanha was created by Royal Letters Duke-Parent to the Royal Family. When placing these 'Letters' in his hands, his Majesty expressed a great desire that the Marshal should be his representative at the Court of Rome; and urged that his acceptance of the Mission would, for various political reasons, render great service to Portugal. This Mission he accepted, and held from November 1862 to December 1864, and again from November 1866 to December 1869; giving by the splendour of his receptions and entertainments an *éclat* to the Embassy which it has not enjoyed since. His devotion to the Catholic Church made him particularly acceptable to the Pope.

Whilst at Rome he wrote and published in Italian a work entitled '*Concordanza delle Scienze Naturali e principalmente della Geologia, con la Genesia*,'—always a favourite subject—on which he took the orthodox side. The late Lady William Russell acknowledges the receipt of a copy in a letter dated 'Audley Square, Day of the Purification, 1864':—

'Many thanks, my dear Duke, for the book with the pretty *concetto* of "Che sarà, sarà." \* Alas! Che sarà in Germany?

\* \* \* \* \*

'I recommend my Roman son (Lord Odo) to your protection, as a sequel to the friendship of our Lisbon days, when he was a little child, and you came to *Janellas Verdes* (the British Legation), and were in your brilliant military, patriotic, heroic, days. . . . I am still, and, I fear, ever shall be, a great invalid! but I keep to my friendships; and am proud of numbering you amongst my "hommes illustres!" though I cannot write terse parallels, like Plutarch, or I would compare you to the Cid.'

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\* The Bedford motto.



Whilst at Lisbon, in the interim between his periods of residence at Rome, the Premiership was repeatedly pressed upon him by the King, and in January 1869 his Majesty wrote, 'I cannot dispense with the service I request of you.' To obey this command, he took leave of the Pope, and was on his way back when, on reaching Bordeaux, he received a telegram, announcing that the Ministers retained their posts; and that the Legation at Paris was at his disposal.

His mission to Paris did not last long, and was principally remarkable for his conferences with the French Emperor touching the proposed union of the Spanish and Portuguese crowns on the head of Dom Fernando. In the meantime misgovernment and popular discontent had reached their acme in Portugal, and in May 1869 Saldanha felt imperatively called upon to repeat the part which he had so successfully enacted some three or four times already. He proceeded to the palace and told the King he must dismiss his Ministry: 'I had many times the honour of saying to his Majesty that his persistence in retaining the Ministry might be fatal to him. I reminded him of Charles X. and Polignac; of Louis Philippe and Guizot; of Isabella II. and Gonzalez Bravo.'

On the King still hesitating, he said—

'Sire, I am unwilling to be considered ambitious, or disloyal to the Crown; but, I might appear so, if I did not endeavour to prevent a revolution which should oblige me to become the Regent. I will, therefore, put myself at the head of a revolution, such as I know I shall be able to guide and control for your Majesty's advantage; and be assured that I will not, in my old age, dishonour my steadfast principles of loyalty.'

He was as good as his word. He had only to hold up his hand to produce a military demonstration in unison with the popular feeling; and, after some show of resistance, the Ministry resigned, and he again became lord of the ascendant. Tranquillity being thus restored, he tendered in the evening the resignation of the offices he had accepted in the morning. The King replied by forcing on him an additional office, the department of Foreign Affairs, and as its representative he addressed a circular to the diplomatic agents abroad, recapitulating and justifying what had been done.

He was now in his eightieth year, and all Europe was disposed to echo the remark of the 'Times,' that 'there was something so extravagant in the idea of a nation crouching at the feet of an octogenarian general.' But, be it observed, it was the voluntary act of the nation; and it was moral rather than physical force which enabled him to execute this *coup d'état*.

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His next and last administration had lasted one hundred days, when he accepted the post of Minister to the Court of St. James's, upon the understanding that no political reaction would be attempted by his successors. He led, as might have been anticipated from his advanced age, a quiet unobtrusive life in London, so quiet that Lord Derby, sitting next the Duchess one day at dinner, said to her, 'I am going to try to pick a quarrel with Portugal.'—'Indeed,' was the reply, 'why so?'—'Oh!' rejoined his Lordship, 'only that I may have the pleasure of seeing the Marshal oftener at the Foreign Office.'

Some scraps of his conversation have been preserved. By way of an apology for the surrender at Sedan, it was observed that the 'French had exhausted their powder.' 'They had their bayonets,' was his dry rejoinder. When he was asked to what he imputed Napoleon's constant success until Waterloo, 'Because until then he had never encountered an English army.' When an aide-de-camp remonstrated with him for walking his horse back from the front during a hot fire, he sententiously made answer, 'In the presence of an enemy advance at a gallop, but retire at a foot's pace.'

His most important work, in two parts, was published during his residence in England; the first part in 1874, the other in 1876. The translated title is—

*'The Voice of Nature; or the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of GOD shown in Creation; in the connection between the Inorganic and the Organic World; and in the Adaptation of External Nature to the Structure of Plants, and to the Moral and Physical Constitution of Man.'*

The Archbishop of York acknowledged the reception of a copy in these complimentary terms:

'I have read with great interest your important work. Whilst there are, of course, some things in it which are written from the stand-point of another Church, it is impossible not to admire, and appreciate highly, such an earnest attempt to defend the truth against disbelief. I doubt not that it will do much good.'

He died at Gloucester Place on November 21, 1876, four days after he had completed his eighty-sixth year. The body was conveyed to Lisbon and buried in state with royal honours. He died in embarrassed circumstances, and a pension of 533*l.* was granted by the Chambers to the widow, with one of 444*l.* to his sole surviving son.

The career of which we have given little more than an outline was and is wholly without parallel, precedent, or example in any country. Saldanha has been called the Espartero of Spain, but he presents rather a contrast than a resemblance to the Spanish

Spanish dictator, who grasped the supreme power which Saldanha repeatedly refused. At the risk of being thought paradoxical, we should say that he had more in common with the Iron Duke,—asking first in a crisis how the King's (or Queen's) government was to be carried on, always guiding his course by the public weal as his polestar, and subordinating even principle to broad considerations of expediency. There is extant a letter from Saldanha to a Minister of War, in which he says—

‘I cannot help telling you that on many occasions I have undertaken acts of the most decided rashness, and have always come out successful. The results have proved that, notwithstanding obstacles which to many appeared insuperable, victory was possible. Up to the present moment, thanks to the Supreme Being, I have never suffered a defeat; an evident proof, that in the numberless engagements, assaults, and battles, in which I have led my comrades to victory, I never undertook impossibilities.’

He might have said nearly the same of his political exploits, of his *coups d'état*—which, rash as they generally appeared, never failed when he was left to himself. Nor is it enough to say that they were well planned and well executed; or that he was eminently endowed with courage and decision, the qualities which carry all before them in revolutionary times. Uniform success on such a variety of occasions cannot be explained away in this fashion. Why was he trusted by sovereign after sovereign, telling them all along that he was defying their authority, keeping order by disorder, and committing treason out of loyalty? Why did the people as well as the army rise at his bidding whenever he proclaimed that the hour for action had struck? Why did English ambassadors encourage and applaud measures so much opposed to English notions of legality? They must one and all have given him credit for honesty of purpose; and his consistency of aim is beyond dispute. The two things which he kept steadily in view throughout were the monarchy and the Liberal constitution; and on a careful analysis it will be found that the preservation of one or the other was involved in every exceptional proceeding on which he staked his honour and his life. He acted strictly on the maxim:

‘*Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus.*’

He was pre-eminently the man for an emergency, but he never intrigued to create or accelerate one: he never came till he was wanted; and whenever he put his shoulder to the wheel, it was on the eve of an otherwise inevitable crash. This is a decisive answer to the current calumny that he remained quiet  
whilst

whilst his pecuniary affairs were in a satisfactory state, and that, when he wanted money, he made a revolution. Moreover, to suppose him possessed of such a talisman, such an Aladdin's lamp, is simply to exalt his influence, his powers of mind and strength of character at the expense of his disinterestedness; which is not commonly the strong point of men who win their way to eminence, of men who leave 'footprints on the sands of time.'

His views were not far-reaching and his statesmanship was not of the highest order, or he would have established something permanent, something to obviate the constant recurrence of the evils to which his drastic remedies were applied. But he has left a reputation that his countrymen will not speedily let die. When a deputy towards the close of 1870 stated in the Chamber at Lisbon, that Saldanha had not stood alone as the champion of the Constitution, another indignantly replied:

'True: but without the Marshal Saldanha, the Cause of Liberty was lost. He is our only General; and base is it to deny his work. If France, instead of Bazaines and Lebœufs, had had Marshal Saldanha, she would not, at this moment, be trampled upon by Prussia.'

Although, therefore, he may not be placed by posterity where his biographer would fain place him—in the category of statesmen and warriors alongside of Washington—he will fill some of the most luminous pages in Portuguese history, and take high rank amongst the brightest illustrations of the nineteenth century who just fall short of being great.

ART. IX.—1. *Hansard's Parliamentary Debates*, 1880.

2. *The Turkish Note of October 3rd*, 1880.

THE Session of Parliament which has not long been brought to a close, affords convincing proof that something more than Party zeal or an imposing army of deferential followers is required by an Administration, if it is to maintain its dignity and promote the public welfare. Six years of exclusion from office should have enabled even that heterogeneous body, the Liberal Party, to compose their feuds and ascertain their principles. It is no small advantage to politicians addicted to study and swayed by patriotism, to be released for a time from the solitudes of power, and to enjoy an interval of comparative irresponsibility, during which they may scrutinize their

past failures and organize their future projects. But in order that they may avail themselves of the golden opportunities afforded by temporary Opposition, they must bring an unbiassed judgment to a situation they have necessarily assisted to create. They must improve the occasion by a meditative reserve, leaving to their successful rivals that activity and initiative which, however well employed, are invariably attended with error and mishap. This is not to say that a political Party, occupying the post of Opposition, should relax in vigilance, or abstain from criticism. It only means that a retirement from power, rendered compulsory by the verdict of the nation, should, whether the victims be Liberals or Conservatives, be accompanied by the recognition that it must have been in some degree merited, and was not caused altogether by the unscrupulousness of adversaries or by the perverse misconceptions of the people.

The attitude assumed by the Liberal Party when, in the beginning of 1874, the favour of the constituencies was withdrawn from them and transferred to their rivals, was not in harmony with this sage rule of conduct. The Liberal Party exhibited neither composure nor resignation. They vented their mortification in unbecoming clamour, and greeted the Conservative Cabinet with protests of unparalleled violence almost before it was constructed. They occupied themselves with remonstrance when they ought to have been busied with repentance, and denounced the yet unproved crimes of the victors when they ought to have been lamenting their own too notorious transgressions. Not an hour was dedicated to self-examination, not a moment sacrificed to regret. The opportunity vouchsafed them for wise self-criticism was angrily rejected; and they confronted the verdict of the country with undiminished self-sufficiency. The electoral victory achieved by the Conservatives was due, they alleged, to an alliance between Beer and Bible, to a conspiracy between publicans and parsons. To have allowed that some chagrin had been felt at the tameness of their foreign, and some irritation at the officiousness of their domestic policy, would have been to preclude them from venting angry censure upon the politicians who had superseded them. Refusing to believe that sweet are the uses of adversity, they treated their Party misfortune as a personal wrong, and allowed not a day to intervene between their expulsion from office and their eager endeavours to get back again. For a time they were denied the assistance of their ablest combatant. But when, sated with retirement, he returned to the fray, he made up for a period of comparative reserve by an exhibition of unparalleled

unparalleled energy. But in his conduct, as in theirs, was manifested the same foible of acrimonious impatience. He brought more vigour, but no variety, to their tactics; and by his passionate harangues he encouraged them in the mischievous belief, that the sole duty of an Opposition is to turn out the Government, without the smallest reference to the fact that, if it succeeds in the endeavour, it will have to become the Government in turn.

To point out thus briefly the conduct of the Liberal Party during the six years they spent in Opposition, is to indulge in no gratuitous retrospect. The crudeness of the Measures the Ministry placed before Parliament during the past Session, the laxity of political and economic principle that underlay them, the inconclusive and often contradictory arguments with which they were advocated, all these scandals proceeded in the most natural order, as from a true and efficient cause, from the Party tactics we have been indicating. The manifest unpreparedness of the Liberal leaders for the responsibilities of Office, has led some persons to conclude that, despite the fervour of their invectives and the confidence of their prophecies, they little expected at the General Election materially to diminish that Conservative Majority which was destroyed so utterly. Never pausing to ask themselves what would be expected of them if they succeeded in displacing the Cabinet of Lord Beaconsfield, they adopted every cry by which they believed he might be embarrassed, and embraced every suggestion which they knew he would reject. The penalty of this inconsiderate behaviour has had to be paid, in the shape of Measures that were introduced without having been first understood, that were altered, and trimmed, and pared, until they were almost as much metamorphosed as their authors were discredited, and that, striking, either from dense ignorance or from criminal levity, at the fundamental sanctions of property and social order, have in one signal instance at least been overwhelmingly rejected, after being first mercilessly exposed, with the unanimous approval of independent minds.

In the loss of political reputation, which the Government and their followers have suffered from the events of the Session, there is therefore nothing surprising. It is the just and proper sequel to their prior performances. It is impossible to be absorbed in censure of others and yet give adequate attention to one's own conduct and one's own duties. Moreover unmeasured criticism, in a political Party, infers unmeasured pledges, and in time entails unmeasured projects. Denunciation, when it reaches the comminatory stage, like curses, comes home to

roost; and in reading the speeches delivered by Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, and the Duke of Argyll, before they acceded to office, we find it difficult to draw any distinction between criticism and downright execration. The consequences are before the world. The Compensation for Disturbance Bill, the Hares and Rabbits Bill, the Employers' Liability Bill, the Vaccination Bill, were one and all of them Measures inspired not by political conviction, not by the conclusions of a serious, studious, and circumspect statesmanship, nor yet by the political principles which have hitherto been cherished by the Liberal Party. They were prompted, we might say they were commanded, by the necessity engendered of unreflecting criticism upon others, by the dread of being inconsistent and inconsequent, and by the reluctance to offer to the English nation an apology and retraction similar to those which were offered, because they were inevitable, to the Austrian Ambassador. It would have been just as reasonable, just as true, and just as conclusive, to tell Irish agitators, Anti-Vaccination fanatics, and the enemies of rural sport when indulged in by country gentlemen, that the sympathy shown by Liberalism with these various cliques had been exhibited when it occupied a position of greater freedom and less responsibility, and that no attempt would be made either to defend its former attitude or its altered front. But the most courageous political tergiversation must have its limits. It would never have done for the Liberal Party, on acceding to power, to abandon at home as well as abroad, each and all the engagements to which they had inadvertently committed themselves whilst too heedlessly vilifying their opponents. Thus, though declamatory defiance of Austria was exchanged for deferential panegyric, and though the Treaty of Berlin, once so prodigally censured, was appealed to as the palladium of European peace, and though Sir Bartle Frere was left for a time—with diminished salary—to perform a task his fitness for which had been fiercely challenged, the policy of England in Central Asia, so carefully thought out, so skilfully projected, and so gallantly furthered, was suddenly interrupted, and an enemy who was beginning to respect was once more encouraged to despise us. Thus too, though wholesale condemnations of the Income Tax were followed by an unnecessary addition to it, Irish tenants cannot allege that the extraordinary arguments employed by Mr. Gladstone in Midlothian and the extraordinary pledges given by Lord Ramsay at Liverpool, without his forfeiting the approbation of Lord Hartington, have not been redeemed. The sowers of discord between landlord and tenant, the ignorant confederates of small-pox, and the eternal adver-

saries



saries of the Church, have all been gratified with their sop; and if the satisfaction to their animosities has been somewhat clumsily and imperfectly given, they must remember that the operation was performed in a hurry, and without sufficient time being allowed to study their feelings any more than those of other people. A lady asked Sterne what was his method of composition. 'Madam,' he replied, 'I write the first sentence, and trust to chance for the second.' The Cabinet of Mr. Gladstone has been still more adventurous. It has committed everything, from the first step to the last, to chance. When, as in the case of the march of Sir Frederick Roberts from Cabul to Candahar, the skill of the General and the intrepidity of his troops can compensate for the violation of every military rule and every political consideration, this happy-go-lucky method may be indulged in without the certainty of disaster. But when, as in legislation at home during the past Session, those who practise it have to depend entirely on their own dexterity, the result, as might be expected, is signal discomfiture.

Nor must we lose sight of another consideration that has greatly influenced the barren or mischievous work of the Session. Unprepared as it was to introduce Measures at once necessary and mature, the Cabinet felt itself compelled, by the antecedents of those who composed it, to lay before Parliament an unusual catalogue of Bills. As much work therefore was sketched out for the Legislature towards the end of April as if it had assembled at the beginning of February. Again it was past criticism of an unjust and extravagant character that dictated the superfluous programme. The fallen Ministry had been a thousand times twitted with the paucity and insignificance of their legislative Measures. Forced to glitter by contrast, the new Cabinet announced a host of legislative projects of the most ambitious complexion, and made it plain from the outset that, though perhaps they might not do what was wanted, or even do what was not wanted, in a proper manner, they would at least do a great deal in some fashion or other, and make up for the absence of tranquil usefulness by a tempest of noise and a torrent of energy.

No review of the past Session would be complete without an examination of the chief Measures to which its attention was invited; and to that task we will betake ourselves directly. But even had these Measures been sound in principle or reasonably perfect in structure, they would not have justified the Government in inflicting on the Legislature a Session of inordinate length. Custom, that unwritten law to which wise rulers uniformly

uniformly defer, has indicated the middle of August as the extreme term of the Parliamentary Session. When that period is reached, indeed somewhat earlier, whatever Bills introduced by the Government have not attained a certain stage, are abandoned; and it is silently confessed that the Legislature has been asked to do more work than it can get through becomingly in the allotted time. The 'Massacre of the Innocents' is an incident of every Session and an experience in the life of every Ministry; and no serious reproach is ever addressed to Government for having promised more than they can perform. No doubt, occasions can be conceived when it would be the duty of the Government to ask the members of both Houses to sacrifice their personal convenience to the public good, and when any manifestation of impatience would be a discredit to Parliament. But the occasions can easily be named. Whenever it would be the duty of the Government to summon the Legislature, if not in Session, for some particular purpose and in obedience to some special emergency, then, and then only, are the Government justified in inviting the Legislature not to terminate its labours, if it be in Session, but to continue them, it matters not for how long a period, till the special emergency has passed, and the particular purpose has been accomplished. Will any one venture to say that the Crown would have suddenly convened Parliament to consider the Hares and Rabbits Bill? Would Members of Parliament have been summoned in hot haste from their country seats, from the Highlands of Scotland, from the shores of the Mediterranean, from the fiords of Norway, in order to discuss whether burials in churchyards of the Church of England shall be 'Christian and orderly,' or only 'orderly'? Would the Sovereign have been advised to have recourse, at a moment's notice, to the advice of her faithful Lords and Commons, in order that there might no longer be any doubt whether the principle of 'common employment' should be abolished, and an attempt be made to decide in what particular manner Employers shall be liable for accidents to workmen that fellow-workmen have caused? These questions have only to be asked, to show how indefensible has been the conduct of the Government in compelling Parliament to sit into September. All the Measures we have named are deserving of serious consideration; but none of them implies a sudden or pressing emergency. They have been awaiting their solution for several years, and they bristle with difficulties. Obviously therefore they require long and patient examination; and to press for the acceptance of them in August was to expose them to precipitate

precipitate treatment at a time when it was highly improper to be treating them at all.

And here we see another of the mischievous consequences of the anxiety of the Government to justify the charges they brought against their predecessors of inertness in legislation. Determined to be able to say that they are not as other men, they wilfully produced that block in legislation which Mr. Bright once graphically denounced when it was purely accidental; and, persevering in the passing of more Bills than there was time to discuss, they have been obliged to bring against the Opposition the extraordinary charge of not being willing to abandon discussion altogether. Thus, not only have they introduced Bills of a flagrantly crude and imperfect character when it would have been irregular to introduce them even had they been completely ripe and thoroughly thought out, but they have actually complained that attempts have been made to remedy the crudeness and correct the imperfection. Such singular privileges were surely never before claimed by an Administration, and could never have been claimed save by politicians imbued with an almost sanctimonious conviction of their inherent political superiority, and inoculated with the idea that Liberals have, as kings were once said to have, a divine right to govern wrong. Their first step was to attempt to legislate in a hurry. Their second was to legislate hurriedly at a moment when they had no right to be legislating at all. Their third and final step was to deprecate any endeavour to correct the consequences of their own precipitation, because there really remained no time for criticism!

The appeal was only partially successful. It is probable that a Session beginning in the first week of February, and lasting till the first week in August, would not have sufficed to give shape, logic, and coherency to such Measures as the Ground Game Bill, the Burials Bill, and the Employers' Liability Bill, and what curtailment of their excrescences, and what supplementing of their defects, were possible, had to be effected in about four weeks. It is not wonderful therefore if the Acts still retain much of their original monstrous character. But far from the Government being able to plead with truth that their efforts at legislation have been obstructed, they may congratulate themselves on the fact, that their unusual tactics at least succeeded in saving their Measures from an adequate amount of criticism. Quite at the end of August, several nights were wasted by their Irish auxiliaries; and for any other squandered sittings, such as, for instance, were devoted to debates upon

upon the right of Mr. Bradlaugh to take a solemn oath he had first treated with the utmost levity, they were themselves responsible. Of Obstruction, in the serious sense of the word, there has been absolutely none during the past Session, save by the Home Rulers; and the attempt to fasten the charge on a portion of the Opposition was only a transparent device for escaping from the opprobrium of having introduced more Measures than there was time to discuss. Never indeed since the day when the disappointed gambler, on coming out of Crockford's, ran against a person on the doorstep and kicked him into the street, and on being met with the mild remonstrance 'I was only tying my shoe-string,' answered, 'Get out of my way, you are always tying your shoe-string!' has there been so unreasonable an ebullition of irritability as was displayed by the Government during the past Session, when, annoyed at the natural failure of their gambling Measures, they accused the Opposition of perpetually opposing their progress.

An attempt was made by the Marquis of Hartington to establish the charge of Obstruction against the Opposition by citing the number of speeches made by some half-dozen of its members. Sir Stafford Northcote, who is little prone to this form of controversy, immediately retorted by showing that half-a-dozen members on the Government side of the House had delivered exactly twice as many speeches; and one of the half-dozen was the noble Marquis himself. To complete the discomfiture of the Government on this score, it will suffice to quote the following passages written by the Prime Minister himself only a year ago, but when, it is scarcely necessary to add, he was himself in Opposition, and still set a high value on freedom and copiousness of debate.

'The public have lately heard much on the subject of obstruction in the House of Commons. . . . But to prolong debate even by persistent iteration on legislative measures is not necessarily an outrage, an offence, or even an indiscretion. For in some cases it is only by the use of this instrument that a small minority with strong views can draw adequate attention to those views. . . . There are abundant instances in which obstruction of this kind has led to the removal of perilous or objectionable matter from legislative measures, and thus to the avoidance of great public evils.'

No doubt Mr. Gladstone remembered the time when he had availed himself of the principles laid down in the foregoing passage. When opposing, with a rare combination of vigour, conscientiousness, and ability, the passing of the Divorce Act,

Act, the right honourable gentleman, then a private member, employed, in addressing Lord Palmerston, the following unpromising language:—

‘His noble friend had had an affirmation of the principle of his Bill by a decisive majority, and no doubt the minority ought to bow to the fairly expressed will of the majority, and if his noble friend chose to persevere with the measure, they must struggle on, at whatever personal inconvenience, and maturely discuss the provisions of the Bill. Still, it could not be maintained that the Bill was of a nature peculiarly urgent to be passed in the present Session. He would also remind his noble friend that the same duty which bound the minority to comply with the declared opinion of the majority on the principle of the Bill did not absolve them from the obligation of watching, discussing, modifying, and altering the provisions of the measure. As an opponent to the Bill, it might answer his purpose to retire from the Committee altogether, and depart into the country, allowing the Bill to pass with all its blemishes; but such a course he held to be contrary to his duty, and he conceived it was incumbent on those who objected to the Bill to attend there night after night and week after week, to debate, line by line and word by word if necessary, the details of a Bill of such great importance.’ \*

As Lord Randolph Churchill asked with much pertinence, was any Measure of the present Government, no matter how clumsy or how objectionable, debated night after night, week after week, line by line, and word by word, during the past Session? On the contrary, plenitude of debate was deplorably curtailed by the reluctance entertained by men of feeling and delicacy to assist in keeping their brother members glued to their seats at Westminster long after the proper period for legislative labour was over.

In one sense, an Administration has a right to sacrifice its character for modest usefulness to the ambition of being deemed earnest and enterprising; and this sacrifice has been made, not in the least to our surprise, by the leaders of a Party whose rôle in future will apparently be to acquire power by destructive criticism, and to retain it by destructive legislation. But no Administration has a right, in the pursuit of this selfish purpose, to damage the position of Parliament in the eyes of the nation; and this injury is effected when Parliament is compelled to vote for Measures which it is denied the time to consider. The discredit of a Cabinet, or even of a Party, is transitory; an injury done

\* It is amusing to compare with this language the arguments of Lord Sherbrooke in an article in the October number of the ‘Nineteenth Century,’ in which he naively confesses, now his own Party are in power, that he is in favour of stringent measures against Obstruction. This is Liberalism all over.

to the reputation of the Legislature is permanent. The Government have done their best, by their domineering precipitation, to bring the two Houses, as practical assemblies, into contempt, and it is far from certain that public opinion will duly discriminate between the authors and the victims of this mischievous despotism.

The victims the most to be commiserated, because in every way the most innocent, are the members of the House of Lords. Ready during the normal period of the Session to consider any Measures that might be submitted to them, they were long refused any material upon which to exercise their energy save the Burials Bill. Then, when the 25th of August had been reached, a medley of Measures was flung before them, and they were bidden to be quick in passing these, whether they liked them or not, and above all things on no account to suggest alterations however necessary, or amendments however imperative, for the House of Commons was waiting impatiently for the return of its Bills, and could not be kept sitting any longer. Such treatment, no doubt, is considered by Radical legislators quite good enough for the House of Lords, but it will probably strike more equitable judges as being treatment of a somewhat cavalier character. Nothing is to be gained by assuming the state of affairs to be other than it is; and great as is our respect for the ability, the dignity, and the patriotism, which are hereditary qualities in the Upper Chamber, the House of Lords does not, and cannot, invariably exhibit the courage of its opinions. The source of its discretion is no secret. Did it always maintain its views, without compromise or forbearance, it would soon become the butt of reforming clamour. Moreover, during the past Session, its rejection of the Compensation for Disturbance Bill had perhaps amply vindicated its rights, and sufficiently exasperated its enemies. But, in our opinion, the Lords would have been something more than justified, had they confronted the combination of dilatoriness and indecent haste to which they were subjected, with a determination either to take their own time over the discussion of Measures that sadly needed discussion, or not to discuss them during an exhausted Session at all. In the year 1855 the House of Lords was asked to suspend a Standing Order which it had unanimously adopted in the month of May on the motion of Lord Redesdale, with the full assent of the Government, not to proceed with any Bill not of pressing necessity, of which the second reading could not be moved before the end of July. On the 7th of August the House was asked to suspend the Standing Order, in order that a Bill  
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for legalizing partnerships with limited liability, which had just been sent up by the House of Commons, might be passed that Session. Lord Redesdale raised strong objections to this course, and was supported by the legal authority of Lord Campbell and Lord Saint Leonards. But most of the Peers had left London, and the Government overrode the remonstrances of those who remained. Amendments were suggested and carried which corrected some of the most flagrant faults of the Bill; but the shape in which it was passed was so imperfect, that its working proved most unsatisfactory: it became the legal means under cover of which gigantic frauds were committed, vast sums of money were extracted from the pockets of the public by the promoters of public companies, litigation attended with enormous expense was encouraged, and the tone of commercial morality in the community was sensibly lowered.\*

Remembering this unhappy precedent, and observing the impatience of the House of Commons to be done with a Session that had already been unduly protracted, the House of Lords would have acted strictly within its rights, and would have entered a timely protest against scamped legislation, had it insisted upon abiding by the spirit of the Standing Order to which we have referred. Unfortunately the Peers cannot afford to be always governed by pure reason, lest they should expose themselves to the retaliation of passion and clamour. Nor is this the moment to dwell upon their foible of excessive prudence. Their rejection of the Compensation for Disturbance Bill has raised them in the reputation of all prudent and steadfast minds; while the Amendment proposed and carried by Lord Beaconsfield, whereby the Employers' Liability Bill is to remain in operation for a limited number of years, so that the test of experience may replace the test of debate which was refused, has afforded additional proof that the Hereditary Chamber still operates as some barrier against the haphazard experiments of Party ambition.

It would be natural to expect that the Government would at least be able to show some very solid and successful strokes of legislation as the fruit of the extraordinary length to which they extended the Session; and that, if Bills excessive in number and defective in structure were forced upon the attention of Parliament when Parliament, in the ordinary course of things, would not have been sitting, some Measures, at least, would have been passed of a character at once ambitious and useful. This has

\* Letter of Earl Grey to Lord Redesdale on August 16th, and published in the 'Times' a couple of days later.



not been the case. The Burials Bill was bound to pass in some form; and all that can be said of it, as it stands at present, is that it has been passed in a very bad form; while, as we have said, the Employers' Liability Act is to remain operative only for seven years, as a precaution and corrective against its avowed shortcomings. The Bill by which ignorant persons were to be allowed to purchase a right to break the law and to disseminate disease upon paying, once and for all, a sum of twenty shillings, was amongst the measures withdrawn by the Government, but only on the plea that time was wanted to pass it; so that for this grotesque proposal the Prime Minister and his colleagues are as much responsible as if they had carried it, and it will remain a lasting memento of their elasticity of political principle and their small regard for the sanctity of public law and the preservation of public health. Their Ground Game Bill cannot be described as a small measure; but it escapes that description only by reason of the magnitude of the evil principle which now for the first time has received the sanction of the English Legislature. Our own opinion is that it will not greatly injure landlords nor greatly benefit tenants; neither will it serve to eradicate those instincts of manly sport which lend a charm and variety to the lives of rural occupiers as well as of rural owners. But, if it is to be accepted as a precedent for further legislation, it will revolutionize the habits upon which society of every kind in England has long reposed, to the satisfaction of us all, and hitherto to the peculiar pride of the Liberal Party. No man will ever attain to full age; we shall all remain children, under the tutelage of 'grandmotherly legislation.' Individual initiative and individual self-reliance will be treated like cankers in the human character, and be gradually cut out; and the classes whose interests will have a priority with a meddling and officious Government, will be those whose Party allegiance it is considered desirable either to shake by sudden bribes, or to secure by increased servility.

The only Measure, therefore, of the Session, which, apart from the mischievous principle involved in it, could be called large and ambitious, was the Measure which, after long and exhaustive debate, was utterly discredited and in the end rejected. By their Compensation for Disturbance (Ireland) Bill, the Government, as far as the past Session is concerned, may fairly be judged, and by it they must stand or fall. Majorities are not infallible, and though the Bill would have been rejected in the House of Lords by a majority of their own supporters, even had every Conservative Peer abstained from voting, and though nearly a  
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hundred Liberals in the House of Commons either voted against it or refused to vote in its favour, it might possibly have commended itself to pure and unbiassed reason. Was such the case? An examination of the origin, the history, and the character of this Measure will show it to have been one of the most extraordinary and indefensible Measures ever laid before the British Legislature.

It would have been only natural to suppose that a proposal of this stupendous character would at least have been foreshadowed in the Speech from the Throne. On the contrary, not only was no hint given that legislation of an extraordinary character was contemplated by the Government, but explicit assurances were given that, in their opinion, no exceptional measures were required.

'The Peace Preservation Act for Ireland' [thus ran one of the paragraphs in the speech from the Throne] 'expires on the first of June. You will not be asked to renew it. My desire to avoid the evils of exceptional legislation in abridgment of liberty would not induce me to forego in any degree the performance of the first duty of my Government in providing for the security of life and property. But, while determined to fulfil this sacred obligation, I am persuaded that the loyalty and good sense of my Irish subjects will justify me in relying on the provisions of the ordinary law being administered for the maintenance of peace and order.'

The introduction of a Bill for the Relief of Distress in Ireland was in no degree incompatible with these assurances. But the Irish supporters of the Government made haste to inform them that the mere relief of distress would not satisfy the Irish peasantry, and that it was not for any such trifling purpose, or in anticipation of any such insignificant assistance, that the Home Rule vote had been given 'solid' at the General Election, both in Great Britain and Ireland, for Liberal candidates. Something more was expected from a Cabinet with a statesman of the enthusiasm of Mr. Gladstone at its head, and a politician of the ductility of Mr. Forster, acting as Chief Secretary for Ireland. Mr. T. P. O'Connor suggested that they should bring in a Bill to suspend the right of eviction; whereupon Mr. Forster, not yet educated to understand the question from the point of view from which he afterwards argued, observed that this seemed to him to be equivalent to proposing to suspend the obligation of paying rent. Pursuing his objections to the course pressed upon him by Mr. O'Connor, he affirmed that he was entirely without proof that there was any desire on the part of the landlords of Ireland to take advantage of the distressed condition  
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of the country to enforce their rents, and that if the existing law were allowed to be disobeyed in one case, it would be disobeyed in many cases, if not in all. As an illustration of the real condition of the agrarian question in Ireland, he told the House of a case which had just been brought under his notice, in which a process-server who had been stopped, searched, and robbed of a number of processes, had upon him ten times as many processes for ordinary debts as for non-payment of rent. Finally, he declared that with regard to those persons who unfortunately might have been encouraged to resist the law, the kindest and most merciful thing he could do would be to accompany the officers engaged in maintaining it with such force as to make resistance almost impossible.

So far the tone of the Chief Secretary could not have been more satisfactory. But a change soon came over the spirit of his dream. The Irish supporters of the Government exhibited open signs of mutiny, and Mr. O'Connor proceeded, himself, to propose what he had suggested should be proposed by the Government. The Chief Secretary professed to be taken by surprise, and the Prime Minister pathetically lamented that he had no opportunity of examining Mr. O'Connor's Bill with the care he should like to give to it. On the 16th of June Mr. Forster, speaking for the Government, declared that they could not assent to the Second Reading of the Bill, but they were disposed to give discretionary power to County Court Judges, under certain circumstances, to grant compensation to tenants in certain districts, who were evicted for non-payment of rent. But why pursue the successive hesitations, vacillations, and tergiversations with which the Government, having sworn never to consent, consented, and practically added a clause to their Relief Bill embodying the suggestion of Mr. O'Connor? This, however, was more than the House would stand; and the Government were finally obliged to come out in their true colours, to assert their true principles, and to introduce a separate Bill, under which tenants in more than one-half of Ireland were not to be evicted, even though they did not pay their rent, unless the landlord was prepared to give them as compensation a sum equivalent to seven years' rent of their holding.

The House was dumfounded, and it soon appeared that, recent as had been the contact of honourable members with their constituents, and overwhelming as had been the personal success of the Prime Minister with the electoral body, there is a limit beyond which Liberals who respect the political principles and the economic truths traditionally instilled into them, will not be dragged

dragged even by a leader of the commanding influence and the imperious will of Mr. Gladstone. Lord Lansdowne, who afterwards proved by the speech he delivered in the House of Lords against the Measure his rare argumentative talents, at once resigned, and it was expected that his example would be followed by other members of the Government. But community of office silences many scruples, and it was left for the most part to independent Liberals, like Sir John Ramsden and Mr. C. W. Fitzwilliam, to protest against this monstrous invasion of the rights of property in a country where the rights of property have long been openly questioned, and this sudden abolition of completed contracts for the benefit of a class whose conception of a contract is that it should afford them a sufficient standpoint for denouncing it as soon as it has by themselves been voluntarily concluded.

Now upon what grounds was a Measure of this amazing complexion defended? A Cabinet presided over by Mr. Gladstone will never be at a loss for arguments of some sort or another; and it must be allowed that for this proposal to suspend the payment of rents over eleven out of twenty-millions of acres of land in Ireland for two years, excuses of prodigious intrepidity were advanced. Practically, however, they resolved themselves into two pleas, one of which was intended to propitiate a certain order of minds, while the other was devised to conciliate the remainder. The argument mainly insisted upon by Mr. Gladstone, and accepted by the Marquis of Hartington, was that Ireland was, as the Prime Minister put it, 'within a measurable distance of Civil War.' The argument chiefly insisted on by Mr. Forster, and chiefly employed by those speakers whom the Government could induce to be their advocates, was that evictions were appallingly on the increase, and that, if something was not done to stop them, thousands of families would be thrown paupers upon the world, and the coming winter would be marked by a reign of wholesale cruelty and injustice.

Civil War is abhorrent to every patriotic nature, but there is something worse even than Civil War, and that is the total dissolution of society and the total abrogation of law through the hesitation of the Executive to protect the one and to maintain the other. But with what face, we are forced to ask, could Mr. Gladstone, could the Government, advance the argument that the Bill was introduced in order to avert Civil War from Ireland, when it is remembered that, only a week or two previously, they had boasted, in the Speech from the Throne, that they could rely 'on the provisions of the ordinary law for the maintenance

tenance of peace and order' in that country? What was the meaning of that language, if it was really true that Ireland was 'within a measurable distance of Civil War'? Unfortunately, the question can easily be answered, but the answer not only abolishes the first of the two apologetic pleas advanced by Government for their astonishing Bill, but leaves us no option but to conclude that it was advanced in a moment of oblivious insincerity. At any rate, either it was not true, as affirmed in the Royal Speech, that the Government could rely on the provisions of the ordinary law for the maintenance of peace and order in Ireland; or it could not be true that the provisions of this most extraordinary law were inspired by a conscientious conviction that peace and order could not be maintained without it. A more inevitable dilemma could not be constructed, and Her Majesty's Government stand impaled upon horns of their own growing.

But it is not merely by argument, however conclusive and overwhelming, that the use Mr. Gladstone sought to make, and did make, of the 'civil war' plea, can be exposed and disproved. Ignorant of the fact that any such argument would be employed by the Prime Minister, in whose brain in all probability the argument had not yet taken shape, the President of the Council, on the 11th of June, declared that the Government did not require in any way to strain the existing laws, but thoroughly believed they would be able, even though the Peace Preservation Act was not re-enacted, to maintain complete order in Ireland. Any one may be excused for being unable to surmise what ingenious explanation of any particular course will next be offered by Mr. Gladstone; and the President of the Council must be pardoned for disposing beforehand of the accuracy of the allegations of his Chief. But Mr. Forster ought to have been more careful than to discredit them after they had been made. Forgetful of the words so familiar to every one else concerning the measurable progress of Ireland towards civil war, Mr. Forster rashly asserted, in the desperation of debate, that 'no member of the Government has said that we brought forward this Bill because we could not keep the peace of the country without it.' Who shall decide when doctors disagree? Here we have Mr. Gladstone urging a plea which is absolutely precluded from being of the smallest validity by the tenor of the Queen's Speech, which it may be presumed Mr. Gladstone himself wrote; and then we have the President of the Council flatly denying before the event, and the Chief Secretary for Ireland flatly denying after the event, the existence of the motive

motive which the Prime Minister with equal explicitness maintained had induced the Government to introduce the Bill, and which the Marquis of Hartington with characteristic candour confessed was the only reason he could adduce, and the only apology he could plead, for consenting to support it.

For such manifest and fatal contradictions there must have been some very potent reason. There was. Had the Government, on meeting Parliament, been more anxious to do their duty to Ireland than to humour their Irish and gratify their Radical supporters, they would, instead of announcing that they did not intend to apply to Parliament for a renewal of the Peace Preservation Act, at once have renewed it. They were aware that its renewal was sorely needed, and that in allowing it to lapse they were endangering law and order in Ireland. If any one considers this is a serious charge to bring against the Cabinet, and no doubt it is a serious charge, we will summon one of its own members, and the most unwilling witness of all, to establish its correctness, so that it may be condemned by one of its own mouthpieces. Everybody knows how anxious Mr. Bright is to palliate Irish disaffection and Irish lawlessness, and to attribute the evils of Ireland to the military force we maintain in that country. Speaking at Birmingham on the 24th of January last, Mr. Bright made the following inadvertent confession :

‘In the west of Ireland—in the province of Connaught—you find there is something like a social revolt. Rents are refused to be paid even by tenants who could pay them. The revolt is really against the proprietors; but it is also against the tenants. If a tenant pays rent, he comes under the condemnation of his brother tenants; and if a tenant be evicted and a farm vacant, and some other farmer enters upon the occupation of the farm, his peace and even his life are in danger.’

Will it be pretended, after testimony at once so reluctant, yet so conclusive, as this, that the Cabinet, of which Mr. Bright shortly afterwards became a member, was not well aware that it was not possible to rely upon the provisions of the ordinary law for the maintenance of peace in Ireland? Its members were deeply and acutely conscious of the fact; and the fact did not alter because for the moment they affected to ignore it. Having from party motives of the most blameworthy kind abstained from asking for a renewal of the Peace Preservation Act, they found themselves compelled to devise some other means of preserving peace; and their device was the proposal that the ‘social revolt’ spoken of by Mr. Bright should be legalized, that the tenants he described as being able to pay rent but

refusing to pay it, should not pay rent; and that the peace, and even the lives, of farmers, pathetically portrayed by him as being in danger if they entered upon a farm from which a tenant had been evicted, should be protected against such peril by taking care that tenants, whether they paid rent or not, were not evicted at all. This monstrous Bill, and the fallacious arguments with which its advocates attempted to buttress it, were the natural consequence and the legitimate penalty of a dereliction of duty in the first instance. The Government first abstained from renewing the Peace Preservation Act, for which the plea that Ireland was 'within a measurable distance of Civil War' would have been a conclusive defence; and then, in consequence of this calculated act of abstention, they introduced their Compensation for Disturbance Bill, to which the plea that Ireland was within a measurable distance of Civil War was utterly irrelevant, and for which, had it not been irrelevant, it would have been no defence at all, unless it be a defence of a law that its object is to bribe certain people to keep the peace, by permitting them to steal other people's property.

Thus the first of the two pleas advanced by the Government in extenuation of their Compensation for Disturbance Bill, and the plea which alone, be it never forgotten, Lord Hartington confessed would have induced him to vote for that Measure, either falls to the ground, or turns to their confusion. If Ireland was not within a measurable distance of Civil War, then the Measure could not be justified by the pretence that it was; and if Ireland was within a measurable distance of Civil War, then the Peace Preservation Act ought to have been renewed; and it was not acting honestly by the country to assure it in the Speech from the Throne that peace and order in that country could be maintained by the ordinary machinery of law.

The second plea, it will be remembered, was that there were good grounds for fearing that Irish landlords would avail themselves of the embarrassment of their tenants to carry out evictions on a merciless scale, and that to allow the ordinary law to take its course would be to inflict upon the Irish peasantry intolerable misery and distress.

Again it has to be observed that the allegation is totally inconsistent with the declaration of the Chief Secretary himself, made on the 21st of May, on which date he affirmed that 'he had no proof that there was any desire on the part of the landlords of Ireland to take advantage of the present distressed condition of the tenantry to enforce their rents.' Still this declaration might possibly have been made upon insufficient evidence; and if the Government had at a later moment produced



duced evidence calculated to establish an opposite conclusion, no one would think of setting up a loose utterance against exact testimony. But how stands the case? An attempt was made by the Prime Minister to bring forward the requisite facts in support of this theory; and the result was a triad of statistical blunders of a character so ludicrous, that it seems almost like the very irony of Nemesis that they should have been committed by a politician whose genius for dealing with figures is regarded by his supporters as almost amounting to inspiration.

A great impression can be produced by the judicious use of statistics; and Mr. Gladstone doubtless felt that he would startle the country and melt Parliament when he pathetically declared that, unless the Bill were passed, fifteen thousand persons would in the course of the year be rendered houseless and homeless. Fortunately for the Irish peasants, though most unfortunately for Mr. Gladstone's argument, the prognostic turned out, upon critical examination of the figures provided by the Government themselves, absolute moonshine. Roughly speaking, Munster and Connaught were the two provinces affected by the Bill, just as Leinster and Ulster were practically exempted from its operation; and in the first six months of the present year the number of families evicted in the two former, and not re-admitted, was exactly 215. Even if we were to double these figures, it would produce only 430 evicted families; and, prolific as the Irish peasantry are known to be, this would hardly represent 15,000 people. But, accustomed as Mr. Gladstone is to deal with what we may call inanimate statistics, he forgets that vital statistics cannot be treated by the mere laws of addition and multiplication. Owing to causes that are well known to any one acquainted with Ireland, the number of evictions in the first half of the year is three times as great as in the second half; so that the number of families evicted for the year would be at the outside 300. The number of persons therefore rendered houseless and homeless would be nearer 1500 than 15,000. An error of so gigantic a character was probably never committed by so eminent a person before. But this was by no means the full extent of the statistical blunders fallen into by the Prime Minister, while justifying the legalized suspension of the payment of rent over half of Ireland for two whole years. Colonel Tottenham, the Member for Leitrim, had maintained that evictions were quite as numerous in the districts the Measure did not pretend to touch, as over the area which was scheduled in the Bill. Mr. Gladstone at once allowed that if the statement was true, it went almost to the root of the Bill. But it was true. Nay, it fell below the truth. During the year

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1879, the evictions in Leinster and Ulster—that is to say, in the provinces unaffected by the Bill—amounted to 1441. In Munster and Connaught, the provinces to be affected by the Bill, the evictions for the same period numbered 1236, or more than two hundred less. The figures for the first six months of 1880 show the same result. In Leinster and Ulster there were 970 evictions; in Munster and Connaught there were 731.\* If, therefore, the confession of the Prime Minister be worth anything at all, the statistics to which he himself appealed cut at the root of the Bill, and leave it, top, lop, and bark, prostrate on the ground.

These, it will be allowed, are pretty startling samples of the inaccuracy of the figures with which the Government sought to defend a Measure that no mere figures would have defended. But blunders, not worse, yet more grotesque, if possible, still remain behind. Mr. Forster asserted that 3300, and Mr. Gladstone that nearly 3500, men were employed in supporting the process of law in one portion of Galway alone. This was the first statement of the two right honourable gentlemen, evidently vying with each other in the production of sensational statistics. But the Chief Secretary was not to be outdone. He had said 3300 men. Mr. Gladstone capped these figures, and made them ‘nearly 3500.’ Forthwith Mr. Forster produced an ‘amended return,’ by which he announced that it turned out that ‘in protecting process-servers alone in the West Riding of Galway there were employed altogether, in 63 cases, 4290 men, an average of 70 men being necessary to protect the men engaged in serving the common processes of the law.’ The statistics were now complete, and grandly generalizing from them the Prime Minister thus seriously concluded: ‘We contemplate with repugnance, which some seem not to share, the existence of armies of agents and regiments of constabulary for the purpose of conducting what ought to be peaceful operations.’

It seems incredible, but it is nevertheless the fact, that this ‘army of agents,’ and these ‘regiments of constabulary,’ which furnished the Prime Minister with his second and last argument in favour of the Bill, were nothing more than a portentous

\* Careful readers will doubtless observe that there is an apparent discrepancy between these figures and those given a few lines higher up. But the discrepancy is apparent, not real. The larger figures—731—represent the number of eviction processes served; the smaller figures—215—the number of tenants actually evicted, and not reinstated either because they afterwards paid their rent, or not admitted as caretakers under the promise or in the expectation that they would do so. Numbers of tenants in Ireland never dream of paying their rent unless they are threatened with eviction; and this last and only method open to some landlords of obtaining their rents, the Cabinet of Mr. Gladstone calmly proposed to take away.

mare's-nest, from the discovery of which the merest tyro in administrative experience would have been saved by the most ordinary circumspection. That the Government, with all the apparatus of official inquiry at their disposal, should have been the dupes of it and sought to make Parliament share in their delusion, is as unintelligible as it is unpardonable. There exists no such army of constabulary in Galway as was conjured up by the exuberant imagination of the Prime Minister, with the assistance of the Chief Secretary. Far from there being 4290 men to employ, there have never existed more than 850; and these 4290 supposititious individuals were produced by multiplying the 850 by the number of processes they had been engaged in serving! Never since Bombastes Furioso, after instructing his body-guard of three to keep marching round and round the stage and the side-scenes, so as to impress the enemy with a sense of their numbers, finally bade them 'Begone, brave army, and don't kick up a row!' has so grotesque an attempt been resorted to, to make a comparatively small force do duty for one of imposing magnitude. We can only express the effect produced upon us by borrowing Mr. Gladstone's energetic language, and confessing that 'we contemplate with repugnance which some seem not to share' this attempt to defend an indefensible Measure with statistics absolutely spurious.

It would, indeed, have been disheartening if a Bill so mischievously conceived and so blunderingly advocated had received the sanction of the British Legislature; and no one can feel surprised that the majority by which it was passed in the House of Commons should have been composed of Home Rulers, or that, as we have already pointed out, it would have been rejected by the House of Lords even if every Conservative peer had absented himself from the division. But though the Measure has been stamped with the disapprobation of Parliament, and though its authors have not presumed to protest against its rejection, its evils have not died with it, but will be perpetuated in Ireland long beyond the period of two years during which it was proposed that it should operate. The tenants of Ireland can now always plead that the cry raised by Mr. Parnell, 'Keep a grip of your homesteads!' has received the sanction of one Party in the State. At one of the various Meetings promoted by the Land League during the present autumn, a black flag was exhibited, on one side of which were inscribed the words, 'Hold the Harvest!' and on the other the words, 'Share the Pills.' The Liberal Party and the Government they support have not yet told the Irish peasantry to 'share the pills,' but they have greatly assisted them in doing

so by not asking for a renewal of the Peace Preservation Act; and there could scarcely be a more direct encouragement to them to 'hold the harvest,' which means to hold it without paying rent, than to tell them that they shall receive seven years' compensation in case they are evicted for their dishonest tenacity. It is the vaguest verbiage, like Mr. Gladstone's 'reasonable alternative,' to say that the tenant would have to prove that he could not pay his rent. It is generally supposed to be a difficult thing to prove a negative; but this particular negative would be proved with the greatest ease by an Irish tenant, with the assistance of neighbours whose testimony would be dilated by the feeling that 'one good turn deserves another.' But even in those cases in which the tenant could really not pay his rent, is it superfluous to enquire the cause of his inability? The 'act of God' is a solemn phrase; but it loses something of its sacredness when examination shows it to be only a convenient substitute for the recklessness of man. The Land Act of 1870 so greatly fortified the position of Irish tenants, that it increased their power of borrowing money and obtaining credit. Of this power they have largely availed themselves. But neither the banker, the usurious money-lender, nor the small tradesman, has parted with his right to recover any sums that may be due to him, nor have the Liberal Party yet proposed to deprive them of this right. It is only the landlord that is not to be paid, the man who has given the longest credit on the easiest terms. This is the view that strongly commends itself to the Irish peasant, who thereby not only gets rid of a debt, but hopes too in time to get rid of the creditor; and this is the view which the present Government have thought it right to countenance. They have debauched the consciences of the Irish people by their legislative levity, and have distinctly encouraged them to look forward to the day when rents will cease altogether.

Bad and vicious as was their Compensation for Disturbance Bill, it was regarded by the persons for whose alleviation it was designed as valuable only because it contained a principle that might receive universal application. Referring to certain arguments of Mr. Forster, the 'Nation' observed:

'The fact is they cover the whole ground of the Irish demand in the matter of land law reform, and would justify not merely the wretched little Bill in behalf of which they are made, but a measure as sweeping as any that has been recommended by Mr. Parnell or Mr. Davitt. It is, indeed, almost ridiculous to think that such weighty arguments as were used by Mr. Gladstone, should be urged in support of a proposal which, even within the restricted limits of time and area in which  
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it is to operate, will probably be of no practical good whatever. The Land Bill, however, gives expression to a principle which all tenant-right advocates look upon as a vital one, and no doubt it is for this very reason that the landlords have worked themselves into such a rage in its regard.'

Nothing could be truer. By persons who respect property, whether in land or any other commodity, the Bill has been regarded as deplorable, because it proposed to sap the institution of property; while by persons who viewed the matter differently it was regarded as a 'wretched little Bill,' because it was not applied with sufficient vigour and it did not propose, as far as landlords are concerned, to abolish property altogether. The Bill thoroughly alarmed those who were to be plundered, yet would in no degree have satisfied those to whom the plunder was to be given. The Government first exposed themselves to moral condemnation for their utter sacrifice of principle to expediency, and then provoked contemptuous pity by their failure to substitute for principle anything which those persons for whom the sacrifice was to be made are willing to recognize as expedient.

Everybody who is familiar with Ireland is aware that the two things that country mainly requires in order to be happy, prosperous, and progressive, are respect for law, and the introduction of capital. The Government have, as we have seen, effectually prevented the growth of the first for some time to come; and certain facts mentioned by Lord Cairns, in his masterly speech upon the Compensation for Disturbance Bill in the House of Lords, conclusively prove that the Government have been equally successful in preventing the second. We make no apology for reproducing the evidence adduced by the noble lord, without either addition or diminution. Here is the evidence of Mr. Freshfield, the Solicitor of the Bank of England:

'I have to-day had a most striking instance of the inconvenience arising from the Irish Disturbance Bill. I make no doubt that the result has been foreseen by the Government, but, nevertheless, it must operate most prejudicially in business. In consequence of a death a mortgage for a very considerable sum—nearly 100,000*l.*—on lands in Ireland not in the counties operated on by the Bill has been called in. The mortgagor must re-borrow to pay off the original mortgage. I made an application to a well-known and first-class insurance office to advance the money wanted. The office replies that it objects to the principle of the Bill, and regarding it as a concession to agitators, considers great damage is being done to securities by the mere proposal. The manager, who sends me this information by telegram, intimates to me that his Board will in all probability

probability not entertain the proposal, which, but for this Bill, would have been considered a first-class security.'

Mr. Hussey is one of the largest land agents in Ireland; and this is his testimony as to the effect certain to be produced by the policy of the Government:

'I receive rents from about 5100 tenants, paying about 90,000*l.* a-year, in the districts to be scheduled under Mr. Forster's Land Bill, and in my opinion if it becomes law demanding rent will be a useless formality, and landowners will probably be met by a general combination to demand compensation, which they will wholly be unable to meet; no rents will be paid, and creditors, as in 1846 and 1847, will call in their money and force sales with unusual rapidity, and, in fact, all properties will stand a fair chance of being confiscated. In illustration of this I wish to mention that a friend of mine had agreed to borrow 6000*l.* on a rental of 2000*l.* a-year free of charges and Landed Estates Court title; the deeds were drafted; but the moment Mr. Forster's Bill was announced, the lender's solicitor said he would break off and would not lend *1s.* on an estate affected by Mr. Forster's Bill, no matter how large the margin was; and I have heard of similar cases.'

Finally, we have in the following words the opinion of one of the leading Assurance Companies in Dublin:

'I have never seen anything in my time of equal importance or danger with this Bill. Even the mere attempt to introduce it, whether it pass or not, is of serious importance, and shows to what length they are prepared to go. For myself I am disgusted beyond measure. You know how I have struggled to like everything Irish and to see all that is good in the country. Now I feel quite disheartened. We thought the Land Act, 1870, went quite far enough. We recognized in that Bill that the landlord might have a difficulty in dealing with the land as a commodity and with the tenants. But we thought it made the rents absolutely secure. This Bill will make them absolutely insecure. Since 1870 I suppose I have lent to my own hand something like a million and a quarter in Ireland. But I have closed my doors, and I have refused to carry out two loans already agreed to when some want of promptitude on the borrower's part (in completing title) gave me the excuse. I am sick of their eternal legislation, and wish I was out of it. I am determined to discourage all Irish loan business in future from the constant worry and strain as to what the Government may do.'

Had it been the sole end and aim of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues to inflict upon Ireland the utmost amount of damage in their power, they could not have adopted a course better calculated to attain that result than the one they have pursued. It is no exaggeration to say that they have retarded the true progress



progress of the country in material civilization and social virtue for several years, since another generation must grow up before the pernicious effect of their proposed legislation is eradicated. In all probability it will produce yet more enduring consequences, and the disease of disorder, dishonesty, and sedition, may well have been established in Ireland for an indefinite period.

During a debate upon Irish Affairs which was held with some irregularity towards the end of the Session, and in which Mr. Bright vainly seized the occasion to try to wheedle the Home Rulers into reposing confidence in the 'Great Liberal Party,' some most welcome plain-speaking was indulged in by several Irish representatives. Mr. Bright was roughly told that he had never voted for any measure which the Irish people really valued. Mr. McCarthy declared that 'the Irish Members had never thought the Compensation for Disturbance Bill adequate or complete. They were in the main glad to support it because it was evidence of a desire on the part of the Government to consider the claims of Ireland. It was not such a measure as would have been passed by an Irish Legislature. But they were glad to recognize it as an instalment,' Mr. Dillon took occasion to observe that 'for his own part it was not unlikely that when he returned to Ireland, if he found the notion acceptable, he would endeavour to organize rifle clubs, to arm the Irish people, and teach them how to shoot. It was a mistake to suppose that the Irish Disturbance Bill'—as the honourable gentleman with naïve appropriateness called the Measure—'was a measure which would have satisfied the demands of the Irish people at the present crisis.' Mr. Sullivan wound up the discussion by declaring his conviction 'that it would require all the labours of a legislative body, if they sat every month in the year for twenty years, to satisfy the real wants of Ireland. Society in that country wanted reorganizing from its very foundations.'

Yet in the face of these declarations, which are of a mild complexion in comparison with those made at every meeting convened by the Land League, but with which we do not consider it necessary to encumber our pages, the Chief Secretary for Ireland volunteered the observation that if he found himself compelled, in the course of the winter, to ask Parliament to pass anew the Peace Preservation Act, he should accompany that application with the introduction of a measure, did he find such to be necessary, that would save him from having to support Irish landlords in perpetrating injustice. There is an old saying, '*Dolus latet in generalibus*;' and Mr. Forster, while refusing  
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to withdraw his words, strove to shelter himself behind their ambiguity. But Mr. Dillon made haste to show him that there was nothing ambiguous in them for the Irish tenant, and clinched the mischievous promise of the Chief Secretary, by affirming that it held out a premium to tenants to withhold rents and to resist eviction, and that the Irish peasantry, if they are wise, will avail themselves of the opportunity. Poor Mr. Forster! This 'most unkindest cut of all,' dealt by the persons he had striven to propitiate, was the crowning reward for his sacrifice of every principle of political economy, and every system of social organization, upon which Liberalism had prided itself since Liberalism first began. Is it wonderful that the only reference to be found to Ireland in the Speech announcing the prorogation of Parliament, was the expression of a hope that a bountiful harvest would confer happiness on that country? The wish may be devoutly echoed by us all. But the most prodigal favours of Heaven will fail to compensate a people for the contempt of the first principles of honesty and right dealing, or to remedy the evils produced by a Government whose main occupation is the encouragement of agrarian turbulence and boundless indulgence to political sedition.

The murder of Lord Mountmorres, a landlord of scanty income, resident on his estate, temperate in all his dealings, and committing no sin against his tenants beyond the demand, after four years of forbearance, of the rents they had engaged to pay him, and without which it was impossible for him to keep his own engagements, is perhaps the most sensational of the crimes that have flowed, like water from its source, from the legislative pusillanimity, and the rhetorical rashness of Her Majesty's Government. But it is merely one of a host of offences against society, which ignorant Irish peasants are perpetrating with the encouragement of experienced English Statesmen.

The close of the Session was marked by an occurrence, concerning which we would fain say as little as possible, but which cannot be passed over altogether in silence. When the House of Lords, after adducing reasons that had convinced every human being open to conviction, had thrown out the Compensation for Disturbance Bill, two Members of the Cabinet, from their places in the House of Commons, threatened that Body with extinction. The Marquis of Hartington, in consequence of the indisposition of Mr. Gladstone, was leading the House of Commons, and heard these revolutionary words. The noble lord sat silent—we can only hope, because abashed—while two of his colleagues and subordinates denounced 'the principle

ciple of hereditary legislators,' as Mr. Forster described it, without which the heir-presumptive to the House of Cavendish, it may safely be affirmed, would have remained unknown to fame. We will say no more; but such incidents are among the things that outrage the understanding, and revolt the conscience.

That they legislate more generously than their rivals for the needs of the nation, is an ancient claim of the Liberal Party; and if Measures which, sensational in their origin, seem for a time to confer a boon on some particular section of the community, but end by inflicting general disappointment, could be accepted as a satisfactory establishment of that arrogant pretence, then, indeed, it would have to be granted that the Liberal Party are not only grandiose, but great, not only ostentatious, but beneficent, legislators. The Compensation for Disturbance Bill may be taken as a fair sample of the Liberal conception of real grandeur and real usefulness in the region of legislation. But Foreign Policy has always been the opprobrium of the Liberal Party, a fact only made more patent by the desperate efforts of Mr. Gladstone to represent Canning, and the equally amusing endeavours of minor political personages to picture Palmerston, as a Liberal. It is matter, moreover, of common notoriety, that the main weight of the assault made upon the Cabinet of Lord Beaconsfield was directed against its management of our Foreign Relations. It behoves us, therefore, to add to the investigation how, when transmuted from irresponsible critics into responsible statesmen, they executed their task at home, the enquiry how, when subjected to the same instructive change, they conducted the affairs of England abroad.

In an age when we might almost say that political births are 'but a sleep and a forgetting,' the most stupendous faults of statecraft quickly pass into oblivion; and, in the case of the present Ministry, it would be strictly true to affirm, in respect of their blunders, that one nail has driven out another. But we cannot afford to let the first performance of the Prime Minister on his assuming office fade from public memory. Unless it be borne in mind, neither events that have since occurred, nor events that are now in preparation, can be adequately appreciated. The Letter of Apology, penned by Mr. Gladstone to Count Karolyi, was the most ignominious document that ever left the hand of an English Minister. But the Apology was inevitable if Mr. Gladstone was to become Prime Minister; and, just as there was no price the Liberal Party had not been prepared to pay in order to turn Lord Beaconsfield out of office, so there was no price they were not prepared

prepared to pay, and no humiliation to which they were not already inured, in order to get Mr. Gladstone into it. Were it possible to dissociate England from its Prime Minister, the incident would have been a matter for the Liberal Party to arrange among themselves. Unhappily a great and proud country was involved in its ignominy. Sir Walter Raleigh laid his cloak in the mire when his Sovereign wished to step into her palace. Mr. Gladstone laid his country—might we not almost say his Sovereign?—in the mire, when he himself stepped into the Treasury.

Truly this was a pretty beginning, and the sequel has been worthy of the overture. To cover the Emperor of Austria with compliments, after loading him with insults, doubtless sufficed to render diplomatic relations with the Government of Vienna possible, and ostensibly not unfriendly. But words spoken by a man when 'in a position of greater freedom and less responsibility' are usually remembered by persons who desire to have a clue to his real character and his essential opinions. *In vino veritas* is still a shrewd proverb; and when, in the intoxication of his Midlothian campaign, Mr. Gladstone declared that no single spot could be found on which a person could lay his finger and say 'Here Austria did a good deed,' he may have been saying what was as inaccurate as it was impolitic, but he was disclosing the light that was in him far more effectually than when coining fulsome assurances of his admiration and sympathy for a Monarch whose reign of unostentatious and self-sacrificing usefulness is a shining contrast to the selfishness of agitators and the tergiversation of tribunes.

The Foreign Policy of Mr. Gladstone in Europe, as far as it can be defined, aims—or aimed till he began, as in the case of the Irish Church, to be enlightened by fear—at the revival of so much of the Treaty of San Stefano as would have called into existence a large Bulgaria, in which not Eastern Roumelia alone, but a goodly part of Albania, would have been absorbed. This is not to be effected without either the consent or the compulsion of Austria; and the celebrated exclamation, 'Hands off!' signified that Austria was to be compelled by England, and by such sympathy and assistance as England could secure in other quarters, to observe an absolutely neutral and passive attitude; while Bulgarian agitation, fostered by Russian intrigue, and tolerated by Turkish forbearance, was to have full and unfettered play.

Now, anything more ignorant or stupid than such a project was never hatched in the brain of the most inexperienced enthusiast, and it was impossible for Mr. Gladstone to be in office

office for twenty-four hours without discovering that his ingenious programme was understood, and would not be tolerated, by Austria, and that, thanks to its intimate understanding with Germany, Austria was strong enough not only to forbid, but to prevent, its execution. The first thing, therefore, that happened to the Foreign Policy of the Liberal Party on installing themselves in office, was a patent and severe check.

Forced, after apologizing to Austria for insensate language, to defer to Austria's policy, in other words to become a passive accomplice in Austria's evil deeds, the Prime Minister, in order in some degree to cover his defeat, suddenly constituted himself the champion of the Treaty of Berlin. But he took care to be select and partial in his championship. Several of the clauses of that Instrument still remained unexecuted; but the English Cabinet picked out two for its special countenance. One was the Article relating to the Montenegrin, the other the Article referring to the Greek, Boundary; and it gave preference to these because they bore heavily against Turkey, whilst the other unexecuted Clauses had been devised in her favour.

It would be unfair to reproach the English Cabinet with seeking to carry out the Treaty of Berlin, whatever we may be forced to think of the change of front such a course necessitated, or whatever opinion may be entertained of the motives that dictated it. A Government ostensibly insisting that a recently ratified Treaty shall not remain null and void, is acting so obviously within its rights that its demands necessarily disarm criticism. All that remains is to examine the means it employs for the attainment of its end, and whether it has acted with wisdom, patience, and success, or whether precipitation and mistaken methods have not conducted it to failure.

The constant contention of Mr. Gladstone—and really it is only with Mr. Gladstone that we need concern ourselves, since his colleagues, and indeed all Liberals who support his Government, are but pale and uninteresting copies of the remarkable original—the constant contention of Mr. Gladstone, when in active opposition during the Government of Lord Beaconsfield, was that Turkey could be compelled, without war, to do anything she was ordered to do, whether in the surrender of territory or in the reform of her administration, if England would only bring about unanimous moral and diplomatic action on the part of Europe; and that this unanimous, moral, and diplomatic action was to be secured by any English Statesman who chose to set himself the task. In brief language, his solution, and his peaceable solution of the Eastern Question, in all its branches,

branches, was the Moral Coercion of Turkey by the European Concert.

It must be confessed that, as a rule, Mr. Gladstone has the courage of his opinions, and that there is no folly he can formulate, by which he is not prepared to abide, and which, give him the opportunity, he will not labour to enforce. It is not to be denied that, under the Government of Lord Beaconsfield, the Montenegrin Question and the Greek Question were allowed to drag their slow length along, and that nothing in the shape of direct compulsion or menace was applied to the Porte to induce it to bring them to a settlement. The advent of a new Government was quickly followed by the abandonment of the long-suffering methods of diplomacy; and the summoning of the Conference of Berlin was the first step in the process of establishing the European Concert. More practical persons would have perceived that, if a Congress of Berlin had not established a European Concert, a Conference of Berlin was just as little likely to establish it. What the Conference of Berlin did was to create fresh difficulties for Turkey, for Greece, and for Europe, by taking from the first, and assigning to the second, far more territory than the Congress of Berlin, in its most generous mood, had either proposed or indicated. What the Conference of Berlin also did, was to enable France to retire from the place of first patron of Greece, rashly assumed by her at the Congress, and, thanks to the incautious eagerness of the English Prime Minister, to transfer that dangerous honour to this country.

For the moment we may turn our eyes from Greece, for the territory bestowed upon the Hellenic Kingdom by the Conference is still in the hands of the Sultan; and the European Concert, at the suggestion of Governments that talk less and think more than our own, was first applied, and, at the hour we write, is still being applied, to the arrangement not so much of the Greek as of the Montenegrin Boundary.

Having, then, as they imagined, established the European Concert, the English Cabinet proceeded to give an ocular proof of its existence by projecting a Naval Demonstration. This was hardly in the original bond; their first contention having been that concerted European action in the shape of Joint Notes, Collective Notes, and Identic Notes, would suffice to convince Turkey of the error of its ways. For a time these interesting documents followed fast upon one another. But Turkey apparently remained unmoved. It is unnecessary to go into the intricate negotiations concerning the precise territory and the precise places to be transferred to Montenegro. A number of  
alternative

alternative proposals were advanced without a definite agreement being arrived at; and at length Mr. Gladstone, losing patience, and having exhausted European pens and ink, suggested the assembling of European ironclads.

Once more, as at the Conference of Berlin, the Powers, after raising some few technical difficulties, consented to oblige him, and, by the middle of September, the Allied European Squadron, containing English, French, German, Austrian, Russian, and Italian war-vessels, was assembled at Gravosa, and placed under the titular command of the English Vice-Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour. The advocates of the European Concert were delighted; and though they must have felt that the policy they had recommended, and which they had declared was certain to succeed, had been carried considerably further than was originally intended, and than they themselves had stoutly asserted would be requisite for success, the sight of the Navies of Europe riding at anchor together, to prove to Turkey that Europe was united and in earnest, made them overlook the manifest extension of their pacific programme.

This pleasing dream did not long endure. Still expressing his readiness to continue negotiations concerning the surrender of Dulcigno and the settlement of all the subsidiary points associated with it, the Sultan suddenly announced that the *sine qua non* of its surrender and of the continuance on his part of negotiation, was the entire abandonment of the Naval Demonstration now and for ever, both as regarded the Montenegrin Question, and as regarded any and every other question.

It is obvious that the moment this stage was reached, Mr. Gladstone's policy, the policy for not adopting which Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury had been denounced from a thousand platforms and from every Liberal newspaper in the kingdom as wicked and incapable, had utterly collapsed, and had landed its authors in glaring failure. The European Concert had been tried, and found wanting. Moral Coercion, even backed up by an imposing array of ironclads, had been applied, and had proved inefficacious. Turkey had been threatened by the whole of Europe, and had answered with defiance. Mr. Gladstone had asserted that to allege Turkey would not succumb to the pressure of Europe was 'nonsense, pure nonsense,' and he had been permitted to demonstrate that the 'nonsense, pure nonsense,' was his own prophecy and his own policy.

But, as quiet lookers-on had pointed out would surely be the case, the failure of Moral Coercion had now to be followed up by the employment of Physical Coercion. The English Government



Government had led the Powers into a position of the utmost embarrassment, and in order to escape from it, they found themselves obliged either to go backward or to go forward. To adopt the former course would have been crushing in its humiliation, so the latter was at first, and for a brief while, preferred. But a slight difficulty stood in the way. At the time when instructions were sent to the European Fleet, it had been agreed that in no case was there to be a landing of troops or marines on the coast of Montenegro, and that the utmost assistance the Squadron was to render was to 'cover' the Montenegrin attack on the Albanian position. Even this concession, it was believed, had not been made by the French Government in its instructions to its own Commander; but the other Powers were considered willing to participate, if necessary, in this operation, rather than break up the European Concert.

And now occurred one of the most ludicrous incidents in a transaction which has preserved all the characteristics of modern burlesque, and which would have furnished the late M. Offenbach with the materials for another Operetta. Montenegro, as everybody knows, was a belligerent during the last Russo-Turkish war, and at the end of it was allotted certain territory as one of the victors. At the close of the shifting negotiations concerning what territory precisely should be allotted to it, the town of Dulcigno was included. But it so happens that Dulcigno was captured from the Turks by the Montenegrins during the war, and was evacuated by them, at the request of the European Powers, since it was not included in the territory originally assigned to them. Thus it had now to be recovered; and the Powers suggested to the Montenegrins that they should capture it again at the risk of their own lives, while the Allied Squadron 'covered' their operations from the sea. A more unreasonable suggestion was never made. The Montenegrins had taken the place once during the war; had evacuated it on the conclusion of peace at the bidding of Europe; had found it suddenly assigned to them as the reward of their victory; and were then told by Europe to go and take it, as though they had not taken it once, and as though Europe, after taking it from them, had not declared that it already belonged to them.

It is difficult to narrate such occurrences with gravity. But still droller transactions ensued. It was hardly likely that the Montenegrins would be so simple as to consent to be at once the dupe, the butt, and the victim, of the vacillating embarrassments of a spurious European Concert. Nevertheless, Prince Nikita declared himself ready to attack the Albanians, and we were



were told, with a great flourish of trumpets, that he had six thousand brave mountaineers burning for the fray. How was this? And why was he so ready to do for Europe what it was plain Europe ought to do for him? The explanation is simple, and is in the finest burlesque vein. Mr. Gladstone had assured him that an ostentatious display of earnestness was all that would be requisite to overawe Turkey and intimidate the Albanians, who were only Turkey's agents, and that if his warriors but professed themselves anxious to fight, there would be no fighting at all. The assurance was credited; Monday, the 27th of September, was named as the day on which the Montenegrins were to march upon Dulcigno, while the Fleet steamed from Gravosa to that place, and gave the Naval Demonstration, so long talked about, a real and effective character.

Suddenly, Prince Nikita declared that he was not ready. Better informed than his English inspirers, he had discovered that it was not a pre-arranged comedy, but a tragedy, the tragedy of war, in which he was about to embark, and that the Albanians, far from being overawed by the joint menaces of the Allied Fleet and his six thousand soldiers, meant to stand their ground and resist both. Naturally enough he declared he was not ready. He never had been ready for such an emergency as this, for had he not been assured a score of times by the author of the European Concert that such an emergency would never arise? He had been lured into a game of brag, which he was told was sure to be successful, but which had nevertheless failed; and like a sensible man, he withdrew his stakes. If a *reductio ad absurdum* had been required of the Policy of Pacific Menace, we should have had it here in perfection.

The demonstration of the utter fallacy of the theory that Turkey would be sure to yield to united European persuasion, or if not to persuasion, then to united European threats, was, however, not yet complete. Just as Prince Nikita, finding the Albanians meant to fight, discovered that he was 'not ready,' Riza Pasha, the Turkish Commissioner at Dulcigno, notified to him that as the Naval Demonstration had not been withdrawn, he had no authority to surrender Dulcigno, and that hence, if the Montenegrins attacked the Albanians either there or in their entrenchments at Mazura, he should regard it as an act of war upon Turkey, and should make the Albanian cause his own.

To Prince Nikita the announcement must, under the circumstances, have been an unspeakable godsend. He had pretended he was ready to fight the Albanians, but he had never even pretended that he would fight the Turkish army. Here was a

splendid excuse for alleging, not only that he was not ready to fight, but that he never would be ready. Forthwith he announced that, if he was to attack the Albanians at all, he should require 'material support' from Europe, and not merely the assistance of a Fleet, but the co-operation of an Army.

Thus every one of the theories of the English Government, and not merely abstract theories, but theories upon which their whole policy in the Eastern Question was founded, had collapsed. It had turned out not to be true that a European Concert could in any practical sense be established, inasmuch as France openly refused to act with the other Powers the moment they employed force against Turkey. It had turned out not to be true that a Naval Demonstration by all the Powers would morally coerce Turkey into yielding whatever was demanded of her. Finally, it had so far from turned out to be true that supposing Turkey would not yield to a demonstration of force, she would at least yield to a menace to employ it, that the moment mere demonstration was exchanged for threats, she broke off negotiations altogether, and refused even to yield as much as she had promised to yield before threats were resorted to.

So flagrant a falsification of predictions, so radical a failure of policy, could not be matched in the annals of political temerity and political disappointment. A Cabinet Council was summoned in hot haste. After infinite delays, the 27th of September had been named for conclusive action against Turkey. All the appeals, all the protests of the Sultan had been disregarded, and he was now, as the 'Daily News' daily had it, to be 'brought to his knees.' But he still stood upright, while the Montenegrin troops that were to march upon Dulcigno clung to their homes, and the Fleet that was to sail still remained anchored at Gravosa. The English Admiral had already issued sailing orders, but these at the last moment had to be countermanded, and the resistance of Turkey, who was never to resist, baffled the Naval Demonstration, that was to carry everything before it.

No wonder that under such circumstances a Cabinet Council was summoned. What was the result of its deliberations has not transpired, and perhaps never will transpire. It must have been a Council of discomfiture and desperation. To show to what shifts the advocates of the Policy of Coercion under the European Concert were driven, it is only necessary to recal the fact that, on the morrow of the Council being held, they studiously disseminated the report that Turkey was showing herself more conciliatory, and had started back at the sound of her own note of defiance. Even had it been the fact that Turkey had now exhibited a spirit of conciliation, was there ever such a  
putting

putting of the cart before the horse? If Turkey had shown herself willing again to negotiate, it was only because the obstacle to her consenting to negotiate had been withdrawn. The Sultan had declared that he would neither surrender Dulcigno nor discuss the Montenegrin Boundary, unless the Naval Demonstration, and the projected land attack of the Montenegrins, were abandoned. They were abandoned, or at any rate suspended; and then the Sultan intimated that he would resume his efforts to procure the evacuation of Dulcigno, and to carry out on his part all the unexecuted clauses of the Treaty of Berlin. He had shown himself conciliatory, it is true, but only after conciliation had been exhibited by those who had roundly declared they would exhibit to him nothing but the muzzles of their guns and the thunder of their ironclads.

There are some people so strangely constituted, that they will be sure to infer, from these observations, that we entertain for Turkey and the Turkish Government a besotted sympathy. It may therefore not be irrelevant to say that for the Turkish people we entertain a profound pity, and for the Turkish Government unmitigated repugnance. If we lived under it, we should try to upset it, and if it could be destroyed, without entailing either upon Europe or upon the people of the East a fresh period of bloodshed, we should hail its destruction with feelings of relief. But what has that got to do with the policy of Mr. Gladstone and the English Cabinet, or with the insincere and dangerous action to which the European Powers have at his instigation pretended to commit themselves? Were there a real, disinterested European Concert, the Sultan, his Seraglio, and the Sublime Porte, would promptly be reformed or abolished, and a grave and patient people be delivered from the incompetent tyranny of adventurers, sycophants, and eunuchs. It was explained that the bag-and-baggage policy referred, not to the Turkish people, but to the imbecile Pashas. Yet the Turkish Pashas are still there, still wallowing in venality, sensuality, and sloth; while tens of thousands of blameless and industrious husbandmen have been given to the dogs and the foul birds, for no other reason than that they happened to have been born believers in the Prophet, and so to have incurred the holy hatred of Christians unworthy of the name. If the policy of Mr. Gladstone be to abolish the Turkish Government, and if he will abolish it, without producing a European War in discovering a substitute, the whole world will commend him, and History will have to record that he did one deed, at once generous, sensible, and great. But while supposed to be acting only against the Turkish Government, he leaves it in undiminished

undiminished possession of its gross and mischievous powers, while he prepares for the Turkish people fresh insurrections, and for Europe fresh embarrassment and fresh hecatombs of slaughter.

The truth is, it is not we who love Turkey, but the persons that would fasten on us so ridiculous an imputation who hate Turkey. Now hatred, never a safe counsellor, is in politics a fatal adviser. But these same persons, besides being passionately opposed to Turkey, are passionately devoted to the Prime Minister; and they hate Turkey more than ever, because his treatment of Turkey, which they were told would not succeed, has not succeeded. They resemble a bad and brutal driver who tugs at a horse's mouth, and flogs a horse's flanks, until the poor animal is rendered half stupid, half resentful. Then they flog him more fiercely than ever, animated by the acrimony born of the double consciousness that they have been trying a wrong method, and that the wrong method has failed. The person really to blame for the dogged obstinacy the Turkish Government is displaying, or may hereafter display, is the passionate politician who insulted her when he was out of office, and as soon as he was in power, at once began to add injury to insult. The blame, we say, belongs to him, but it must be shared by all his colleagues, all his followers, and all his flatterers. It is not in human nature to surrender to the dictation of one's bitterest enemy; and even had it been possible to establish a real European Concert, and to direct it against the Government of the Sultan, it is probable that its menaces would still have failed to achieve their end, through the mere fact that they were inspired by the politician who had previously covered Turkey with merciless obloquy, in part true, but wholly unstatesmanlike.

The report, so industriously spread on the morrow of the Cabinet Council of the 30th of September, that the Turkish Government had become alarmed at its own audacity, was quickly discredited. On the 3rd of October the Porte addressed a fresh Note to the Powers, in which it reviewed at length the facts of the situation, stated the concessions it was prepared to make, and propounded the conditions upon which compliance depended.

This Note has been the object of a remarkable amount of invective. An unbiassed person, we think, would fail to perceive any just cause for the adoption of such a tone, unless it be impudent, outrageous, insolent and intolerable—for such have been the terms applied to it—for a Power that is weak to refuse to surrender what it deems its rights at the bidding of the strong.

strong. Turkey engaged to make certain territorial concessions to Montenegro, and in the Note expressed its willingness to execute them, if the Naval Demonstration, to which she never engaged to submit, and which is not only not authorized by the Treaty of Berlin, but was actually barred by the decisions recorded in the Eighteenth Protocol, were withdrawn. The Note further declared that though Turkey cannot surrender to Greece Janina, Larissa and Metzovo, which it not only never pledged itself to surrender, but which during the Berlin Conference, from whose sittings it was excluded, it twice warned the Powers it would be unable to surrender, nevertheless it will, in the cause of peace, and out of deference to the Powers, considerably extend the frontiers of the Hellenic Kingdom, to which in justice and equity it does not owe one inch of territory, and which has been and will still remain its persevering enemy. The Reforms to be introduced into the Turkish Empire, whether in Asia or in Europe, shall be carried out, the Note asserted, without delay, and to the satisfaction of the Powers. In a word, Turkey refused to do nothing she had promised to do, but, on the contrary, engaged afresh to perform her part of the bargain in its entirety. But the Note insisted that since appeal was made to the Treaty of Berlin, by the Treaty of Berlin the Powers must themselves abide, and under that instrument Turkey demands the abolition of the Danubian Fortresses, and the right to post Turkish garrisons along the line of the Balkans. Finally, everything is to depend upon the withdrawal of the Naval Demonstration, which is not practically distinguishable from an act of war.

We have purposely stated the contents of the Note in the baldest language, avoiding all epithets and phrases that might indicate a desire to prejudge the verdict to be passed upon it. Having done so, we appeal to every dispassionate person whether the Note deserves to be described as 'impudent, outrageous, insolent, and intolerable.' It will perhaps be said that the Great Powers are much too great to recede from any position they have taken up, whether it be wise or foolish, just or unjust. If that be so, there is evidently an end of the argument, and we have nothing more to urge.

We can, moreover, waive this branch of the subject with more ease and more readiness, seeing that, even if the attitude of Turkey, in the Note of Oct. 3rd, was as antagonistic as we submit it was, on the whole, conformable to reason, the verdict to be passed upon the Eastern Policy of Mr. Gladstone and his Cabinet would still remain the same. For his contention was, the essential excuse and justification of his policy was, that  
Turkey

Turkey would *not* prove unreasonable. He called all great statesmen past and present to witness that he could establish a Moral European Concert against Turkey, and that to this Moral European Concert Turkey would submit. The Turkish Note of October 3rd, even if it be the most impudent, outrageous, insolent, and intolerable document ever penned, is none the less the stultification of that confident prediction. In fine, Mr. Gladstone has had the fullest and finest opportunity of applying the methods he said could not possibly fail to succeed; and they have failed conspicuously.

What is now to be done? And what is likely to be done? One would indeed have to be *insano* *Cassandrae incensus amore*, to prophesy with precision what will come from a policy of ignorant and ill-directed enthusiasm. But it is just as true now, as it was when Horace wrote the fourth Ode in his Third Book, that—

‘Vis consili expers mole ruit sua :  
Vim temperatam Di quoque provehunt  
In majus : idem odere vires  
Omne nefas animo moventes.’

Violence divorced from judgment and moderation has brought Europe into the embarrassing predicament in which it finds itself; and Mr. Gladstone has been the conductor of the journey. It would be absurd to suppose that a statesman like Prince Bismarck has followed such a guide from a belief in his superior wisdom; and to say that Germany allowed itself to be led on to the goal now reached, merely because it foresaw from the outset what the goal would be, is to include Austria in this apparently feeble, but in reality shrewd and penetrating complaisance. France, intimately aware that Germany and Austria have been using Mr. Gladstone as a tool, and probably as a dupe, has been too sagacious to associate itself without reserve with his policy, and his fortunes. Italy is only an intelligent weather-vane, and would follow or turn away from Mr. Gladstone according to the wind of circumstance. There remains Russia; and the question has begun to agitate men's minds, whether an English Statesman, who sat in the Cabinet that made the Crimean War for the defence of Turkey, will shortly co-operate with that Power for Turkey's destruction.

To exact prophecy, as we have said, no person of ordinary caution would at present commit himself. Prince Bismarck is a statesman of such infinite resource, that various roads would conduct him to the same end. He may conceivably consent to send German ships through the Dardanelles, in conjunction  
with



with those of the other Powers ; and his doing so would decide the action of Austria, and likewise of Italy. But even if he did, still unless Turkey can be induced to withdraw the Note of the 3rd of October, and to hand over to Greece the whole of the territory indicated by the Conference of Berlin, we should only be so much nearer to the issue Mr. Gladstone declared to be impossible, and other people affirmed to be almost certain, the issue of war. Once let war arise, and all attempts to prophesy must cease. Victory would be to the strongest ; and the settlement of the Eastern Question would be made in conformity with the views, not of those who are the most moral, but of those who have the strongest battalions.

What, however, is perfectly clear, is that one of three things must happen. Either Turkey must yield. Or Europe must yield. Or there will be war. If the first contingency occurs, Mr. Gladstone will have succeeded. If either the second or the third occurs, he will have failed, and failed in so egregious a manner, that if there be any justice in popular verdicts, his reputation as a Statesman capable of understanding or conducting our Foreign Affairs will be gone for ever.

We had intended examining and commenting on the Policy of the Government in Afghanistan ; but it now seems as though it is not in a sufficiently advanced and determinate condition to challenge criticism or to warrant a judicial conclusion. The Government are credited with a desire to abandon, not only Candahar, but also Quettah, and to withdraw our strategic frontier to the Pishin valley. But an English Army, under General Phayre, is to remain in Candahar during the winter ; and when we next address our readers, we shall perhaps be able to say, with more certainty, whether the advocates of Masterly Inactivity propose to surrender the influence we have acquired in Afghanistan at the cost of much money and no little blood, and to leave it to some future Conservative Administration to reassert and recover it at a fresh expenditure of both.

But we need not travel beyond the boundaries of Europe, to describe what has been the effect of Six Months of Liberal Government. Ireland and the Eastern Question afford only too ample materials for conducting and answering the enquiry. That enquiry we have made ; and what have we found ? Those who were once the political allies of the Liberal Party, and who are even yet not treated by them as enemies with whom it is an ignominy to parley, demand two things : the abolition of landlords by fraud, and the abolition of English Rule by force. In one case, their object is robbery, and their means murder. In the other, their object is the disruption of the Empire, and  
their



their machinery sedition. Ireland is becoming a hotbed of dishonesty, disloyalty, and assassination, and these hateful crimes the Government have fostered, by boundless temerity in legislation, and by proportionate timidity in action.

Such is the picture, and such the prospect, at home and on our own shores, as the reward for deposing Lord Beaconsfield from power, and assigning to his impetuous and uncompromising rival the management of our concerns. Abroad, the outlook is equally distressing, and equally pregnant with alarm. Lord Beaconsfield left us two powerful allies, Austria and Germany, and with the aid of such associates he assured, for a reasonable period, the peace of Europe. How stand we now? Allies we have none, unless Russia is to be accepted in that character; and before these lines meet the public eye, we may be at war, at first with Turkey alone, but with what other Powers in the sequel, who shall say or guarantee? It is a poor consolation to recal that what has occurred, we foresaw and predicted. Last spring, England committed its destinies to the keeping of a man no doubt of rare abilities, of elevated character, and of splendid courage, but one who combines with an imperious will so ill-balanced and untrustworthy a judgment, that,—

‘ . . . like the simoom,  
That harbinger of fate and gloom,’

his energy, if uncontrolled, may blast his country and desolate Europe.

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## POSTSCRIPTUM.

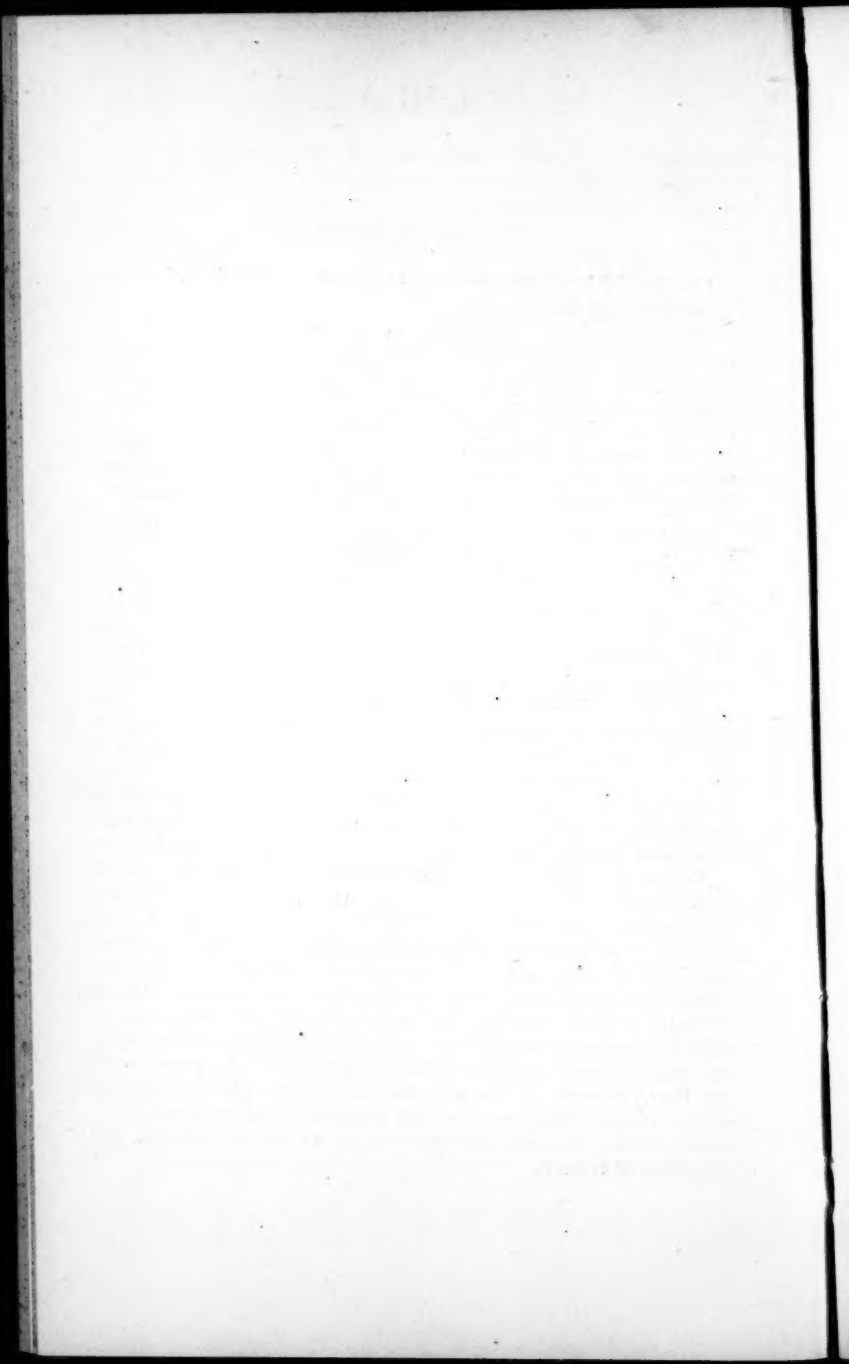
On the 12th of the month the Porte communicated to the Powers the following Note:—

‘The Sublime Porte, desirous of giving a fresh proof of its loyalty and goodwill, declares that it will immediately give categorical instructions to the local authorities of Dulcigno for the cession of that locality to the Montenegro authorities by pacific means. A Convention will be drawn up to settle the conditions of that cession.

‘The Ottoman Government, who only make this sacrifice in view of avoiding the Naval Demonstration, hope that the said measure will be entirely given up. The undersigned seizes this opportunity,’ &c.

Thus Dulcigno, it is to be hoped, will be surrendered, though it remains to be seen whether the words ‘local authorities’ mean the Albanians, and whether the latter may not yet prove troublesome. It would seem, moreover, from the final sentence in the Note, that the Sultan has not been uninfluenced by the Naval Demonstration. That point, however, would be more clear, were it not for the notorious fact that, at the very time the Porte made this notification to the Powers, the European Concert had collapsed, in consequence of the proposal of the English Cabinet that the united Naval Squadron should blockade Smyrna, and its absolute rejection by Germany, Austria and France. There is, likewise, a consensus of testimony that the final consent of the Sultan, refused to the European Concert led by Mr. Gladstone, was given at the separate instance of Germany and France.

We shall rejoice if the Montenegrin difficulty be settled amicably, be the influence that secured this end what it may. But we also trust that the English Cabinet has learnt a little wisdom by its recent bitter experience. The Hellenic Question, which is of infinitely more gravity and consequence than the Montenegrin one, and which stands, as we have pointed out, on a totally different footing, has yet to be grappled with; and it will be arranged, without war, only if Naval Demonstration be no more thought of, and if fresh negotiations be opened with the Porte, in spite of the arrogant and impracticable decisions of the Berlin Conference, for the purpose of ascertaining what territory the Ottoman Government is willing to cede to the kingdom of Greece.



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*Bd. Rev.  
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